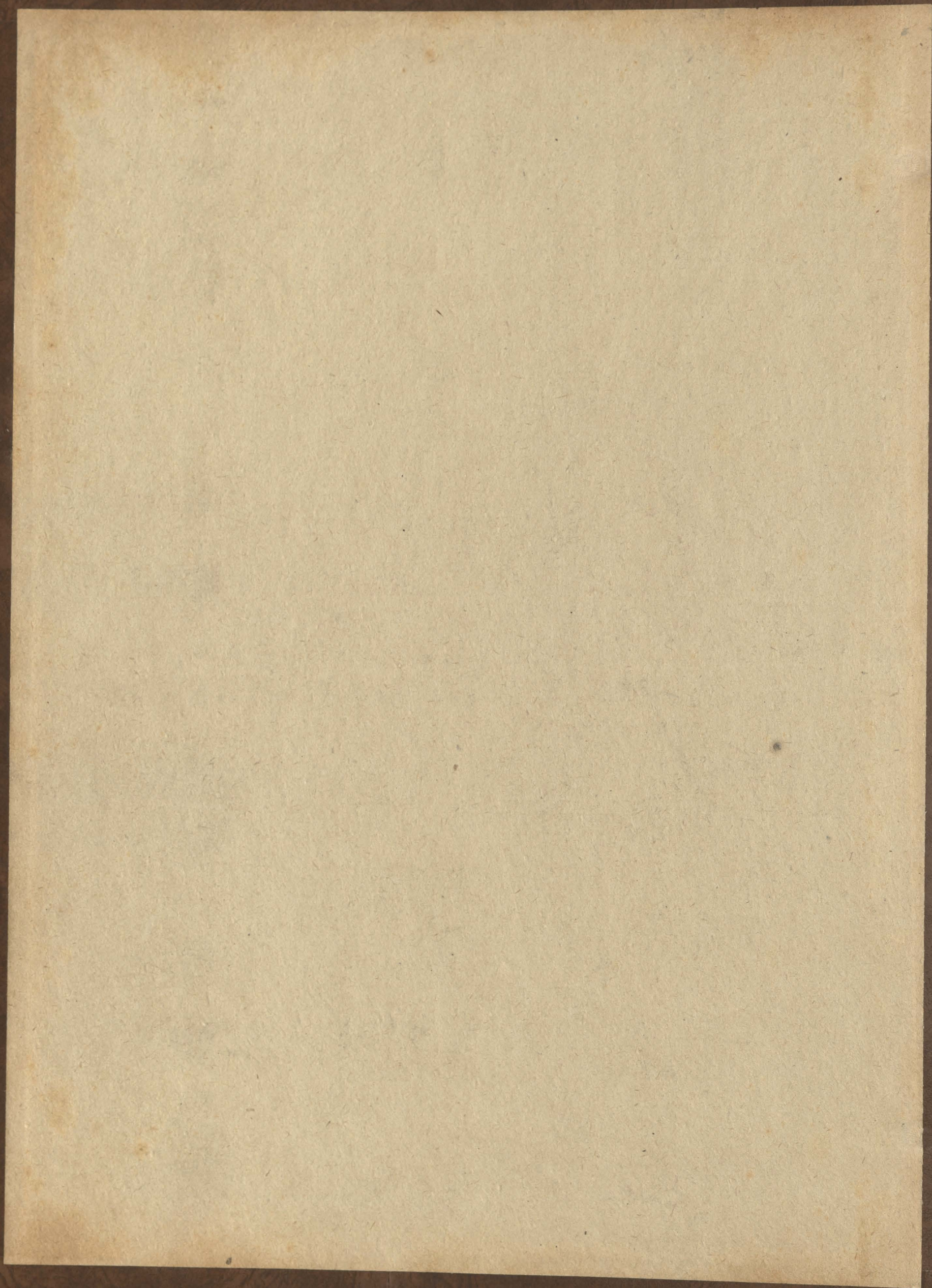


SB25







## The Signs of the Zodiac— Origin of Their Names.

No one knows when mankind first noted the measured passage of time, for the most ancient historical records give evidence that the clock-like movements of the sun, the moon, and the stars had been man's natural time-keepers for countless centuries before those records were inscribed.

The daily appearance of the sun and the regularly repeated phases of the moon provided easily discerned unit measurements of time. Also, the reappearance of certain constellations of stars eventually became recognized as a cycle and when, in succession, these star groups came into view, they signalized the return of a season: of seed-time or harvest; of flood or drought; of summer or winter.

It may have been the ancient Babylonians who first traced out the great circle in the firmament called the Zodiac, which is the apparent path of the sun among the stars. Divided into twelve arcs of thirty degrees, the divisions are named after the constellations of stars found within them. These are the signs of the Zodiac. They are the star clusters which, in their yearly cycle, appear on the horizon, march in stately procession across the sky and drop away from our view until the next year when they rise again at their appointed time. It was through these observations that the first calendar was evolved. It may have been man's first cultural thought.

Employed for agricultural purposes at first, the calendar later became an instrument for religious purposes and very seriously, too, for the multitudinous and capricious dieties of primitive man were not to be trifled with. Every natural phenomenon was interpreted as an indication of the pleasure or the wrath of the gods which called for joyous celebration or required solemn rites of expiation. The celestial bodies, therefore, were observed with care in order to discover that which would reveal the moods of the gods whose subsequent actions might effect the destinies of mankind.

Such being the belief, it was natural that there should have been woven around the stars the fantastic tales that seemed to account for their origin. The observations of these early astrologers finally led to the first steps toward the real science of astronomy, and the myths that once prevailed as the foundation of their religion still live in the ageless classics that were written centuries before the birth of Christ.

Of the twelve constellations of the Zodiac, all but one are named for living creatures, seven of which are animal. This accounts for the term "Zodiac" which is derived from the Greek word meaning "circle of animals". These are the stories of their origin.

**Aquarius**—Jupiter, in search of a cup-bearer to serve the gods, descended to earth and, in the form of an eagle, seized and carried off into the sky the most handsome youth he could find—Ganymede, son of Tros, King of Troy. To comfort the disconsolate father, Jupiter set in the sky the constellation Aquarius, the water carrier, that he might be reminded of the glory and immortality bestowed on his son.

**Pisces**—Venus and her infant son, Cupid, confronted by the fearsome monster Typhon, leaped into a nearby stream and, transforming herself and Cupid into fishes, swam to safety through the water. Jupiter placed the fishes in the sky as a constellation to commemorate their fortunate escape. Typhon and his brother giants were finally overcome by the gods who buried them under Mount Aetna where they still breathe fire and shake the whole island in their efforts to escape.

**Aries**—Nephele, discarded wife of the King of Thessaly, suspected danger to her children, Phrixus and Helle. Aided by the gods, she effected their escape on the back of a ram with a golden fleece, to which the children clung. Leaping through the air the ram soared high over land and sea. Helle lost her grip and fell into the body of water which bears her name, the Hellespont. Phrixus, delivered safely in the kingdom of Colchis, sacrificed the ram to Jupiter. As a reward for its faithful service, the ram was restored to life and placed in the skies as a constellation of the Zodiac.

**Taurus**—Jupiter, visiting the earth and concealing his identity by assuming the form of a bull, fell in love with Europa, beautiful princess of Phoenicia. Encouraged by the tameness of the beautiful animal, Europa playfully climbed on to his back, whereupon the god rushed into the sea and swam with her to the island of Crete. In commemoration of the abduction, Jupiter placed a bull in the sky and adorned it with the beautiful star clusters, the Pleiades and the Hyades.

**Gemini**—Castor and Pollux were the twin sons of Leda and Jupiter, who had disguised himself as a swan. Both sons were endowed with great skills: Castor in the management of horses; Pollux in boxing and running, and to the latter was given the gift of immortality. Castor was slain in battle and Pollux, grieving for the loss of his brother, pleaded with Jupiter to rejoin them. Having gained great renown for their feats, the god rewarded them by placing them among the stars as Gemini, the twins.

**Cancer**—Hercules, offspring of Jupiter and Alcmena, was subjected to the wrath of Juno, wife of the god. She attempted to do away with him by exposing him to the fearful perils related in the famous myths known as the "Twelve Labors of Hercules". Among these was the task of slaying the monster Hydra and, because Hercules had survived other perils, Juno sent a giant crab to annoy Hercules during his struggles with the serpent. Hercules crushed the crab under his

heel and killed Hydra. Juno rewarded the crab with a place among the stars.

The number of wars fought by various countries from 1480 to date are: Great Britain 78, France 71, Spain 64, Russia 61, Austria 52, Turkey 44, Sweden 26, Italy 25, Holland 23, Germany 23, Denmark 20, United States 13, China 11, Japan nine.

**Leo**—The first of the Twelve Labors of Hercules was the slaying of the terrible lion which had been terrorizing the people of the valley of Nemea. Failing in his attempt to kill the animal with his sword, Hercules strangled the animal with his hands and delivered the skin to his taskmaster, King Eurystheus, as evidence of his victory. Juno persuaded Jupiter to restore the lion to life and place it in the heavens as a constellation, one of the finest in the Zodiac.

**Virgo**—Astraea, goddess of innocence and purity, remained on earth long after the other gods had departed in anger and disgust over the evil ways of the mortals. With scales in hand she sought to make men worthy of the friendship of the gods. Weighing the good against the evil she tried to teach the value of kindness and justice but finally gave up in despair and returned to heaven where she is now seen as the constellation Virgo.

**Libra**—This constellation is one of the smallest in the Zodiac. Its outlines suggest the shape of a scale and it may represent the idea of the season with which it was once identified, the autumnal equinox, in which the days and nights are of equal length.

**Scorpio**—Phaethon, son of Apollo, seeking to prove kinship with his father, the sun god, exacted a promise from his parent to be permitted to drive the chariot of the sun for one day across the sky. Consent was given reluctantly and, fearful of the great responsibility, the father warned Phaethon of all the difficulties he would encounter on the way. Midway on his journey, Phaethon lost control at the sight of the monsters about him in the sky. The scorpion extended his claws to try to stop the runaway sun; the earth itself was about to burst into flame. Jupiter had to be called upon to stop the unbridled flight of the sun chariot, and Phaethon was destroyed. The scorpion was rewarded for his attempted assistance with a place in the Zodiac.

**Sagittarius**—Half man and half horse, the centaurs of mythological fame were a troublesome, brawling breed. Chiron, the centaur, was an exception for he was wise and just, having been instructed by Apollo and Artemis in hunting, medicine, music and the art of prophecy. He in turn was the instructor of many distinguished heroes of Grecian stories. Hercules was one of these and it was in his defense that Chiron was struck down by a poisoned arrow. So honored and revered was he among mortals and gods alike, that Jupiter perpetuated his fame by placing him among the stars as Sagittarius, the archer.

**Capricornus**—As in the tales concerning the other figures in the Zodiac, the Goat is accounted for in various ways. Among these is the belief that Capricornus represents Amalthea, the goat that nursed the infant Jupiter. It is also said to be symbolic of the sun, which, like a mountain goat leaping ever higher from crag to crag on the mountain ridge, rises higher each day in the winter sky.

## Everett G. Folger 1946

Special to The Standard-Times

NANTUCKET, March 1—Funeral services for Everett G. Folger, 69, retired U. S. Navy veteran, were held at the family home, 96 Orange Street, this afternoon with the Rev. Claude Bond officiating. He was a native of this town and enlisted in the U. S. Navy in 1904. Serving in the first World War, he retired in 1934 with rank of chief water tender. He was recalled to active duty soon after Pearl Harbor, and served throughout most of the second World War.

He is survived by a sister, Mrs. Harriet Sawyer, of Gardner. A military funeral will be held by the Byron Sylvaro Post 82, American Legion, of which he was a member. Interment will be in Prospect Hill Cemetery.

## A Short Story.

There were two little kittens,  
A black and a grey,  
And Grandma said with a frown  
"It never will do to keep them both,  
The black one we had better drop."  
"Don't cry, my dear," to tiny Bess,  
"One kitten is enough to keep.  
Now run to Nurse, it's growing late,  
And time you were fast asleep."  
The morrow dawned, and rosy and sweet  
Came little Bess from her nap.  
And Nurse said "go into Mama's room  
And look in Grandma's lap."  
"Come in," said Grandma with a smile  
From the rocking chair where she sat.  
"God has sent you two little sisters,  
Now what do you think of that?"  
Bess looked at the babies a moment,  
With their wee heads, yellow and brown.  
Then to Grandma, she soberly said:  
"Which one are you going to drown?"

M. D. Wisher.

Nantucket, Mass.

## "To the Editor of the Post:

"Sir—Please list the Seven Wonders of the World."

One such list is as follows: the Pyramids of Egypt, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, Statue of Zeus at Olympia, the Temple of Artemis at Ephesus, Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, Colossus at Rhodes and the Pharos of Alexandria.

## "To the Editor of the Post:

"Sir—Is Manhattan larger in population than Brooklyn? How do the other boroughs of New York rank in population?"

Brooklyn has the greatest population of the five New York boroughs. According to the census of 1945, the populations of the boroughs were as follows: Brooklyn, 766,618; Manhattan, 511,497; Bronx, 461,667; Queens, 412,697; Richmond, 49,679.

## "To the Editor of the Post:

"Sir—To settle an argument, please tell us who said 'You can fool some of the people some of the time but not all of the people all of the time'?"

Though it is sometimes credited to P. T. Barnum, authorities agree it was first mentioned by Abraham Lincoln in his speech given at Bloomington, Ill., May 29, 1856. The full quotation is as follows: "You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all the time."



## Wedding Anniversaries Which Will Occur in 1946.

With the opening of another year, it may be of interest to our readers to recall some of the wedding anniversaries which will occur in 1946, grouped by five-year intervals. As near as we can determine, there will be no golden wedding in Nantucket in 1946.

The record of wedding anniversaries is as follows:

### Forty-five Years—1901—Sapphire.

June 19—Josiah Everett Backus and Bertha Wing.  
July 23—Herbert E. Paddock and Ella H. Mitchell.  
October 16—Charles Warren Austin and Ethel Coffin.  
November 14—Willis Tobie and Mary Emma Hatch.  
November 28—Marvin S. Rowley and Lydia Myrick Ray.

### Thirty-five Years—1911—Coral.

February 11—Walter Finlay and Ida Frances Holmes.  
February 21—John B. Gardner and Ida May Mendenhall.  
April 19—Walton Hinckley Adams and Nancy Story Grant.  
June 14—George H. Hamblin, Jr., and Emily M. Hanify.  
August 21—Harry Furn and Minette Adams.  
November 15—Charles C. Chadwick and Mary Riddell.  
December 12—Hiram Wade Macy and Maud Conant Thomas.

### Thirty Years—1916—Pearl

January 15—Malcolm Brady and Josephine Ida Champigni.  
February 17—Ira Webster Appleton and Eleanor Hamblin.  
May 11—Walter C. Hatch and Helen Frances Thomas.  
May 16—Albert Francis Egan and Frances Martin Coffin.  
June 12—Harold William Killen and Beatrice Ruthven Smith.  
June 14—George H. Norcross and Evelyn Margaret McGlone.  
August 3—Nicholas E. Norton and Ruth Harlow Bird.  
August 20—Edward B. Hamblin and Mackin Anna Semb.  
September 12—Leon Francis Cahoon and Marion Sargent Ray.  
October 6—Albert Eugene Closson and Vera Morse Swain.  
November 5—Oscar Folger and Marion Gertrude Coffin.  
November 23—Herbert Hunter Coffin and Agnes Bernard Bickerstaff.

### Twenty-five Years—1921—Silver

January 6—Arthur Linden Oldrich and Annie Borden Soverino.  
March 12—Joseph Russell Starbuck and Myra May (Ellis) Smith.  
April 30—Randolph Morey Swain and Cora Ella Gibbs.  
May 4—Moses Idell Ford and Flaxie Ledbetter.  
June 2—Vincent de Paul Keavy and Mary Lisabel Swayze.  
July 3—John Burton and Susie Gardner.  
July 12—Daniel Joseph Murphy and Ruth Marion Burchell.  
July 28—Albert Hussey Morris and Sarah Elizabeth Pitman.  
September 20—Harold Edgar Whelden and Alice Aline Rowley.  
September 15—John Donellis, Jr., and Mary Josephine Leial.  
October 2—Ralph C. Pierce and Clara Schmalz Folger.  
October 10—George Franklyn Reith and Grace Edna Butler.  
October 15—Jacob Parkinson and Gertrude Allen (Esau) Minstrell.  
October 17—Charles Emery Ryder and Annie Louise Bogle.  
October 27—Samuel Leo Thurston and Lillian Averick Wood.  
December 3—Chester Smith Barrett and Marguerite Manter.  
December 5—Warren Allen Fisher and Ethel Langton Watts.  
December 25—Richard James Porter and Mae Adelaide Burchell.

### Twenty Years—1926—China.

April 7—Jeremiah F. Towhill and Charlotte E. Borden.  
April 12—Sezimando A. Oliveira and Mary F. Correia.  
April 27—Charles Clark Coffin and Marie Marden.  
May 5—Stephen Kotalac and Helen M. Hussey.  
June 9—Arthur Linwood Newcomb and Annie Perkins Hatch.  
July 3—James Harold Walsh and Irene Rita Brown.  
September 1—Gerald Ford Ryder and Gladys Marion Stockwell.  
September 6—Edward John Tarvis and Gertrude Kelley Coffin.  
September 7—Kenneth Crosby Coffin and Eleanore Margaret Wilhelmy.  
September 15—Frank Farrell Sylvia and Elizabeth Mary Pinkham.  
October 1—Wilhelm Mathison and Louise Eggleston Chadwick.  
October 11—Mulford Andrew Small and Mary Stuart.  
October 31—Samuel Willets Swayze and Esther O'Neil.  
November 30—Leslie Oliver Lafontaine and Olive Rowley.  
December 27—Harold Bertram Ryder and Filomena Cecilia Souza.

### Fifteen Years—1931—Crystal.

February 10—Eugene Armand Benoit and Florence Morris Chadwick.  
February 16—Joseph Rezendes, Jr., and Emily Sylvia.  
April 1—James Franklin Chase and Ethel Marie Murray.  
April 27—Leonard Victor Watts and Elizabeth Sandsbury.  
May 18—Earl Carlton Blount and Helen Gillespie Eldridge.  
May 18—Nesta A. Richard and Harriet F. Chadwick.  
May 29—Herman Reones Minstrell and Florence Coleman Williams.  
June 6—Walter Hoffman and Eve Jeanne Dyer.  
June 8—John Barrows and Priscilla Oliver.  
June 23—Rudolph B. Matland and Emily Creasey.  
July 5—James N. Gardner and Marie M. A. Benoit.  
July 8—Ernest Everett Tripp and Mary Elizabeth Viera.  
July 10—Cecil Richrod and Freda Meta Schmaltz.  
July 18—Joachim M. Ramos and Alice Mae Athaido.  
July 25—Joseph Allen Richards and Virginia Decato.  
September 12—Everett B. Merrihew and Lillian S. Bartlett.  
September 14—Franklin Hartwell Thurston and Marie Antoinette Larsen.  
September 26—William L. Mather and Ida L. Harper.  
October 6—Sidney W. Thurston and Margaret E. O'Dea.  
October 20—Herbert N. Gibbs and Isabel Coffin.  
November 2—Boleslaw Mikolayzyk and Pearl Hazel Swain.  
December 31—Chester Franklin Williams and Dorothy Louise Sisson.  
December 31—Thomas Francis Sheehan and Catherine Colburn Defriez.

### Ten Years—1936—Aluminum or Tin

January 2—Walter Gwodz and Julia Rosamond Wver.  
February 2—John F. McLaughlin and Martha C. Johnson.  
February 20—James A. Glover, Jr., and Dorothy Mae Norcross.  
February 23—Manuel J. Ray and Gertrude Esau.  
April 26—Albert Preston Manchester and Margaret Wilson Stevenson.  
May 7—Franklin Crosby Lamb, Jr., and Elizabeth Veronica Fahey.  
May 30—Manuel Francis Souza and Alice Gertrude Esau.  
June 12—Antone Soares Sylvia and Caroline Constance Sylvia.  
July 19—Leo J. Jalliet and Charlotte K. Heighton.  
August 6—Kenneth C. Eldridge and Mildred Desrosier.

August 29—Allan H. Parker and Ruth May Fiesler.  
September 9—Roy E. Sanguinetti and Lucille Ring.  
October 5—Charles H. Talford, Jr., and Adelaide Jarvis.  
October 18—Edward E. Reith and Irene C. Eldredge.  
November 2—Robert Bryce Blair and Erna Cora Egle.  
November 14—Arthur B. Tunning, Jr., and Germaine A. Paradis.  
December 12—Arnold Duce and Annie Lamens.  
December 26—Raymond Figueira and Helen P. Parker.  
December 26—Frank Louis Hardy and Mary Irene Dunham.

### Five Years—1941—Wooden.

February 10—Charles William Dupont and Carmelia Rogers.  
April 4—Francis Viera and Gladys Starbuck.  
April 18—John Barnicle Miller and Avis Muriel Quinn.  
April 23—Thomas J. Dveine and Josephine Ann Brown.  
April 26—Walter E. Kszystynial and Barbara E. Folger.  
May 1—Peter Irving Sylvia and Eileen Frances Smith.  
May 21—Francis S. Sylvia and Elizabeth C. Sylvia.  
May 19—Edmund Patterson Moloney and Pauline Independence Donnell.  
June 2—Gerard V. Lowther and Catherine A. Bullman.  
June 14—James K. Moriarty and Frances R. E. Chase.  
June 16—Edwin Norman Morin and Ellen Annette Moore.  
June 19—Linwood Elbert Proctor and Dorothy Manter.  
June 29—Stanley T. Whelden and Annie A. Wilkerson.  
June 29—Robert C. Sevens and Barbara E. W. (Williams) Collins.  
June 21—James MacLellan and Annette Priaulx.  
August 9—Manuel Oliveria and Alice May Dupont.  
August 31—Robert M. Jones and Eleanor F. Caldwell.  
September 18—Leroy Francis Ryder and Nellie Agnes Whitehill.  
September 20—John P. Doyle and Catherine Ellis.  
October 6—Isadore L. Souza and Dorothy Mildred Wreden.  
October 12—Franklin Bartlett and Arline Sandsbury Fisher.  
October 25—Andrew Sandsbury Brady and Hazel A. Fisher.  
November 13—Eugene Clisby Brooks and Bernice B. Winslow.  
December 8—Paul Lester Smith and Ethel Adele Colby.  
December 12—Charles Schantz and Elizabeth Norton.  
December 20—Emmett William Roman and Jessamine Norcross.

On Martha's Vineyard they have settled a serious problem. Some doubt has been expressed as to whether Bartholomew Gosnold, the explorer, had a daughter named Martha to whom he gave the island. Warner F. Goodwin informed the Vineyard Gazette there is no need to worry about it, for there's no question that Pa Gosnold had a Martha and gave her the Vineyard. Ther. up speaks Phebe Gill, summer resident of Nantucket, who has always believed the explorer had three daughters. The eldest, Elizabeth, got the Elizabeth Islands; Martha got the Vineyard and the youngest, Nan, received the one farthest out. And being a smart girl, "Nantucket." Cute, heh?  
\* \* \*

## Miss Wood Reports Many Realty Sales.

Miss Gladys Wood reports this year as one of the most active in the renting and selling of Nantucket real estate property that she has had since she started her business here twenty-three years ago. Many parcels of sold property still wait for the usual legal clearances, but Miss Wood is glad to be able now to list these transfers:

- 1: For the estate of Mrs. Edgar Seeler—the fine house and garden at 92 Main Street—to Mrs. C. G. Halsey, of Spray, North Carolina. Mrs. Halsey will bring the old house richly alive again with her warm hospitalities.
- 2: For Landon Barnes—the transfer of his house in the "Block" at 17 Orange street—to Mr. and Mrs. William F. Howe. They have been loyal friends of the island.
- 3: For Miss Mary Mitchell—her attractive old house on the corner of Mill Street and New Dollar Lane—to Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Gatchell of Baltimore, Md. The Gatchell family is one of the large colony of Baltimore lovers of the island.
- 4: For Mrs. William Graves—her interesting house in Ray's Court, given to her by her father at the time of her marriage—to Miss Rae Carpenter, of New Britain, Conn.
- 5: For William Huntington—the old Mack house on Milk Street, which Mr. Huntington had planned to restore with devoted care for its ancient lines. It passes now to Mr. and Mrs. Donald Flood, of Springfield. They are making extensive repairs in the old house.
- 6: For Miss Margaret Prentice—the India House on India Street—to Mr. and Mrs. Luther Fernald.
- 7: For Dr. Frank E. Lewis—the former Mooney Farm on Polpis Road—to Weston Hill of New York. Mr. Hill, happy to discover an open tract of land with beautiful rolling meadows, plans to make the lovely place his permanent home.
- 8: For Breckinridge Long—the cottage known as "Wireless" on Sherburne Road—to Mrs. Ruth Chagnon, of Delray Beach and Nantucket.
- 9: For William C. Brock—his attractively situated shore-front property at Quidnet—to Miss Margaret Prentice.
- 10: For Mrs. William Ginn of Pittsfield—her property on North Liberty street, near Cliff Road—to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph M. Torrey, of Scarsdale, New York.
- 11: For Andrew Fiske—his fine tract of land just south of Squam Head on the east shore of the Island—to Conrad Chapman of Boston.
- 12: For Elmore Swain—an excellent building lot on Walsh street—to C. Mifflin Frothingham, of Wayland, Massachusetts.
- 13: For Elmore Swain—a lot of land on Milk Street—to Mrs. Rowland Robbins. Mrs. Robbins adds this land to her property on Mill street bought by her in 1944.
- 14: For A. J. Herman, of Portland, Oregon—a lot of land to the west of Mrs. Jenney's Vestal street property—to Mrs. Edgar Jenney.
- 15: For Mrs. Walter C. Gibson, of Quarter Mile Hill—her land on Main street east of Miss Wood's house—to Miss Gladys Wood.

"To the Editor of the Post:  
"Sir—How does the famous poem about women being door-mats go?"  
Women are door-mats and have been—  
The years those mats applaud.  
They keep their men from going in  
With muddy feet to God.  
MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.



# REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

## Local Registry of Deeds Has Been Very Active During The Winter Months.

We present herewith a list of real estate transfers recorded in the Nantucket Registry of Deeds during the last five months. The list will doubtless be interesting to peruse, as it is an indication of the activity in sales and transfers—not rentals. The local real estate agents have some interesting transactions to report shortly, in connection with summer cottages—always of keen interest to our readers.

### November.

Priscilla C. Aldrich to J. Moulton and Antoinette D. Thomas, property located on Pochick street, Sconset, known as "Sunset Heights".

Mildred G. Burgess, conservator of Amie Gardner, to Paul and Vesta Bennett, property located on Milk st.

Pauline Brown to Ruth C. McCarthy, property located at Starbuck's and Barnard's Courts.

Frank B. Bowers to Ellen Halsey, property located in Siasconset.

Orville Coffin, et al, to Henry C. Everett, property located on the South Beach.

Florence C. Clark, et al, to Henry C. Everett, property located on the South Beach.

Orville Coffin to Clifford R. Morris, property located on Orange and Lyon streets.

Frances E. Durgin, et al, to Eleanor G. and George W. Coffin, property on Union street.

Albert F. Egan to Raymond W. and Katherine N. Wiley, property located on New street, Siasconset.

Julia B. Farrington to Alice W. Lyman, property located on Pine and School streets.

Elizabeth Guild to John H. and Marian J. Schmuick, property located on Grand Avenue and Evelyn street, in Siasconset.

Emile Genesky, et al, to Celia Chase, property located on Lily street.

Thomas F. Gibson, et al, to Roy E. Sanguinetti, property located on New Lane.

Florence T. Greatwood to Jean and A. Guilford Tobey, property located on Walsh street on Brant Point.

Emile Genesky to Alma P. Robbins, property located on Mount Vernon and Joy streets.

Judith Colt Ginn to Ralph M. and Jessie C. Torrey, property located on North Liberty street.

William Huntington to Mildred B. Flood, property located on Milk street.

Inhabitants of the Town of Nantucket to Lawrence Miller, property located on Cherry street.

Philip Kaller, et al, to Celia Chase, property located on Lily street.

Joseph King to William J. and Mildred H. Larkin, property located on Fair street.

David S. Lawrence to Ellen Halsey, property located in Siasconset.

Ruth C. McCarthy to Pauline, Margaret and Helen Brown, property located at Starbuck's and Barnard's Courts.

Philip Marks to Vivian A. Potter, property located on Cherry and Bear streets.

Margaret McGowan to Roy E. Sanguinetti, property located on New Lane.

Helen E. Mackay to Charles F. Montgomery, property located on Grove and New Lanes.

Clifford R. Morris to Orville and Charles Clark Coffin, property located on Orange and Lyon streets.

Esther B. Nevins, et al, and Frances B. Nevins, Est., by Pacific National Bank, to Ellen Halsey, property located in Siasconset.

Anna B. Quigley to Dorothy F. Quigley, property located on North Liberty street.

Marvin S. and Lydia M. Rowley to Edna C. Clarke, property located on Saratoga street.

Patrick Robinson to Doris E. and Rowland A. Kenyon, Jr., property located in the "Derrymore Estates" on Derrymore Road.

Ellen T. Ring, et al, to Lawrence Miller, property known as Cherry Grove Farm Lane, located near Cato Lane.

Roy E. Sanguinetti to Thomas F. and Louise G. Gibson, property located on New Lane.

Lucille Sanguinetti, et al, to Lawrence Miller, property known as Cherry Grove Farm Lane, located near Cato Lane.

Samuel Leo Thurston to Eleanor G. and George W. Coffin, property located on Union street.

### December.

Harrison G. and Guy Burgess to Clarence L. Sibley, property located on Main and Gardner streets.

Alice M. Graves to Rachel S. Carpenter, property located in Ray's Court.

Walter G. and George I. Hatch to Sylvia Loines Dalton, property located on Flora street.

Island Service Co. to Lawrence Miller, property located on Washington and Lafayette streets.

Horace Folger Jernegan to Chamberlain and Julia Williams, property located on Farmer street.

Horace Folger Jernegan to Rand J. and Bessie S. Dustman, property located on Broadway and Centre streets in Siasconset.

Clarence King to Fidelis and Dorothea B. Harrer, property located at Squam.

Mary B. and Frank E. Lewis to Caroline and Anna M. Seifert, property known as "Greenwich Village."

Harry A. and Susan E. Larrabee to James E. and Susan E. King, property located on the Hummock Pond Road.

Catherine MacDonald, et al, to Lawrence Miller, property located near Cato Lane.

Nantucket Institution for Savings to Robert B. and Elinor M. Ray, property located on Pine street.

John Roberts and Patrick Robinson to Lawrence Miller, property located in "Cato Country".

John S. Thomas to the Inhabitants of the Town of Nantucket, property located on Washington street.

Carl B. and Julia M. Urann to Wilhemina D. Wagner, property located at Surfside.

### January.

James Backus, et al, and Robert S. Backus to Cora Stevens, property located on Centre street.

Leo A. Bailey to Evelyn May Bailey, property located on West Chester st.

Elsie G. Cady to Anne Quiring Shure, property located at Surfside.

Mary E. Duggan to Thomas J. and Josephine B. Devine, property on Step Lane.

James A. Folger, et al, u/w of Elizabeth Barrett Folger Tibbits, property located in Squam and Pocomo.

Thomas H. Giffin to Cora Stevens, property located on Sankaty Avenue, Siasconset.

Fidelis and Dorothea B. Harrer to Gorham and Elizabeth Barr Bliss, property located in Squam.

Edith C. and Frank M. Jones, Jr., to Roy F. and Avis J. Brockway, property located on Flora street.

Frank E. and Mary B. Lewis to Weston and Kathryn D. Hill, property located on the Polpis Road.

Grace L. Murphy to Mary A. Morgan, property located at Ash and North Water streets.

Louise Anderson Melhado to John S. Chapman, property located at Folger Lane and Cliff Road.

Elizabeth Folger Miller, et al, u/w of Elizabeth Barrett Folger Tibbits, to James Allen Backus, property located at Squam and Pocomo.

Leeds Mitchell to May Coors, property located on Brant Point.

William Pitt Mason, Jr., tr. u/w of Edward Dudley Tibbits, to James Allen Backus, property located at Squam and Pocomo.

Philip Marks and Myra M. Marks to Lawrence Miller, property on Cherry street.

Nellie P. Morris, et al, to James A. Norcross, property located on Twin street.

Florence McLean to Leendert and Dirkje Lamens, property located on Coffin street.

Helen M. McGreavey, and Grace R. Murray, et al, Trs. u/w of John C. Ring to Hermann and Dorothy Oakley Hagedorn, property located at Quidnet.

Mary A. Marks, Admx. of Est. of Liotine A. Souza, to Frank L. and Mary I. Hardy, property located on Dover street.

New England Steamship Company to the Massachusetts Steamship Lines, Inc., property consisting of Steamboat Wharf.

The Old People's Home of Nantucket to William R. Waine, property located on York street.

Kenneth N. and Mae F. Pease to Mary E. Duggan, property located on Chester street.

John H. Robinson to Caroline J. Ramsay, property located at Surfside.

Ellen T. Ring to Lucille Sanguinetti, property located on Liberty street.

Helen B. Shaw, et al, to Cora Stevens, property located on Centre street.

Cora Stevens to Thomas F. and Helen C. McAuley, property located on Centre street.

Roy E. Sanguinetti to Leon M. and Eleanor J. Royal, property located on the corner of Federal and East Chestnut streets.

Helen B. Shaw to Albion Keith and Mary Campbell Eaton, property located on Mooers and Gardner's Lanes.

Elizabeth N. Van Fleet, et al, to James A. Norcross, property located on Twin street.

### February.

Beatrice Araujo to Manuel and Amelia A. Dupont, property located at Pine and Silver streets.

Darby Wood Betts to Chester J. La Roche, property located at Sankaty Heights.

Ann Carter to Hazel R. Wagner, property located on Fair street.

Florence C. and Thalia Clark to J. Davis and Ruth W. Shuster, property located in Siasconset.

Earle F. Cook to Roy E. Sanguinetti, property located on Charter street.

Everett U. Crosby, et al, and Arthur U. Crosby, Trs., to Arthur B. and Alice E. Gibbs, property located in Madaket.

Roger G. Davis estate by Dennis L. Looney, Ex., to Dennis J. and Rosalie A. Looney, property located at Smith Point, Broad Creek, and Madaket harbor.

Raynor M. Gardiner, et al, Trs., to Arthur B. and Alice E. Gibbs, property located on Madaket Road.

Margaret A. Lamb to Lawrence Miller, property located on Middle Pearl street.

Faith C. Metters to Robert G. and Ruth T. Metters, property located on Main street.

Nantucket Institution for Savings to Anna Hamilton, property on Sankaty Avenue.

John S. Rosa to Manuel Souza Santos, property located on Williams Lane.

Roy E. Sanguinetti to Earle F. and Ellen T. Cook, property located on Charter street.

### March.

Lawrence Andrews to Floyde W. and Olive Lawrence Andrews, property located on Main street, Lowell Place.

Helen E. Appleton to Oscar Folger, property located on Milk street.

William C. Brock, et al, trs. u/w of Albert G. Brock, to Marcus L. Ramsdell, property located at New Lane and Main street.

Grace G. Baker to Stanley F. Baker, property located on Lily street.

Thomas F. Curley, Ex. of the will of Catherine Curley to Lawrence Miller, property located on Mulberry street.

Mary C. Clark to Robert O. Brannan, property known as "Plainfield" on Sankaty Avenue, Siasconset.

Kenneth Donnell to Lawrence Miller, property located on West York street.

Melvin and Ethel A. Hardy to Lawrence Andrews, property located on Main street, Lowell Place.

Caroline A. Harland to Howard J. and Rose B. Laundry, property located on Rose Lane and Liberty street.

Melvin Hardy to Maxwell A. Chase, property located on New Lane.

Florence Irving, est., by Marguerite Johnson, admx., to Wayne E. Harriess, property located on Centre and Shell streets in Siasconset.

Fred D. Johnson, Admr. Est. of Isabel Irving Thompson to Mary Wallick, property located at Frazer Lane and Atlantic street, Siasconset.

Frank E. and Frances M. Murray to Harold E. and Edith T. Anderson, property located on West Silver street.

Mary Mitchell to Elizabeth Emory Gatchell, property located on Mill and Risdale streets.

S. Page and Julie F. Nelson, to Priscilla Parker, property located on Willard street.

Priscilla Parker to Julie F. Nelson, property located on Willard street.

Kenneth N. and Mae Flood Pease to Manuel and Margaret Therese Araujo, property located on Pleasant and West York streets.

John H. Robinson to Dorothy Houghton, property located on Hinckley Lane.

Manuel S. Santos to Philip and Zelmira Marks, property located at Smooth Hummocks, and property located at Pleasant street and Williams Lane.

Ruth T. Velissaratos to Elizabeth Guild, property located at Nosegay and Sankaty Avenues.

Irving M. Wyer to Henry B. Coleman, property located on New Lane.

\*\*\*\*  
This is, also, the anniversary of the birth, in 1857, of Thomas W. Lawson, who put on some spectacular shows in the financial world.

I recently added up the 13's in connection with the wreck of the seven-masted schooner Thomas W. Lawson. Now comes D. C. Watkins of West Brookfield with this one:

"I have had the following in mind for a long time," he writes, "which I think is rather interesting as to correlationship."

Subject: The Hurricane of 1938—Sept. 21st, Wednesday.

Hurricane has nine letters.

September has nine letters.

THE NINTH MONTH.

Wednesday has nine letters.

1938 digits add to 21.

It was on the 21st day.

It was the third day of the week and two and one add to three.

++++





THE LATE COMMANDER JOHN F. WALLING.  
(From a photo by Louis Davidson)

Commander Walling was in charge of the submarine *Snook*, reported as "missing" in the Pacific last May and in August officially announced "lost" by the Navy Department. The *Snook* carried a crew of ninety men and was the 46th submarine listed as lost since Pearl Harbor.

John F. Walling was a native of Providence, where he was born on February 2, 1912. He graduated from the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1935, and throughout his naval career he served on submarines more than on any other type of vessel. His advancement in the Navy was steady and he was promoted to the rank of Commander and placed in command of the *Snook*, which was launched at Portsmouth, N. H., in August, 1942.

Besides his widow, Mrs. Annabel Walling, he is survived by his mother, Mrs. Georgie L. Walling, and a sister, Mrs. Nancy Walling Sims.

JUNE 22, 1946.

#### Graduates from University of California.

Marcus L. Ramsdell left Nantucket on Sunday to attend the graduation of his daughter, Miss Helen Marguerite Ramsdell, from the University of California in Los Angeles.

The commencement services will be held June 23rd, at 3.00 p. m., in the Greek Amphitheatre on the campus.

Helen formerly attended Nantucket High School until her senior year. Since then she has resided with her mother in Hollywood, Cal. She is a member of the History Honorary on campus as well as the Delta Gamma Sorority and will receive her Bachelor of Arts Degree in History upon her graduation. In the fall she will return to the University to take advanced courses in preparation for her Master of Arts Degree.

year 1946 BORN. 1946

To Mr. and Mrs. Roy Heath, a daughter, Evelyn Emilie, at Luxembourg, Grand Duchy, on December 5.

#### Death of Arthur Chase.

The many friends and acquaintances of Arthur D. Chase were indeed sorry to learn of his passing early on Monday morning of this week. Although stricken with an incurable malady, his death came as a sudden shock to those who had kept in touch with his home during his illness.

The deceased was in his 61st year. He had been a faithful employee of the A. & P. company here on Nantucket for nearly thirty years. Always of an obliging disposition, he made many friends while manager of stores on Gardner and Main streets, and he will be missed by the many he served so well. 9/100-1946

year DIED. 1946

In Arlington, Va., July 14, Franklin B. Atwood, aged 46 years, 6 months. Interment at Nantucket.

#### Death of Franklin B. Atwood.

It is with sadness that we record the death of Franklin B. Atwood, a native of Nantucket, who passed away at Arlington, Va., at the age of forty-six. Word of his death was a great shock to the community. The remains were brought to the island Tuesday evening for interment. The deceased was a member of Union Lodge, F. & A. M., and also of the Pacific Club.

Franklin Bailey Atwood was born on Nantucket, January 20, 1900, the son of the late Isaac and Ida Atwood. Following his early education in the schools of Nantucket, he entered the Massachusetts Nautical School, from which he graduated in the class of 1917. He then shipped on the steamer *Actaeon*, which was sunk by a German submarine off the coast of Spain, November 25th, of that year (1917).

During the first World War, Atwood became a chief officer in the maritime



THE LATE FRANKLIN B. ATWOOD.

service, but left in 1923 to become director of the school of languages at the Ecole Nationale in Geneva, Switzerland, at the same time attending the Ecole d'Commerce in Lausanne.

In 1924 he entered the consular service. He was assigned to various responsible positions and in 1931 was appointed United States consul at Santiago, Chili, serving there a number of years. Among other places where he served were Plymouth, Eng.; Belfast, Ire.; Cologne, Ger.; the Dominican Republic; and, more recently, at Washington, D. C.

The Washington Times Herald of Monday last stated that in 1940 Atwood accepted a position with the U. S. Maritime Commission; a year later he transferred to the War Department and subsequently served in executive positions with the Board of Economic Warfare and the Foreign Economic Administration.

## 2 Found Dead At Nantucket

### Autopsy to Be Held In Case of Aged Couple

Special to The Standard-Times

NANTUCKET, March 4—An elderly couple, Abraham C. Huyser, 74, retired florist, and his wife, Cornelia, 81, were found dead in their home at 119 Orange Street, yesterday. The causes of death were undetermined and a State pathologist has been called to the island to assist the medical examiner, Dr. George A. Folger, in conducting an autopsy.

A milkman, John H. Bartlett Jr., called yesterday to leave the customary supply of milk and became suspicious when he found several days' supply of milk and a number of newspapers at the back door. Finding the door locked and getting no response to his raps, Mr. Bartlett notified the couple's son, Garratt A. Huyser, local American Railway Express agent.

The son, accompanied by an express company employe, Manuel Souza, went to the Orange Street house and gained entrance through the cellar. Going upstairs,

the body of Mrs. Huyser, unclothed, was found on the floor outside the bedroom. The body of Mr. Huyser, fully clothed, was in bed. There was no fire in the house.

Since there was no telephone, Mr. Huyser shouted to Antone Sylvia, a letter carrier, passing at the time, to telephone from a nearby filling station for a physician. Dr. Folger responded and later Sergeant Stuart Chadwick of the Nantucket police and the State Police arrived.

It was stated Mrs. Huyser had been in poor health for some time. The son last saw his father and mother Friday morning when he called at the house, he said.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Huyser were born in Holland and came to the United States in 1917, since which time they had made their home at Nantucket. Mr. Huyser became a citizen in 1922. He was well-known for the general excellence of his flowers, especially for his tulips. He retired from active business about three years ago.

## FINDS WIFE IN KITCHEN DEAD

### Clothing Caught Fire From Oil Stove

NANTUCKET, Feb. 26—The body of Mrs. Mary Small, 50, her clothing apparently having caught fire while near an oilstove, was found in the kitchen of her home at 129 Main st.

Her husband, Mulford A. Small, who had been shopping, returned and as he entered the front door smelled smoke. Rushing through the house, he came upon the body of his wife lying on the floor in front of the oilstove with most of her clothing burned off.

Besides her husband, Mrs. Small leaves a daughter, Arlene, 17, a student at Newton High School. Mrs. Small had not been in good health and had recently been a patient at the Nantucket Cottage Hospital.

year 1947



MARCH 30, 1946.

### Death of Nelson Ewer—One of The Last of Island Whalemén.

Nelson P. Ewer, one of the oldest residents of the town, died on Saturday last after a lingering illness. He was in his 87th year and, aside from physical infirmities, retained his excellent memory until within a few days of his passing.

The deceased was one of the last of the dwindling band of characteristic Nantucketers who engaged in old-time whaling. He came from an island family identified with whaling for several generations. His grandfather, Alvin Ewer, was drawn from a boat and killed by a bull sperm whale in the Pacific in 1826. Young Nelson was only five when his father, Abraham Ewer, died. Growing up in Nantucket in the 1860s, and the post Civil War period, he saw much of the "hard times" with which he often contrasted the comparative "depression" of a dozen years ago.

Capt. Prince Ewer, a veteran whaling master, was his uncle, and it was to him that Nelson went one day for advice in seeking a berth on a whaler. He was 15 years of age at the time, tall and well developed for his years.

"It's a hard life," warned Uncle Prince, after carefully describing the routine aboard ship, "but it'll make a man o' you or break you. If there's one thing you shouldn't do about all others, I'll say, don't bring aft any tales from the fo'c's'le."

Nelson Ewer made his first voyage in 1874 aboard the *Ospray*, Captain Reuben Crapo, out of New Bedford. It was an Atlantic voyage, with the Western Islands and Coast of Africa grounds the objective.

When three days out, the ship ran into a terrific gale. While attempting to secure a boat, the second mate was washed over the side and never seen again. The ship *Sarah* was lost in the same gale, it was learned later. All in all it was quite an introduction to the sea for the greenhorns in the dark and dreary fore-castle of the *Ospray*.

His next voyage was aboard the bark *Sunbeam*, and his chum, Stephen Hussey, Jr., was his shipmate on the voyage—also to Atlantic whaling grounds. [A quarter of a century later, Archibald Cartwright, of Nantucket, went out on the same ship.]

The *Sunbeam* sailed to the Western Islands, then cruised down to the Cape Verdes. She also called at Ascension, just north of St. Helena, and then cruised to the African Coast.

It was on this voyage that young Ewer whipped the fo'c's'le bully in a scrap which, his shipmate Steve Hussey afterwards stated, was a bloody battle. In telling of the fight on one occasion, Mr. Ewer said: "I never liked to get mixed up in a fight—but this chap was a mean hand. He fetched me a clout one night as I was lighting the fo'c's'le lamp. I got so mad that I forgot he was bigger than me—so I sailed into him—that was all."

As a veteran whaleman, Nelson Ewer sailed on the *Napoleon*, out of New Bedford, with Capt. Turner, of Westport, in command. This was his first voyage to the Pacific, and he had a vivid recollection of stormy Cape Horn. The ship put in at Talcahuano and Valparaiso, two Chilean ports made famous by the whalemén.

While cruising on the "off-shore" grounds off the coasts of Chili and Peru, the *Sunbeam* hove to at Juan Fernandez (Alexander Selkirk's isle) and here met the *Sappho*, of New Bedford. On board the latter whale-ship was Jack Fuller, a Nantucketer, who Ewer knew as a boy living on East York street. Fuller was gravely ill, and died a few days later, and Ewer helped carry his body to its last resting place on the island.

The *Sunbeam* headed to the north, bound for Honolulu, but Ewer was not destined to reach the Sandwich Islands. The ship *Lancer* hove into sight and both ships furlled all but "a couple of tops'ls" and had a gam. Taking advantage of an opportunity to secure a better berth, Ewer transferred to the *Lancer*.

After a six-months' cruise, the *Lancer* put in at Valparaiso. Here, Ewer again exchanged ships, going aboard the *Andrew Hicks*, which was then engaged in carrying cargo from that port around the Horn to New York. But the voyage was shorter than anticipated. Off Diego Ramirez, the *Andrew Hicks* was in collision with a

Chilian schooner and was forced to return to port for repairs. Again in Valparaiso, Ewer signed on as an able seaman on board the *Penang*, and he came home in this vessel.

After a few years in coast-wise craft, Ewer settled down to a life ashore. In 1891 he entered the Life-Saving Service, being assigned to the Muskeget station. Following 7 years at this lonely island outpost, he was transferred to Madaket, where he was the No. 1 man for the next ten years.

Nelson Ewer was born in the old house at the end of a little court on the south side of Back street. Upon his retirement from the Coast Guard service he resided on New street for many years, later living in the Friend house on lower Pleasant street. For the past few years he had been residing at "Our Island Home."

Funeral services were conducted by the Odd Fellows on Thursday. The deceased is survived by a brother, Seth P. Ewer, of Greenfield, Mass.

year DIED 1946

In this town, March 25, Nelson P. Ewer, aged 86 years, 8 months, 18 days.

, NOVEMBER 9, 1946

### "GOOD MORNING, EVERYBODY!"



Two popular employees on the Steamboat wharf, snapped when taking a sun-bath. "Tony" Mello at left and "Marshall" Barrett, both of whom are always alert to the company's interest—and to those of the public in general.

year DIED 1946

In this town, June 17, Charles E. Lamb, aged 90 years, 10 months, 11 days.

### Death of Charles E. Lamb, Oldest Resident and Veteran Whaler.

Charles E. Lamb, the oldest resident on Nantucket, and one of the last whalemén on the island, died at his home at 7 Gay street on Monday morning last. He was in his 91st year, and although in poor health for the past year had retained his mental alertness to the end.

"Charlie" Lamb, as he was familiarly known, made a whaling voyage on board the New Bedford whaleship *George & Susan* in 1874, which cruised to the Western Islands, the Canaries, Cape Verdes and Guinea Coast of Africa. Lamb shipped on with his chum, Edward Orpin, when both Nantucket boys had barely reached their 18th birthdays. Orpin was killed in a fall from aloft during the voyage.

Upon returning home, Lamb followed many occupations on the island during his long life. During the past few years he was a familiar figure on a Main street settee, or in the No. 4's room, where he delighted to sit and "watch the pass."

The deceased is survived by his sister-in-law, Mrs. Margaret Lamb, three nephews, Everett, Franklin and Joseph Lamb, and three nieces, Mrs. Mary Talford, Mrs. Jeanette Librino, and Mrs. Amanda Swallow.

Funeral services were held at the family home on Wednesday, with the Rev. H. Osgood Bennett, Pastor of the Methodist Church, officiating. Interment was in the Newtown Cemetery.

In this town, February 25, Mary Small, wife of Mulford A. Small, aged 50 years, 9 months, 21 days. 1947

### Fatally Burned By Clothing Catching on Fire.

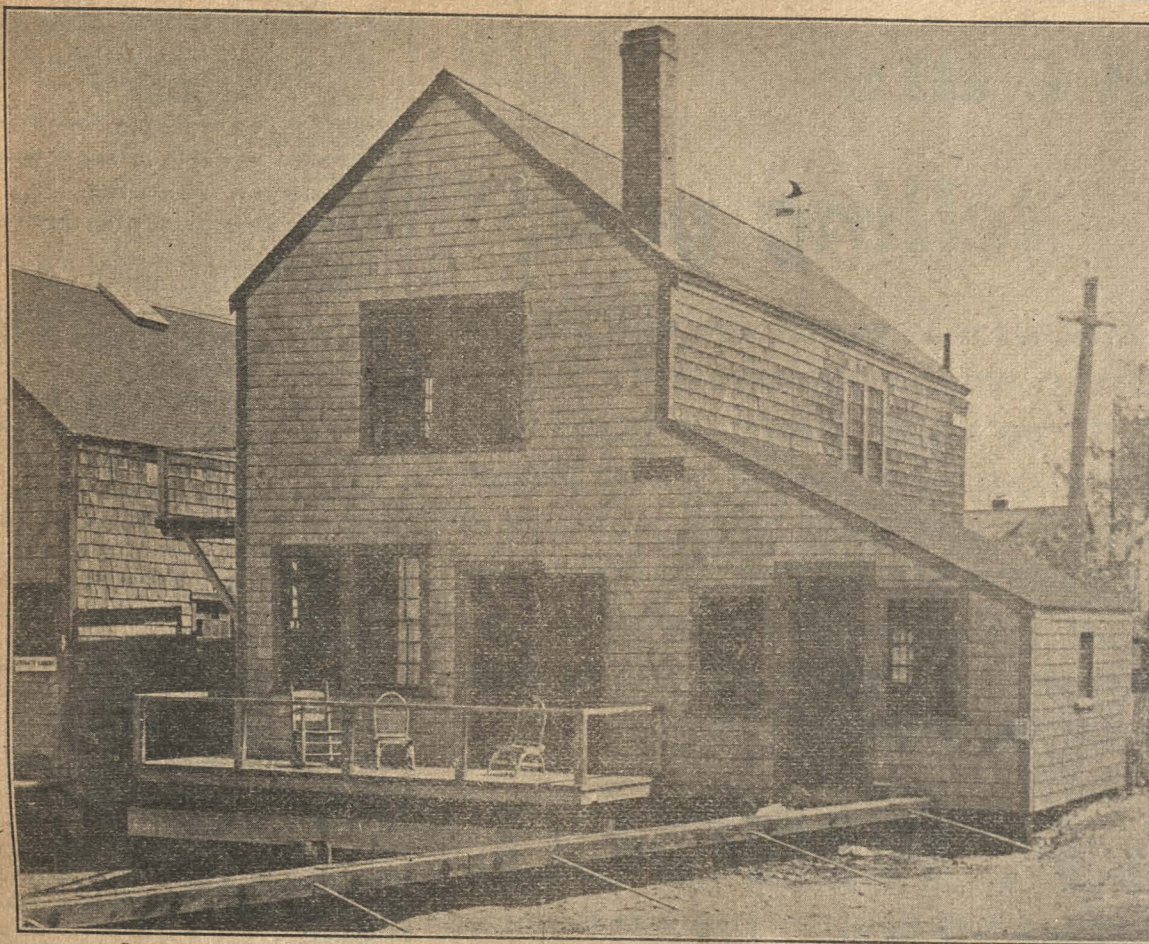
The second fatal accident to take place here within a month involving clothing catching fire occurred on Tuesday afternoon when Mrs. Mary Small, wife of Mulford A. Small, died in the kitchen of their home on Upper Main street soon after her clothing was ignited from the flame of an oil-stove. Death is attributed to burns and shock. Mrs. Small had been in poor health for some time.

How the accident took place is a matter for conjecture as Mrs. Small had succumbed some time before her plight was discovered. Returning from a shopping trip down town, Mr. Small made the shocking discovery upon his return shortly after 2:30 o'clock. A physician and the fire department were summoned, but the victim was beyond earthly aid.

The sympathy of the community is extended to Mr. Small who, only last week, lost his mother in the same home.

Besides her husband, Mrs. Small is survived by a daughter, Arlene, who is attending school on the mainland.





### Old North Wharf Boathouse on Easy Street.

In the avalanche of world catastrophe, there is always a residue of something precious to which man clings and is fortified and spurred on to build anew.

Through the centuries, Nantucket Island has retained its heritage and the foundations of its forefathers—whalemen, coopers, smiths, carpenters—merchants. They built buildings to stand against tide and storm. In the grim fight against change, these monuments have stood—sometimes a little battered by the sea, rain, and wind—sometimes charred by fire—more often its heavy wide boards worn a little thinner by the feet of generations. But stood they have, aged but nevertheless firm and a reminder of towering strength to help us forward.

Such a monument is Old North Wharf boathouse on Easy Street. Snug on the northwest corner of the wharf from which it takes its name, this boathouse, now mellowed through 100 years of existence, is a proud contributor to the rich heritage of this sandy island.

History of the Old North Wharf boathouse's infancy is a little in dispute. There is no recorded date of its birth, but Commodore Herbert Coffin of the famous Wharf Rat Club on Old North Wharf, who is an authority on such matters, says that the boathouse was built by one Capt. Barzillai R. Burdett. The scuttlebutt, according to Commodore Coffin, is that the building was erected on piles in the sandy lot overlooking Nantucket Harbor on or before 1846 and that it was destroyed in the Great Fire which devastated a large segment of Nantucket town in that year. If such is the case, the present building replaced the original

shortly afterwards. There is no record of this account of Old North Wharf's history, since the number of buildings lost in the fire was in the hundreds and no complete list was given in the newspaper account of the conflagration. It must therefore remain legendary but nevertheless a part of its history.

Born into the rich and adventurous era of whaling which made Nantucket a chief port, this two-story frame building with heavy double floors and walls of sturdy pine blended with the industry and through its wide portals on the north side, there were launched hundreds of whaling-boats, row-boats and sail-boats. On the south side of the building one could see where the boards had been worn too thin by workmen at the "old boatmen's bench".

With the passing of the years and eventually the whaling industry, Old North Wharf, its shingles weather-beaten and greyed, changed hands and until recently was a storage house owned and used by A. L. B. Fisher.

But buildings, like people, wither and die unless the spark of life is rekindled from time to time. Old North Wharf had something to give merely for the asking—something more than storage space for it is a part of Nantucket and needed only a little spark to come alive again—alive with busy feet on its century old boards—alive with caressing hands on its walls—alive with admiring eyes on the beauty of its grey shingles.

And this is where Mr. and Mrs. Elias J. Lyon came into the life of Old North Wharf. Nearly all their lives, they have loved old houses, old furniture and all the symbols which have stood for the pioneering spirit of America. Their remodelled old house on Pleasant Street, replete with furnishings nearly every one of which was built by hands of skilled craftsmen of another day, is a tribute to

their hobby of doing over old houses. With an artistic sense of color and design and a natural aptitude for renovating old Nantucket homes, they have combined their hobby with the real estate business and have aided in interesting young and old in maintaining the natural architecture of the island.

Often they had looked wistfully at the Old North Wharf boathouse with an urge to do it over. And suddenly they decided its Nantucket atmosphere was ideal for an informal place to idle away a few moments of leisure.

They purchased the building from Mr. Fisher and set to work with zest. Undaunted by lack of lumber and materials, Mr. Lyon, who has a knowledge of construction, woods and carpenter's tools, did the alterations himself.

The building was in good shape despite its age. All the old pine floorboards were retained except a few which had to be replaced. The large front doors through which the whaleboats had been launched were replaced by two small-pane windows and a door. Two additional windows were added on the same side to the lean-to which will comprise the office itself and two other windows on the second floor. All the windows and doors have been painted barn red which gives another touch of charm to the building.

Old weathered shingles and old pine boards have been utilized on the inside walls for artistic effect. Original framing timbers on the walls have been scraped down to a natural wood finish and left uncovered.

The boathouse's charm has also been enhanced by an old-fashioned garden and hollyhocks growing along the windows.

And thus the old becomes young and lives again.

Mr. Lyon is a member of the Massachusetts Board of Realtors.

### "Off Agin, On Agin, Gone Agin Finnigin" Author Dies at 84

WARRENTON, Va., April 25 (AP)—Strickland Gillilan, 84, humorist best known for his "Off Agin, On Agin, Gone Agin, Finnigin," died in a hospital here today. Gillilan, a onetime newspaperman, had remained active as a writer and afterdinner speaker until he broke his hip in a fall roader who had been criticized for the long reports he made as a character he created when, railment, when Finnigin's train as a reporter, he could find no had been put back on the tracks news to write. He wrote the and sent on its way, the rail poem to take the place of the road man sent his superiors the news he couldn't find. It was the story of a rail-sible of reports.

FEBRUARY 8, 1947.

### DIED

In this town, February 3rd, Exilda M Leger, aged 43 years, 5 months, 3 days. Interment at New Bedford.

In Orleans Mass., February 4th, Alice Thomas Hopkins, wife of Benjamin Hopkins, and eldest daughter of Florence C. and the late Edward G. Thomas, of Nantucket, aged 64 years.

### Fatally Burned.

Shortly before noon on Monday, Mrs. Exilda Leger, of 4 Summer street, wife of Edmund Leger, was fatally burned when her dress caught fire in the kitchen of her home. Just how the accident happened will never be known, as Mrs. Leger never recovered fully enough to tell of what had occurred.

When Mr. Leger arrived home a few minutes after 12 o'clock, he found the lower floor of his house filled with smoke. Hearing the moans of his wife, he rushed into the bed-room and found her in a fearfully burned condition, lying across the bed.

The ambulance and a physician raced to the scene in response to the frantic telephone call for help, and Mrs. Leger was rushed to the hospital, where she promptly received the best of medical attention. But her condition was beyond all help and she passed away early in the evening.

From the mute evidence in the Leger home, it was apparent that some portion of Mrs. Leger's clothing had caught fire while working around the stove preparing the noon-day meal. Enveloped in flames, she had managed to reach the bath-room, where she had collapsed on a couch. Her blazing clothing had ignited the couch, and she then made her way in some manner to the bed-room, where her husband found her.

Mrs. Leger was in her 44th year, and had been a resident of Summer street for several years, first coming there when Mrs. Ella Spencer owned the house. She and her husband were highly regarded by their neighbors and friends.

"To the Editor of the Post:  
"Sir—What do the colors of the American Flag signify?"

The colors red, white and blue in the Flag signify the following: Red is for courage, zeal and fervency; white is for purity, cleanness of life and rectitude of conduct; blue is for loyalty, devotion, friendship, justice and truth. The star is an ancient symbol of India, Persia and Egypt and signifies dominion and sovereignty.

"To the Editor of the Post:  
"Sir—Who are the members of President Truman's Cabinet?"

They are: Secretary of State Dean Acheson, Secretary of Defense James V. Forrestal, Secretary of the Treasury John W. Snyder, Secretary of the Interior Julius A. Krug, Attorney General Tom C. Clark, Secretary of Agriculture Charles F. Brannan, Secretary of Labor Maurice J. Tobin, Postmaster General Jesse M. Donaldson, Secretary of Commerce Charles Sawyer.



## Masonic Lodge Celebrated Its 175th Birthday.

Union Lodge, F. & A. M., observed the 175th anniversary of its launching over the week-end with a banquet, special meeting, shore dinner, band concert and evening church service highlighting its schedule of events. A large number of visiting Masons arrived as guests, including officers of the Grand Lodge, the Sutton Commandery of New Bedford and the Shedad Grotto Band of Brockton. The weather was well-nigh perfect during the two days and aided greatly in the success of the entire affair.

On Saturday afternoon, June 22, a large delegation of Union Lodge members "met the boat," and escorted their guests in a parade which went through Broad, Federal, Centre and North streets to Sea Cliff Inn. The Grotto Band rendered selections during the marching, and many townspeople lined the way to applaud.

The Lodge reconvened at 6 p. m. to receive M. W. Samuel H. Wragg, Grand Master of Masons in Massachusetts, and accompanying officers of the Grand Lodge. Following the meeting, members and guests gathered at Sea Cliff Inn where a fine banquet was enjoyed. The Grotto Band played a number of selections during the evening.

Lincoln Porte, Master of Union Lodge, was given an ovation when he stood up to introduce the guests of honor. He expressed his appreciation to all who had aided the Lodge in its celebration, and especially praised the several committees for the occasion.

Hon. Samuel H. Wragg acted as master of ceremonies. His reference to some of the early by-laws of the Lodge brought out many laughs, and he kept the roster of guest speakers on its collective toes.

Selections on the accordion by Miss Roberta Hardy, and duets by Mrs. Florence Lawrence and Mrs. Velma Hammond, with Mrs. Eva Wilson at the piano, were rendered during the evening and loudly applauded.

George M. Lake, who was Master of Union Lodge during the 150th anniversary in 1921, was present, and was called upon to stand up. At the request of the Grand Master all who were present during the observance 25 years ago were asked to stand and thirty-five were counted by Mr. Lake. George Grimes, who has been a Mason 54 years, was called upon but he had stepped out of the room a few minutes before.

Among the guests of honor who responded to the roll call with short addresses were R. W. Roger Keith, Deputy Grand Master; R. W. Peter A. Day, Senior Grand Warden; R. W. Harry A. Starr, Junior Grand Warden; M. W. Joseph Earl Perry, Past Master.

Other guests of honor who were called upon to stand and receive the recognition of the members and guests present were: R. W. Earl W. Taylor, Past Senior Grand Warden; R. W. Stephen C. Luce, Past Senior Grand Warden; R. W. Frank H. Hilton, Grand Secretary; R. W. John E. Palmeira, D. D. G. M. of the (Nantucket) 31st District; R. W. Whitfield W. Johnson, Grand Marshal; R. W. Raymond Warmington, Senior Grand Deacon; Wor. George Emery Green,

Grand Lecturer; Wor. Harold G. Andrews, Junior Grand Deacon; Wor. Laurence E. Eaton, Grand Sword Bearer; Wor. Paul Keith, Grand Standard Bearer; R. W. James L. Reid, Grand Pursuivant; R. W. C. Weston Ringer, Grand Pursuivant; R. W. Lawrence M. Jackson, Director of Administration; R. W. Philip C. McMurdie, Director of Service; Wor. Roger A. Vint, Secretary to the Grand Master; R. W. Bert E. Holland, Committee on Charters; R. W. Bertrand C. French, DDGM, Hyannis 32nd District; R. W. Clifton C. Ripley, DDGM, Taunton 28th District; Wor. Theodore C. Howes, Master Martha's Vineyard Lodge; Wor. Carl T. Ohn, Master of Fraternal Lodge, Hyannis; Bradford Smith, Eminent Commander, Sutton Commandery, Knights Templars, of New Bedford; R. E. Sir Frank H. Wilson, Grand Commander of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templars and the attendant orders of Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

On Sunday afternoon, in front of the Athenaeum, the Shedad Grotto Band, M. Clifton Edson, Leader, gave an excellent concert which was thoroughly enjoyed by young and old.

The hospitality of the members of Union Lodge was praised highly by the visiting Masons. Starting at 10:30 Sunday morning, the guests were taken on sight-seeing tours around the island. A Shore Dinner at the Wauwinet House found nearly 200 in attendance. Church Services were conducted at the First Congregational Church, under the direction of Rev. Claude Bond, pastor of the Church. The sermon was delivered by Rev. Joseph Imler, State Grand Chaplain.

Among former Nantucketers present were Capt. Peter Grant, William Simpson, Capt. Arne Pedersen, Cecil Foote, Preston Morris, and Edward W. Chadwick. Captain Olaf Anderson brought sixteen guests down from New Bedford on board his boat the *Stanley Butler*, making the trip (through Quicks Hole) in five hours.

### Committees.

General Chairman—Wor. George M. Lake.

Treasurer—C. Ray Morris.

Secretary—Leslie Martin.

### Sub-Committees.

Accommodations and Reception of Guests—Wor. Leroy H. True, Chairman, Wor. William C. Brock, Wor. Harry Gordon.

Transportation—Wor. Edward P. Rice, Chairman, Walton H. Adams, C. Clark Coffin.

Banquet—Wor. R. Chisholm, Chairman, Wor. Roger F. Dunham, Cyril C. Ross, Wor. George W. Jones, James Backus.

Parade—Wor. Nelson O. Dunham, Chairman, Wor. Joseph King, Roswell I. Holmes.

Accommodations and Reception of Sutton Commandery—Wor. William Hall, Chairman, Wor. James A. Norcross, F. Stuart Chadwick.

Finance—C. Ray Morris, Chairman, Valter J. Royal, William Coffin.

Programs—Robert A. Hardy, Chairman, Harold B. Ryder, Norman McLeave.

Church—Lester S. Harris, Chairman, A. G. Brock, Herbert N. Gibbs. Band and Entertainment—Gilbert Ianter, Chairman, Robert Mack, Melvin L. Ray.

Tickets—Ormonde F. Ingall, Chairman, Cyrus Barnes, Wesley A. Fordyce.

## Twenty-Eight Graduates Receive Diplomas at Exercises.

Twenty-eight graduates of the Nantucket High School, representing the Class of 1946, received their diplomas Thursday evening at the customary exercises which were held at the First Congregational Church. It was the first peacetime graduation in a five-year period. The program was as follows:

Processional	Rev. Fr. John Denehy
Invocation	All
Star Spangled Banner	Herbert Cabral
Welcome	School
Song, "Dear Land of Home"	School
Essays by Honor Students	
"Development of the American Newspaper"	Carol A. Norcross
"On Teaching"	Carol E. Coggins
"Our Future—Is it Socialistic?"	Robert A. Mayo
Song, "Welcome to Spring"	School
Class Will	Morton Kaufman
Class Prophecy	Charlotte M. Jones
Class Gifts	Herbert C. Cabral
Class History	Edith L. Moynihan
Song, "Heavens Are Telling," from "The Creation"	School
Presentation of Awards	Supt. of Schools Richard Porter
Presentation of Diplomas	Stuart B. Day
Class Song	Words by Herbert Cabral
Benediction	Rev. Claude Bond
Recessional	

The essays by the three honor students—Misses Norcross and Coggins and Robert Mayo—highlighted the evening, being well-prepared. The Class History, by Miss Edith Moynihan was also excellent. The traditional Class Prophecy and Class Will were, as usual, only fully appreciated by the student body.

Again this year, the singing of the students, under the direction of Miss Ellen Ramsdell, was especially enjoyable. Mrs. Leroy H. True was the accompanist at the organ and piano.

Supt. of Schools Richard J. Porter presented several awards, as follows:

Class Valedictorian—Miss Carol A. Norcross, year's subscription to the Reader's Digest for the highest scholastic standing.

D A R "Good Citizenship Award", to Miss Charlotte M. Jones.

Washington and Franklin Medal, for excellence in study of American History, to Miss Ruthe Toner.

Shorthand Proficiency Prize to Miss Carol Norcross.

Spelling Awards—1st, Miss Carol Norcross; 2nd, Miss Priscilla Cook; 3rd, Miss Anne Jones, (Freshman.)

Nantucket Athletic Assoc. Prize—for high athletic and scholastic ability and sportsmanship—Miss Priscilla Johnson—Robert A. Mayo.

Good Citizenship Award to Junior Class Student—Miss Jane Ray. Presented by American Legion Auxiliary. A week's visit to Framingham State Teachers' College.

Good Citizenship Award to Junior Class Boy, (presented by American Legion), 10-day trip to Amherst State College—Wray Mackay.

Stuart B. Day, Chairman of the School Committee, presented Diplomas to the following graduates:

### Class of 1946.

College Course—Carol Estelle Coggins, Charlotte May Jones, Morton Irwin Kaufman, Bertha Grace Manter, Ruth Ann Murphy, Phyllis Evelyn Ryder.

Civic Arts Course—Robert Augustus Mayo, Edith Louise Moynihan, Arnold Robert Small, Sarah Ellen Tunning, Esther Marion Wreden.

Commercial Course—Beatrice Margaret Duponte, Herbert Charles Cabral, Jean Grace Fordyce, Jeanette Lee Haskins, Martha Louise Holdgate, Priscilla Elizabeth Johnson, Carol Anne Norcross, Edith Mae Wood.

Home Economics—Wilhelmina Rogers Cahoon, Colleen Marie Lamb, Phyllis Irene Lamb.

Industrial Arts—Stanley James Arges, Elwin Nickles Burdick, Oscar Ceely, Jr., Donald Edwin Terry, Robert Langdon Whelden, David Dana Worth.

Class Flower—Yellow Rose.

Class Colors—Purple and Gold.

Class Motto—"It matters not how long we live, but how."

## YEAR DIED 1947

In this town, January 8, Emily B. Robinson, daughter of the late Charles H. and Susan (Chace) Robinson, aged 90 years, 4 months, 20 days.

In this town January 10, Orison V. Hull, aged 75 years, 2 months, 1 day.

## Death of Orison V. Hull Friday Morning.

After a lingering illness, covering a span of several years, Orison V. Hull passed away yesterday (Friday) morning at his residence on Centre street. For a number of years, Mr. Hull had been one of the leading citizens of Nantucket and had held numerous important town offices. He was on the Board of Selectmen for many years, was Chief of the Fire Department from 1920 to 1930, at one time served as Chief of Police and afterwards was elected to the School Board and served as Chairman.

He was appointed local examiner by the Registry of Motor Vehicles, following the admission of automobiles to the island in May, 1918, and for several years also served as moderator of town meeting.

In his early manhood he was active in wrecking operations about the shores of the island, and also engaged in boating. He later took command of the yacht *Aglia* (owned by the late Howard Willets) and for several seasons was actively at work in that capacity.

He was interested in numerous local ventures and for many years has been manager of Dreamland Hall, operating the moving pictures there.

In November, 1942, he was elected Representative to the General Court and held that position four years, retiring with the close of the 1946 session.

The deceased was a native of Nantucket, born November 9, 1871, the elder son of the late Alvin and Mattie Hull. Besides his widow, he is survived by four children, namely: Miss Reita Hull, Miss Marjorie Hull, Howard W. Hull, and Lorena, wife of Parker W. Gray. He also leaves four grand-children and one great-grand-child.

Funeral services will be held Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in the Congregational vestry.



JANUARY 11, 1947.

### Death of Miss Robinson.

Miss Emily Barnard Robinson, known intimately by hundreds of her friends as "Milie," died Wednesday morning at her home in Martin's Lane, in her 91st year. She had been well and active up to a few days before her death.

She was the daughter of Charles H. and Susan (Chace) Robinson and her entire life had been spent in two homes, one on Fair street and the other on Martin's Lane. Many of her winters were spent in Florida.

Friendly with everyone, cheery in her disposition, independent in her thinking and opinions, she was welcomed in many groups and organizations.

In both wars she was a loyal knitter for the Red Cross and exceeded all others in the number of stockings knitted. The Union Circle at the North Congregational Church will miss her regular attendance on Tuesday afternoons and the large amount of work contributed.

She was one of the leading members of that notable group which worked so successfully in organizing and incorporating the Old People's Home Association. For many years since the establishment of the Home near the monument, she has been a member of the Board of Directors, visiting the Home constantly and contributing generously to its maintenance.

Among other organizations, she was a member of the Nantucket Relief Association and a constant worker for British and Overseas Relief.

She will be greatly missed in her neighborhood where she was known for her constant concern for many in sickness and need, and where her tiny, bent figure was seen tending the garden—and, as recently as last summer, running the lawn mower over her small plot of grass.

Miss Robinson leaves no nearer relatives than cousins: Mrs. Louise (Baker) Stetson, of Weymouth, Mrs. Elsie (Mowry) Cady, of Jamaica Plain, and Mrs. May (Bunker) Swain, of Nantucket.

Services will be conducted by the Rev. Claude Bond at the North Vestry this (Saturday) afternoon at two o'clock. Interment will be in the Prospect Hill Cemetery.

"To the Editor of the Post:  
"Sir—Why do leaves turn red in the fall?"

Chemical processes in the tree are responsible for the change in color. In summer, the predominance of chlorophyll, a substance which enables the foliage to derive energy from sunlight, gives their leaves the green color. With the advent of cold weather the growing season is at an end and chlorophyll is broken up into the various substances of which it is composed and the plant food stored in the body of the tree until spring. The remaining substance in the leaves contains a number of yellow refractive bodies, which give the autumnal coloring. When plant food, or sugar, remains, the chemical compounds produce the reds and red-browns.

### Silver Weddings Numerous Here During Year 1947.

The year 1947 will bring a number of Silver Wedding Anniversaries here on Nantucket. Here is a list of some of the couples who will have the privilege of observing their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary during the next eleven months. There are probably others who were married during the year 1922, but we recall the following:

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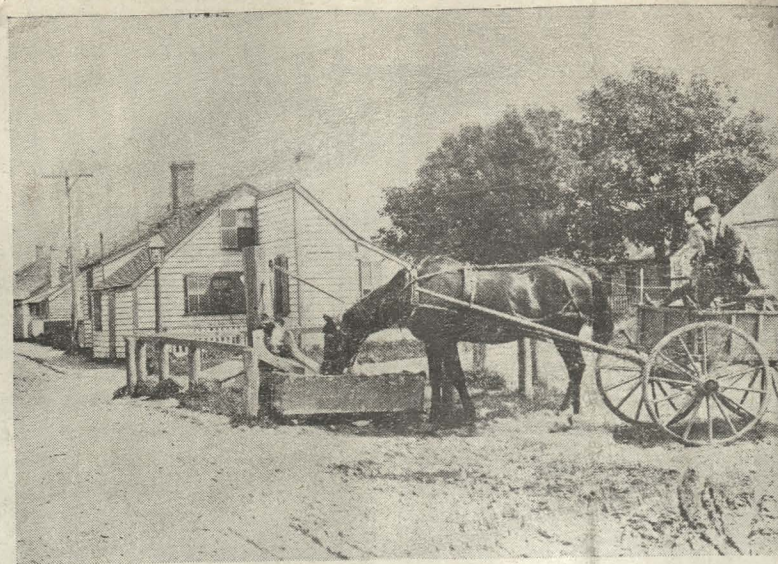
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October 25—Mr. and Mrs. Albert C. Johnsen (Rosalena Amelia Reis).

November 14—Mr. and Mrs. Roswell Morey Holmes (LaVerne Crosby Barrett).

December 1—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Visco (Fanny Ione Ross).

### The 'Sconset Pump — In 1900 and as it is Today.



This photograph of 'Sconset's famous pump was taken about 1900, and shows in detail the pump and its surroundings as they were more than fifty years ago.



The 'Sconset Pump in 1951, just after it had been renovated by Ernest Coffin. Mr. Coffin carefully rebuilt the pump, which had fallen into disrepair over the years. Kenneth Eldridge is also shown in the picture, which was taken by P. A. Williams, Jr.

Captain John Heath has been recalled into the U. S. Air Force and is stationed at Gray Air Force Base in Texas. Mrs. Heath and their children are still at their home in Lexington but will join Capt. Heath shortly.

### POEMS FOR YOUR SCRAPBOOK DOLLY VARDEN

BY P. O'NEILL

'Twas in Boston's Public Garden  
Where I first saw Dolly Varden,  
A flock of little pigeons all around her;  
With the popcorn she was eating  
All her feathered friends she's treating,  
While they seemed very happy to have found her.

On a park bench, newly painted,  
She and I became acquainted,  
As we sat beside the brink of the lagoon.  
Soon, her little hand I'm holding,  
When the pigeons started scolding,  
Much displeased that she'd forgotten them so soon.

When I took her on the swan boat  
In her pretty, shorty fawn coat,  
No happier couple ever left the land.  
On the rippling waters gliding,  
Our mutual love confiding,  
Dolly Varden gave to me her heart and hand.

### Ever-Present Eve.

When Grandma was a maiden  
It was considered shocking  
For her to show an ankle  
You hardly saw her stocking.

And now the modern maiden  
In diaper style we view  
With built-up rosebud bosoms  
If the ones she has don't do.

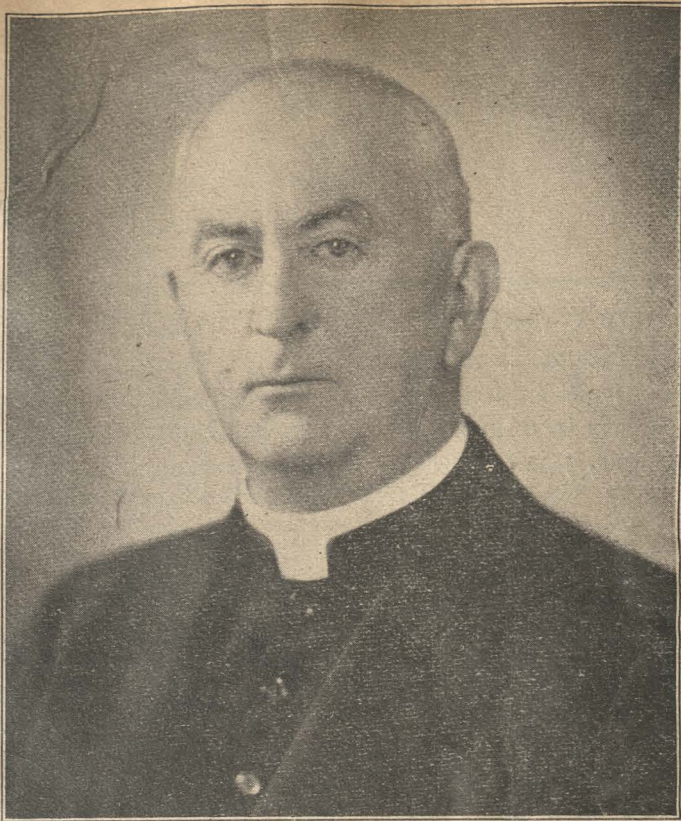
But then we must remember  
Eve wore much the same design  
Except that hers were fashioned  
From the leaves upon a vine.

So girls are just reverting  
To that time of long ago  
When 'twas so very simple  
To put on a Fashion Show.

M. B. F.

Milton, Mass.





THE LATE REV. FR. JOSEPH M. GRIFFIN.

**The Rev. Fr. Joseph M. Griffin  
Passed Away on Tuesday.**

A wave of sadness passed over Nan-

**Will of Late Fr. Joseph M. Griffin**  
**Filed at Probate Court.**

The will of the late Fr. Joseph M Griffin, for thirty-four years pastor of St. Mary's Church in Nantucket, who died Jan. 28th of this year, was filed at the Probate Court this week.

A number of local bequests were made. The sum of \$1500.00 was left to the Nantucket Cottage Hospital Mrs Sarah Terry, Mrs. Rose Holmes and Mrs. Sophia Thompson, who had assisted in care of the Rectory over a period of years, received \$500 each. Fr. George A. Meade was bequeathed the library of Fr. Griffin and \$1,000. The sum of \$3,000 was willed to the successor of the late pastor at the Nantucket parish for the benefit of the parish.

Sums of \$500 each were left to the priests of the following places for the celebration of masses: St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore; Foreign Missions of Maryknoll; St. Charles College, Catonsville, Maryland.

Requests of \$2,000.00 were made to St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, St. Charles College, Md. \$1,500 each were left the Foreign Missions of Maryknoll and the Catholic Church Extension Society of Chicago. The residue of the estate and a \$2,000 life insurance policy were left the Roman Catholic Bishop of Fall River.

Executors named under the will were the Rt. Rev. John F. McKeon and Rt. Rev. George A. Meade.

The will was signed as of Nov 8, 1946, and witnessed by Rev. Fr. John F. Denehy, Rev. Fr. William A. Shevelton and Grace Klingelfuss.

without hope of reward, laboring  
early and late through the years that  
have passed, working for the uplift  
and

Griffin lived a noble life.

ains were brought to Nan-  
Wednesday by D. D. Sulli-  
Sons, undertakers of Fall  
e party was met at the dock  
d B. Lewis & Son, the local  
rs. The clergy accompany-  
y from Fall River included  
ge A. Meade, Rev. Raymond  
and Rev. William Shovel-

ry pall-bearers who met the  
the wharf were Eugene M.  
Patrick Robinson, John E.  
John P. Conway, Walter D.  
and George Hamblin.

ev. James L. Connolly, D. D.,  
at the reception of the body  
ry's, assisted by Rev. Lester  
Rev. John Denehy.

was an hourly all-night vigil the 24-hour period from the the boat Wednesday until ture on Thursday. Many e as well as Catholics e church and paid homage mory of the deceased during l when the remains lay in

y morning at 8:00 o'clock  
a Children's Mass, cele-  
Bishop Connolly. At 10:00  
Solemn High Mass of  
as offered by Rt. Rev. John  
h, P. R., assisted by Rev.  
ehy, deacon, Rev. William  
sub-deacon, and Rev. John  
master of ceremonies. Bish-  
ly was present in the sanc-  
h Rev. Lester Hull and Rev.  
Considine as chaplains.

Rev. Fr. George Meade delivered the eulogy.

The remains left on the Thursday afternoon boat for St. Mary's Cathedral in Fall River where the Office of

...the English people are as  
...as ever in their determin-  
...this crisis  
...to "muddle through"

was  
Office

In Fall River, January 28th, Rev.  
Fr. Joseph M. Griffin, of Nantucket,  
aged 70 years, 6 months. Interment  
at Brookline, Mass. *1902-1947*

In Nantucket, March 10, Charles Warren Austin, husband of Ethel C. Austin, in his 81st year. Services at 2:00 p. m., Sunday, from his late residence, 48 Orange street.

## Death of C. Warren Austin.

Charles Warren Austin, who died at the Nantucket Hospital on Thursday, Mar. 10, where he had been rushed after sustaining a fall at his home, was one of Nantucket's business men of the old school. Before his retirement from active business two decades ago, Mr. Austin carried on the trade of a tinsmith and maintained a shop on Main street, the site of which is now occupied by the brick store next east of the Eagle Barber Shop.

The shop was erected immediately after the fire of 1846, and was supposed to be a "temporary structure"—yet continued as a business establishment for over 80 years. Mr. Austin took the business over from his father. An enthusiastic cyclist, Mr. Austin sold bicycles, and, with the advent of the motor-bike, held the first license to operate a motorcycle used on the island.

In his 81st year at his passing, Mr. Austin was the son of Charles G. and Mary Codd Austin, and the grandson of Isaac Austin. He served on the Board of Selectmen in 1913.

The deceased is survived by his widow, Mrs. Ethel (Coffin) Austin, of Nantucket, a sister, Mrs. William A. Smith, New Bedford, a son David W. Austin, of Nantucket, and two grandchildren.

Services were held from his late residence at 48 Orange street on Sunday afternoon. Interment was in the family lot in Prospect Hill cemetery.

MORNING, SEPTEMBER 23.

## Bequests to Island Organizations In Will of Late Mrs. Hayward.

Under the will of the late Mrs. Emma Frances Hayward, who died in Nantucket on Sunday, there are several island individuals and organizations named as beneficiaries. The will, filed at the Nantucket Probate Court, has as its executor, Attorney Roy E. Sanguinetti.

Under the third clause of the will, a sum of \$500 is left to Mrs. Hayward's cousin, Helen S. Dennison, of Denver, Col., "to cover any expenses of attending my decease."

In the fourth clause, Mrs. Mary L. Dickey, of Fairhaven, is left \$1,000.

Under clause 5, the First Congregational Church of Nantucket is bequeathed the Hayward house and land on Centre street, "together with such furniture and furnishings therein as may not have been otherwise disposed of by will or memorandum or desired by Mrs. Dennison."

In reference to this bequest, the will stated:

"... in this devise with the hope that the said property be used as a parsonage, but I do not in any way create any limitation to this use, and the said Church may at any time sell or convey said property and use the income only for the general purposes of the Church."

Under clause six, the 1st Congregational Church is also bequeathed 50 shares of American Tel. & Tel. stock, to be held in trust, to be used as a repair fund, with the income to be used for repairs and painting of the church building and parsonage. The clause stipulated that if, at her decease, the 50 shares of stock were not in her possession, the sum of \$5,000 was bequeathed as the repair fund.

In the seventh clause, the sum of \$1,000 was bequeathed the Sunday School and \$1,000 to the Ladies' Union Circle.

Under clause 8, sums of \$500 each were left to Mrs. Charlotte Wyer Pitman, B. Chester Pease, Mrs. Ellen Gray Pease, Mrs. Emily Bunker, Mrs. Bessie Winslow and Miss Cora Stevens, all of Nantucket.

In the 9th clause, the Prospect Hill Cemetery Association was bequeathed the sum of \$5,000, in trust, and in clause 10, the Prospect Hill Cemetery Association was left \$2,000 for upkeep of the Andrew Arthur lot.

Under clause 11, the Relief Association was left \$2,000.

In clause 12, the Old Peoples' Home Association of Nantucket receives the sum of \$2,000 in trust.

Under clause 12, the Nantucket Historical Association is bequeathed the sum of \$2,000, the interest of which is to be used for the purpose of the Association.

In clause 14, the sum of \$1,000 is left the Town of Nantucket, the principal and interest "to be used until exhausted, for a \$50 scholarship to be used as an 'Emma Frances Hayward Scholarship,' to be presented annually each June by the superintendent of schools to the scholar of the Nantucket high school who has the highest scholastic record for the Centire school term."

also be conducted by the Wauwinet  
Tribe, I.O.R.M., and Wonoma Council,  
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### Ever-Present Eve.

When Grandma was a maiden  
It was considered shocking  
For her to show an ankle  
You hardly saw her stocking.

And now the modern maiden  
In diaper style we view  
With built-up rosebud bosoms  
If the ones she has don't do.

But then we must remember  
Eve wore much the same design  
Except that hers were fashioned  
From the leaves upon a vine.

So girls are just reverting  
To that time of long ago  
When 'twas so very simple  
To put on a Fashion Show.

M. B. F.

Milton, Mass.

### The 'Sconset Pump — In 1900 and as it is Today.



This photograph of 'Sconset's famous pump was taken about 1900, and shows in detail the pump and its surroundings as they were more than fifty years ago.



The Ernest picture now use the road make a traffic em which is becoming worse summer, he said. think everyone who drives a car north Beach street will agree with said Mr. Pease. "The sidewalk mostly cinders, over-grown with s which is wet with dew in the hings and dusty the rest of the It's difficult enough to dodge the elists there in the summer, let e the groups of pedestrians." Coma been renovated by stall mp, which had fallen "W is also shown in the tee-n here. Se signed appe the v "T here pani serv gas the c —bu man Wes the and due prop stre cert main 90 ygs, ound her. Sew S Much displeased that she'd forgotten them so soon.

arker W. Gray stated that summer people come here to do as they called in and would probably use the is station even if there were a new side-in Texase. dren are L. B. Fisher thought that a new ington bwalk would only provide another shortly. e for bicyclists to ride.

Why, these bicyclists ride on the n street sidewalks, and tell the ce to get out of the way. These eles ought to be taxed. . . . And ou're going to put in a sidewalk, ight to be concrete, not cement— runs into money."

How far would \$1,000 take this ent sidewalk?" asked Mr. Jaekle. upt. Tice stated that about 600 might be covered for that sum.

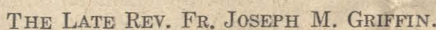
An appropriation of \$3,500.00 for rete surfacing on Crooked Lane requested under Article 81, and ert Hardy remarked the Lane was by more cars than the average An realizes. Roger Dunham asked r. Hardy could give an estimate Much displeased that she'd forgotten them so soon.

When I took her on the swan boat  
In her pretty, shorty fawn coat,  
No happier couple ever left the land.  
On the rippling waters gliding,  
Our mutual love confiding,  
Dolly Varden gave to me her heart and hand.

PO

PBOOK





Year after year passed and Father Griffin had many an opportunity to go to other fields of labor, but he declined. He loved Nantucket and Nantucket loved him—he did not want to leave it, for here he had found the opportunity he sought—to serve God and humanity among the people he understood and who understood him. Here he gave the best part of his life.

The Pontifical High Mass of Requiem will be celebrated by the Most Rev. James E. Cassidy, D. D., at 10:00 o'clock Saturday morning in St. Mary's Cathedral. Interment will be this Saturday afternoon at Holyhood Cemetery in Brookline.

Services were held from his late residence at 48 Orange street on Sunday afternoon. Interment was in the family lot in Prospect Hill cemetery.

Funeral services will be held at the Lewis Funeral Home at 2 o'clock this (Saturday) afternoon, the Rev. Charles Brightwell of the First Baptist Church officiating. Services will also be conducted by the Wauwinet Tribe, I.O.R.M., and Wonoma Council, D. of P. Interment will be in Prospect Hill Cemetery.



## Fragrant Memories

### II. Potato Chowder

The odor of any savory soup or chowder brings to mind one of the happiest occasions of my Nantucket boyhood. Long before Boy Scouts as such were dreamed of, the boys of North Shore Hill created for themselves many profitable and enjoyable forms of entertainment, in which they were "abetted" and encouraged by parents who understood children.

It was Friday afternoon, school out for the week, we were playing marbles—"knuckle down"—on the dirt sidewalk in front of Sylvester Hodges' house on North Shore Hill—Ned Chase, Jesse Snow, Walter Barney (Walter was left-handed—we always wondered how he could learn to set type with his right hand), "Rusty" Burdett, Maurice Gibbs, and perhaps some more of the old "gang". Somebody said, "let's go up to the spring tomorrow and make a chowder". "All right", was the prompt reply in chorus, for this was one of the annual events every boy enjoyed. It had to be decided who would furnish what—"I'll get the potatoes and onions!" "I'll get the salt pork and flour!" "I'll bring the wheelbarrow and kettle!" Everybody was responsible for something.

When the four or five Mothers heard the story that night they had heart failure. They knew from sad experience what to expect. Getting the things together and loading the wheelbarrow Saturday morning was not so bad—everything clean and in order. But when those same dishes and iron kettle came home at night it would be a different thing. Dishes and inside of the kettle plastered with chowder and beach sand, and the outside of the old kettle black with smoke from the open fire and grimy from the over-run. No boys ever had better and more cooperative Mothers. I recall them today with reverence. They seemed to enjoy the experience as much as the boys, in spite of the work.

Right after breakfast Saturday morning, after some of us had sifted the ashes and chopped the wood (none of our folks were farmers so there were no cows to milk), a group of barefoot boys assembled in Ned Chase's backyard, from whence most of our escapades were launched. Aunt Ann Chase was a champion upon whom the boys could always depend. Her memory will ever be cherished by the boys who were fortunate enough to have been influenced by her humorous and understanding heart.

All the elements for making a potato chowder were piled into the wheelbarrow and off we started for the "spring" at the foot of Captain Hinckley's lane. The beach furnished driftwood, dried beach grass the kindling, and one of the boys dug up a match. (Book matches and cigarettes were not born at that time.)

Do you know how to make a potato chowder? Did you ever eat a Nantucket potato chowder? If not, you've got something coming to you. Here's the formula:

Over an open fire heat the old iron kettle (no modern aluminum or agate boiler will do); when good and hot throw in several slices of fat salt pork; when going in good shape, drop in a couple of sliced onions; then after a few moments of sizzling fragrance, turn in a couple of quarts of milk from Nantucket cows, diluted, if too rich, with a pint of water from the "spring"—no other water is as good; thicken with Pillsbury's flour. Then immediately add the potatoes—real Nantucket early Rose or Green Mountain, sliced, as many as you want, a half dozen or more. Let the whole mess boil until the potatoes are tender. Add salt and pepper to taste while boiling. Your potato chowder is then done, and if it does not tickle the digestive organs of the most fastidious, there is something wrong with him.

During the process of the chowder making we all took part, but when everything was going well, one boy was elected to stay by and stir the chowder so it would not burn on, while the rest of us went in swimming. The cook would be relieved in turn so we each (literally) had a hand in the chowder.

Now for the high light of the day's fun—the eating of that home-made potato chowder. Of course, we had crackers or bread, and maybe a piece of squash pie or something like that for a top-off; but the main dish was this potato chowder. If you have never seen the superlative in juvenile enjoyment, you never will for it passed out of existence when those North Shore boys back in the 1870's finished their soup plates of potato chowder, sitting, nude, in the sand dunes of the "cliff" by Hinckley's Spring to the accompaniment of a gentle westerly wind which would occasionally sift a little of that soft beach sand into the delicious dish.

I cannot close this experience without committing the literary error of an anti-climax. May I suggest to the leader of the newly-organized Boys Club that he add this form of outing to his program. Have the boys do as we did—push the entire equipment to the "Spring" in a wheelbarrow. No automobile! Make them earn their fun. One great trouble with the world today is that there are too many people wasting their time in unearned amusement.

Next time it will be "Main Street Stores."

Alliston Greene.  
Worcester, Mass.

## Fragrant Memories

Age has its compensations; age has also its limitations and its liabilities. Before launching out on the subject of "fragrant memories" this week, I am impelled to pay tribute to those men and women whose lives are given to the care of the sick—the doctors and nurses whose science, skill, patience and unremitted care are daily restoring broken bodies, almost sightless eyes, and lost hope to many a suffering patient.

I cannot praise too highly nor thank adequately the professional care administered to the more important half of my family, who, as well as myself, has discovered that age does have to be reckoned with before attempting strenuous physical exercise. Also that age has a bad habit of weakening the powers of those functions upon which we depend for "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness".

In this case it is the eyes. Perfectly wonderful how the knife, guided by a trained and steady hand can remove the cause of trouble from the human eye and compensate for the loss with a piece of glass which restores almost normal vision. May I repeat, I am impelled in this public way to thank the men of science and the kindly nurses for their contribution to the comfort of suffering humanity.

While we are thinking of age, let me intrude with one more thought: These "memories" were conceived several years ago but were not born until their "father" approached the age of eighty. That happy birthday has come and gone but father's eye has not dimmed nor his natural force abated, and he hopes to carry on until all subjects, or his audience, are exhausted. To have the strength, the desire, and the resources for these "memories" at the age of eighty are blessings beyond words. Let no one with normal strength allow years to interfere with his usefulness.

On a quiet and peaceful Sunday morning a voice over the radio reminds me that age is not the yardstick by which to measure the value or the resources of one's life. Many a man at fifty has "finished his course", while others at eighty are still growing. To support his statement he refers to Edwin Markham, whose great poem, written at eighty, I am going to quote:

I am done with years that were; I am quits.  
I am done with the dead and old.  
They are mines worked out; I delved in their pits.  
I have saved their grains of gold.  
Now I turn to the future for wine and bread;  
I have bidden the past adieu.  
I laugh and lift hands to the years ahead;  
"Come on; I am ready for you!"

Now to our "memory":

One of the most interesting documents in my Nantucket "secretary" is a copy of "Confession of Faith and Covenant of the First Congregational Church in Nantucket, together with a Historical Sketch of the Church and a Catalogue of its Members—1767 to 1906". "Fragrant memories" may well include early days, people, and experiences connected with the Old North Church, and the Old North Vestry whose history antedated that of the church edifice itself.

Let it be understood that I am not writing a history, nor will events appear in chronological sequence, but simply relating experiences and recalling the names of those who were associated with them during the days of my boyhood, particularly during the years 1872 to 1885. It is within the bounds of truth to say that no early associations are recalled with more real pleasure than those related to these old institutions.

Whether or not it is complimentary to them or indicates poor memory on my part, I cannot say, but it is a fact that few ministers of this old church made themselves of such value to me that I can remember the names until the coming into the pastorate of Rev. Louise S. Baker. To be sure, I recall quite well the appearance of Rev. Samuel D. Hosmer, a dignified and kindly gentleman with full gray beard. I remember, too, the name of Rev. Howard A. Hamford, but not his appearance. I do not recall that any minister ever patted me on the head and hoped I would some day be president.

Many of the men and women active in the church and Sunday school will never be forgotten. With great respect I mention first Mrs. Agnes Cartwright, my teacher in the early 70's. Her patience must have been tried almost beyond endurance, but never broke. Those two benches of wriggling boys were not particularly interested in the questions and answers which we were supposed to memorize from the little "catechism" which was our only text book at that time. But I think we did all love Mrs. Cartwright. Her memory is very dear.

Mr. and Mrs. Seth M. and Priscilla Coffin were my first superintendents—a striking couple, highly respected. "Seth M." had a peculiar habit of sounding his "s" with a bit of a whistle when reading from the Bible or offering prayer—quite amusing to those restless boys. They lived on Centre street, flanked on the south by Cornelia and Mary Foster Coffin, and on the north by Capt. John Beebe and his daughter Alice.

"Aunt" Ann Hussey was my next and last Superintendent. She filled the position with dignity and efficiency. My understanding of her as a serious and uncompromising Christian was particularly impressed upon my youthful mind when rehearsing in her sitting room for some Sunday school concert. These "rehearsals" were enjoyable in spite of, or maybe because of, the discipline under which they were conducted. As I recall it, my appearances on the platform were more successful when singing a duet with Peter than in taking a speaking part.

Mrs. Charlotte Huxford was the assistant superintendent, and my

dear friend Sarah Bunker Winslow, who made me her helper in selecting and distributing books, was the librarian. An objective in going to Sunday school was to get a book from the library.

In the corner of the Vestry to the right, facing the platform, Mrs. Judith Fish taught the class of "young men". These older boys were heroes in the eyes of us younger chaps who were still "tied to our mothers' apron strings". Mrs. Fish seemed to have a way to keep them quiet, whether or not they were interested. The names of some of those "young men" are still with me—Henry Mooers, Ed Thomas, Horace Gibbs, Willie Codd, Horace Cook, Horace Coleman—all gone now.

Will it be safe to mention some of the "young women" who sat in the back of the room? I am going to take a chance: Etta Coffin, Ida Lovell, Marianna Hussey, Florence Chase, Lizzie Greene, Clara Pitman, Anna Barrett—I could go on, but these are enough to identify the period. It was under the direction of these older girls that the Vestry was decorated for Christmas and for Easter particularly. First to the woods gathering the running evergreen for the festoons, the making of letters and other symbols for the decorations; then up the ladder and attaching them to the wall over the platform—a busy and happy time. Is the custom still carried on?

The "Young People's Meeting" of a Sunday evening and the prayer meeting Friday evening found a goodly number of boys and girls in attendance. Particularly do I remember Alice Bunker as a leader of these young people's groups. And can one ever forget such devoted characters as Elizabeth B. Joy who, every Friday night without fail, had "just come from the bedside of a dying friend". As I now recall those occasions, the mortality in Nantucket in the 70's must have been great.

The Old North Church (which by the way must be entered by the front door, there being no entrance from the Vestry as at present) is filled with fragrant memories. From pulpit to choir loft, the church building and the occupants of many of the pews were familiar. Who of the present readers of this paper remember Edward R. Folger, long-time deacon, reception committee, and usher? And these older members of the church whom I knew well: Deacons Charles Lowell, Obed Joy, Benjamin Cartwright, Dr. Fearing, Elizabeth Adlington, William B. Ray, Perry and Mary Winslow, Henry B. Worth—then those of more recent times who united with the church during the pastorate of Miss Baker—Peggy Chase, Arthur J. and Sarah C. Clough?

The white pew doors with black numbers; the gas-light fixtures; the two cast-iron wood-burning stoves; James Chase, feeding those stoves with four-foot wood to keep the church warm in winter, opening the windows to keep it cool in summer, and sweeping and dusting to keep it clean at all times.

It was my good fortune to have been an usher at a "swell" church wedding which was a memorable event—that of Arthur J. Clough, principal of the high school, and Sarah C. Robinson, teacher. To have been selected as an usher was an honor of more than passing notice, especially so because of the fact that but a short time before "Sarah Catherine" had found occasion to "call me to order" in her class-room. It was about the time of my retiring from the tutelage of Miss Robinson in the high school to that of her father in the printing office.

As I recall it now, I received more help from the choir loft than from the pulpit as I approached the years of understanding. The pulpit, however, must not be thus ignored, for Miss Baker was a lovely woman and a devoted minister. With that of Mrs. Cartwright, her memory is also very dear. But my particular interest was the musical part of the service, and to Mrs. Mary Wakeman and Emma Cook I am indebted for introduction to the best of music.

It was a happy day for me when I was invited to join the quartette. No one, of course, could possibly fill the place as bass as completely as John W. Hallett, whose voice was so powerful that it must have rattled the scales on the sacred codfish suspended in mid air in the State House, when speaking as a Representative. On one occasion Miss Baker had announced the number of a hymn which Mr. Hallett thought to be wrong. Miss Baker was quite sure she was right, and Mr. Hallett, being convinced that she was, shouted (to him it was probably no more than a whisper) "I stand corrected!"

The other members of the quartette at that time were Emma Cook, Annie Brock, and Benjamin Tobey. The first two are still living and I hope they will not be too hard on me if they find anything in these memories that is questionable. Ben Tobey was a gentleman, an artist, and had what was considered the best tenor voice in town. These good people, each of them, will always be remembered for their inspiration and encouragement. The training received in the choir of the Old North Church helped me later into the Handel and Haydn Chorus in Boston.

It would be unpardonable to close these memories without giving due honor to one without whose service the music would have been a failure. For a good many years William B. Ray occupied the seat of honor behind the organ and furnished the wind. The old story of the "blower" who fell asleep at the critical time does not apply to him. William was always to be depended upon.

Yes, the memories of years in the Old North Church and Vestry are very fragrant.

Alliston Greene.  
Worcester, Mass.



## Fragrant Memories

### XV. Recreation and Entertainment.

"What in the world did you find to do in Nantucket during the long winter months?"

"My dear man, no boys and girls anywhere ever had better times than we did in the late 70's and early 80's in Nantucket."

That has always been my answer to that question. Long before Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts were dreamed of, Nantucket young people organized their own forms of recreation and entertainment, and in these creative occupations developed native talent and ingenuity. This is likely true of other communities, but Nantucket is, or was, peculiar for the reason of its isolation, and so became a little world in its own right.

An event thoroughly enjoyed by the young folks was the "surprise party". As it comes back to me now, it is a question who was surprised, if anyone at all. Come with me to the home of, say, Grace and Avery Gardner, for this was a typical family of good sports, where a good time was assured.

"John C." and his wife were as young as the children. Games probably unknown to the present generation were hilariously entered into—twirl the platter, post office, London Bridge, "come's-you-come", drop the handkerchief, and perhaps other games long since forgotten.

Surprised or not, "Mother" was not always as enthusiastic about the affair as the children, for she had to get up something for the kids to eat, and straighten out the house after they went home at nine o'clock!

There were the "entertainments" in Atheneum Hall, always before a full house, admission 25 cents, children 15 cents, "doors open at seven o'clock"! The program usually included an original, semi-humorous paper by Fred Fuller, Jimmie Bunker, or Charlie Hall, and an occasional one-act play like "The Sleeping Car". At these entertainments "charades" were quite popular. My brother, Eddie Greene, made his first appearance on the stage in one of these charades, my memory tells me, when he came running from the "wings", his arms and legs flying as he enacted the heroic act of Jack being nimble and jumping over the candlestick.

While we are on the platform at the Atheneum, I must refresh the minds of my "contemporaries" (I like that word!) about a show given about 65 years ago on the same boards. It was given by members of a newly organized club whose name will be revealed presently. It was an original show—quite original. I remember but one act—the two "end-men", or "stars" as they would be known today, were having an argument at the breakfast table. In the excitement of the discussion, one star "slipped" a quarter of squash pie at the other which literally plastered his be-whiskered face. Well—!

It seems that modern advertising men may have absolutely nothing on some of Nantucket's earlier publicity boys. One morning when the townspeople made their early advent, they were greeted with big posters attached to houses, fences and trees, all over town—a "banner with a strange devise", not Excelsior, but "Momus Club".

Of course, curiosity was aroused—naturally. What is the "Momus Club"? Who's in it? What are they going to do? The show at Atheneum Hall was the answer, and the principal characters in the act reported above were Alvin Hull and Al Howard. I cannot recall the names of others in that club—can you? How the printers kept the secret of the printed posters has always been a mystery.

There were dances in Wendell's Hall. These were family affairs where chaperons were unnecessary. Square dances were the order, with an occasional waltz or polka—Portland Fancy, Quadrille, Virginia Reel, Minuet. On the platform was Billy Stevens, playing the fiddle, which was our only music, and "calling" for the various formations and movements. Usually my partners at the dances were some of the older girls who kept a motherly watch over my erring feet—particularly Hattie and Nannie Folger. A winter without a "course of dances" in Wendell's Hall was almost a failure.

Before completing these "Memories" I hope to give a word picture of an institution, or movement, or organization, which had a decided influence on the lives of at least some of the young people of those days. I am thinking of the Union Temperance Society which met in the old town hall on the second floor of the South Grammar School on Orange street. Every Wednesday evening in the late '70s these meetings were held, attended by not only the adults of the town but high school pupils, and even those younger. The subject is worthy of more space than should be taken at this time.

The "Singing School" in the Methodist vestry was a particularly enjoyable occasion. How we shouted on the chorus "Who? Who? who, yes, who? Who is a patriot firm and true, a patriot firm and true, sir? Who is a patriot firm and true—firm and true?" No discourtesy is intended in recalling that the boys changed the "Who" to "Ray", for a member of the class by that name—William B. to be sure, a veteran of the Civil War, sat in the bass section.

One other vocal number still lingers in memory: "O, the rolling sea has a joy for me as I list to its mighty roar!" Nantucket singers could appreciate the sentiment of such a song, for the sound of the surf at the South Shore was almost nightly reminder of the power of the rolling sea.

The Inquirer and Mirror of the early '80s should have an account of the concert given by the members of this musical group. Perhaps someone will recall the name of the leader—it escapes me. I cannot forget,

however, my struggle with a particularly trying solo phrase which finally had to be attempted by Millard Freeborn, but I never thought he was much more successful! These singing lessons were quite popular and not only filled in what might have been wasted time but were educational as well. Who was that leader?

When the weather was favorable, "sliding" on "quarter-mile" and Sunset Hill kept every boy and girl with a sled happily and healthfully occupied. Orange street and Main street were not as good—too much "traffic".

Skating on Lily Pond in town and on Washing Pond, out of town, was taken advantage of every spare hour. Even at recess, the high school boys would steal a few minutes' skating on Lily Pond by dashing wildly down the lane at the south of the yard onto the pond. One day "Pete" and I skated the entire length of Hummock Pond, from the North Head to South Shore, and back.

Do you recall the skates of those days? The steel runners were attached to a wooden base, fastened to the foot with a strap across the toe, and another around the ankle and heel. A screw in the back of this wooden base was inserted into the heel of the shoe. A boy with a pair of "curly-toe" skates was envied, for he possessed one of the best skates made. They were wrought by hand and the runner was continued beyond the toe and curved backward until the end, finished with a little brass ball, pointed downward—a very graceful skate. Good fortune made it possible for me to have a pair of "curly-toes".

Then there were the meetings of the Philomathean Society, the Christmas "doings", and all the exercises in connection with the lodges, clubs, schools, churches, etc. And as a back log which was and always has been one of the most valuable institutions in any community, we had the Atheneum Library. Many happy hours were spent there poring over the seemingly inexhaustible shelves of books. Still more hours at home, reading the books recommended by that most co-operative librarian, Sarah F. Barnard.

Some of the titles of those books are with me yet—"Oliver Optics", and whether you agree with me or not, I can think of no greater joy than to return to the Atheneum Library in 1878 and read again "Plane and Plank", "Cringle and Cross trees", "Bear and Forbear", and to join once more in the combats between Willie Wimpleton and Tommy Toppleton!

No, Nantucket boys and girls of 60 and 70 years ago were not dependent upon "America" for recreation and entertainment. To be sure there was no telephone, no radio, no automobile, no electric lights, no movies, nothing! according to modern ideas; but we got along somehow and some of us are still in the game.

Before closing, may I turn back a few more pages in the book of time and tell of an interesting relic which is probably not duplicated in the archives of any living person. It is the story in verse of "The Hiding Candy Frolic", another Nantucket game, or sport, or whatever. It was written in 1860 by Joseph Ray and consists

of exactly 99 four-line stanzas. As poetry it will not pass the least critical censor, but as a document of historic interest it is beyond price.

Some readers may recall how the "hiding candy frolic" was conducted. It is Dutch to me, but in boiling down these ninety-nine stanzas to their "least common multiple" or "greatest common divisor", I find that the girls got together for a "candy pull" and stumped the boys to find them. It makes a long story, involves a number of boys and girls older than I am, and includes many experiences. To print the entire thing in this newspaper would require two and one-half columns. So just to whet your appetites, a few stanzas follow exactly as written—punctuation and all:

1st

Come one come all and list awhile  
The tedious moments to beguile  
A curious story I'll relate to thee  
About a hiding candy spree.

2nd

It happened about one week ago  
And now I'll proceed to show  
If my memory serves me right  
How things were done that very night.

3rd

On Wed. eve. the girls left the shop  
But for their beaux they did not stop  
Taking advantage of the night  
In hopes we think to keep out of sight.

4th

But some naughty boys being on the scout  
Got wind that these fair maids were out  
And followed them to the street called Ash  
Now said the boys we'll settle the hash.

\* \* \* \* \*

9th

Lizzie Luce was there that eve  
Susan H. Chase and Mary Jane McCleave  
And then again I'm not scoffing  
Was Annie, Emily and Lydia Coffin.

10th

And others too we must proclaim  
Phebe H. Folger and Susan Abby Swain  
And then again quite near the window  
Sat Maria B. Allen and Mary Ann Winslow

11th

I will hurry now and with time not banter  
Was Maria Meiggs and Eunice Ann Manter  
The others were not out that eve  
So for the present their names I'll leave.

And thus the story goes on, almost ad infinitum. It would be thoughtless to omit the fact that after a night of hunting, the girls were found by the boys and a "good time was had by all". It is another example of the resources of the young people of Nantucket in originating and carrying through to completion a program of recreation and entertainment.

Alliston Greene.



*keep for getting to send this.*

## Nantucket Artist Plies His Basket Trade



Mitchell Ray works on a basket at his Starbuck Court shop in Nantucket. He spends most

of the Winter months making baskets which have been ordered by visitors to the Island.

## Many Orders to Keep Island Basketmaker Busy All Winter

Special to The Standard-Times

NANTUCKET, Oct. 12—Mitchell Ray, basketmaker extraordinary, of Starbuck Court, has settled down to a long Winter's labor of weaving baskets of all sizes and descriptions, ordered by folks who had a look at his wares during the Summer months.

He has some 200 orders on hand at the present time, and figures it will be well after the Christmas season before he is able to let up his labors in his little shop on the Court.

Basketmaking has been an art in the Ray family for several generations, his grandfather, Charles B. Ray, leaving a large number of basket molds which still are in use. And Mitchell's own father, Charles F. Ray, followed along at basket making. The Rays first picked up the basketmaking art under Captain James aboard the Nantucket South Shore Lightship.

### Good Place in Winter

The shop on Starbuck Court now used by Ray is a perfect place to snug in for Winter and more than one personage has been content just to sit and while the time away watching the baskets being made into shape. Ray has a large old-fashioned pot-bellied stove to chase away the chilly dampness that can invade a sanctum on the Island during the Fall and Winter. He has lathes handy and also a radio and a cot.

The baskets are made of rattan, imported from Africa and the Philippines, Ray usually getting about 15 bundles a month, although the supply was scarce during the war years. The bottoms are made from white oak, some of which Ray obtained from Mattapoisett at one time.

### LOBSTERS

oval sizes and what he calls the No. 3 oval, or 6-quart size, seems to be the most popular. He also makes mail baskets and baskets for use on bicycles.

When the hardwood bottom is completed, Ray is ready to attach the rattan and the basket is then placed on a mold wet and hooped for 24 hours, after which the rattan assumes the desired shape and the Island basketmaker is ready to affix the handles. Although most of the molds used have been in the Ray family for many years, he has purchased a few in recent years. The molds are merely blocks of wood that give shape to the baskets when the rattan is bound over them wet.

### Now Is 76

Ray, who was 76 in September, is a bachelor and is now more than a little concerned about breaking someone in to carry on the tradition. In addition to the basketmaking, Ray has developed a few sidelines, although he has been at the business of basketmaking off and on for 40 years. He was a painter and paper hanger and in the Summer he has a smart little business that takes an hour or so of his time a day.

He collects pond lillies from a nearby pond and sets them out at a location in the Nantucket business district with a bucket for donations, usually collecting a nickel for two lillies.

Many of the notables who make Nantucket a stopping place in the Summer-time get around to a visit to the Starbuck Court shop court, although one has to hunt for the modest little sign at the head of the court directing a visitor to the shop.

Ray recently completed a basket for Senator Owen Brewster of Dexter, Me., and he has made baskets for Charles Lindbergh. He filled up one of his baskets with sea shells and sent it to Alice McHenry when she was recovering from her "upside-down" stomach operation at Truesdale Hospital in Fall River a number of years ago. His art at basketry has been captured for future generations by W. G. Pollack of New York who has paintings of Ray on display at various art exhibits.

All in all, the Ray basketmaking legend only goes to prove the old adage about making a better mousetrap and the world will beat a path to your door, for it is certain that well made and attractive baskets have resulted in well-worn pathway to the little shack at the end of Starbuck Court.

### "Freeze-Up."

There's a feeling in a freeze-up  
Off islanders don't know;  
Skating's good with ice around us,  
Folks go coasting if there's snow.

We save some yeasty batter  
So there's bread upon the shelves,  
A chowder's in the kettle,  
We're not sorry for ourselves.

For there's fruits of last year's garden  
Safely canned against this day,  
White turnips, onions, 'taters  
Beets and carrots stored away.

The boys are hunting rabbits,  
Menfolks eeling through the ice,  
A neighbor's butchered off a hog—  
Now just take this advice:

Forget about that "No Boat" sign—  
Nantucket's not shut-out—  
The world can't reach Nantucket  
That's what all the fuss is 'bout.

—Ruth H. Norton.

In memory of the late Mary E. Starbuck, who often expressed these sentiments.

*yes 1945*

## Fragrant Memories

"Their Works Do Follow Them."

These fragrant memories would be remiss in failing to give expression to heartfelt sorrow in the passing of Samuel Heath Rich and Jesse Baker Snow. To be sure our personal contacts ceased many years ago, but the memory of both of these boys is as clear as it was the day that Heath Rich joined Isaac Folger in publishing "The Island Review", and Jesse Snow and I "assisted" his father, Charles E. Snow, hauling in bluefish in his dory off Cliff Beach in 1878. Both of these men made the world a little better than they found it, and their works will follow them.

Little can be added to the story with portrait of Heath Rich, reproduced from the Brockton Enterprise in the Inquirer and Mirror, June 21. It has found an honored place in my own Nantucket Scrapbook. It will be read often as an inspiration when the deeds and misdeeds of men make front-page headlines as the actors find themselves above or under the law. Particularly impressive was the testimony that profanity was not one of his habits. To have been a printer and newspaper man for seventy-nine years without swearing is an almost superhuman accomplishment.

There are certain qualities in a person's character or in his name which create an enduring impression. Heath Rich was endowed with both these qualities. Even as a young boy (he was my senior by about nine years) his strong, manly features appealed to me with unusual force. He was a man not to be forgotten. The short time of our early acquaintance is a fragrant memory.

I remember well the house in which he lived, mentioned in an earlier chapter of these memories. It stood on the Centre street lot now occupied by the North Shore Restaurant which was formerly the grocery store of Abner Turner, Jr. I remember well some of the vicissitudes which accompanied the publishing of "The Island Review", by Folger and Rich.

It was in this print shop where I must have acquired the "taste" for printer's ink which influenced my future apprenticeship with the Inquirer and Mirror.

Starting in the block on Centre street, a few doors from Pearl street; on the easterly side, the printing office was later moved to the Atlantic building on Main street, where it died and enjoyed a quiet funeral without flowers. About, or just before that time, Rich went to Brockton where with Charlie Fuller, he established himself in publishing a newspaper which became state-wide, if not nationally, noted.

Jesse Snow and I had many a good time—at his home on West Chester street, swimming at the Cliff, sailing in his father's dory, and raising the devil generally. Ned Chase may remember the time when the four of us—Ned and Warren, Jesse and I—attempted to build a "club house" in Ned's backyard. Mr. Snow told us we could have a ship's plank lying beside his barn if we could negotiate it across the road and up the hill. Now, a 16-foot, hard pine, 2x8-inch plank was something of a problem for ten-year-old kids. We got it as far as the gate and, for all I know, it is there yet. The "shack" never was erected.

This is not the place to rehearse some of the activities of our boyhood days. One cannot forget, however, the boys and girls, as well as their parents, who made those days memorable. Those of you who follow the radio program featuring "Marilli" with Lionel Barrymore will know exactly what is meant when I say that Jesse's mother was considerably like her—strong-voiced, decided in mental equipment, co-operative and fair.

When she called, Jesse usually came without argument—he heard the first time. His father, also, was a "good scout" who offered little objection to our boyish pranks. In his yard was a "smokehouse" where were hung row upon row of herring rescued from Hummock Pond when opened to the sea, going through the process which made them a great delicacy.

Does Nantucket still major in smoked herring?

One by one the older boys and girls are forming that great army of the departed. It is for those of us who are left to make the most of our remaining years "to recall a great past, to share a great present, and to envision a still greater future".

Allston Greene.

July 14, 1947.



DIED

In this town, November 9, Harry Baker Turner, aged 71 years, 9 months.



THE LATE HARRY B. TURNER, EDITOR OF "THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR" —1907 - 1948.

Death of Harry B. Turner, Island Editor For Forty-One Years.

Harry Baker Turner, the editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror* for over forty-one years, and one of the best known newspaper men in New England, died at his home on Chestnut street early Tuesday morning. He had been in ill health for several years, but had overcome physical impairment to be at his desk at the office until a few weeks before his passing. Death came to him in his 72nd year.

During his long career as editor, he worked unceasingly for the welfare of his island home. A student of its historic past, and a worker in the years when it grew to become one of the outstanding summer resorts in the east, he was one who never failed to demonstrate his faith in its future. His forty-one years as an island editor established a record which few newspapermen have equalled.

Mr. Turner was born in Nantucket on Feb. 9, 1877, the son of Abner and Susan (Ray) Turner. He was educated in the schools of his native town, and at an early age evinced an interest in newspaper work. He launched his career in this field at the age of 15 when he entered the office of *The Inquirer and Mirror* as an apprentice printer.

From Sept. 12, 1892, until mid-September, 1895—a three-year period he served his long apprenticeship under the tutelage of the late Roland Bunker Hussey, the man whom he was one day to succeed as editor. At that time *The Inquirer and Mirror* was printed in a building which stood a short distance in the rear of the present A. & P. store in Monument Square. The print-shop had been especially constructed in 1890 to house a new Cranston drum-cylinder press, on which was printed (and still continues to be printed) "the largest newspaper page in America." When the print shop was again moved in 1900, Harry Turner, then assistant-editor, helped move the big press to its present location.

Following his 3-year apprenticeship, he tried his hand with a number of mainland newspapers. In 1896, he was in North Adams, Mass., for several months, following which he worked for the *Brockton Times* and, in 1898, served on the reportorial staff of the *Boston Journal*. He returned to Nantucket in the fall of that year, and was associated with *The Inquirer and Mirror* for the next half century.

When Roland B. Hussey relinquished the editorship of the paper in June, 1907, Mr. Turner took up those duties, being associated with the late Arthur H. Cook in the publishing of this Nantucket weekly. From 1907 to 1925, the partnership was continued, being dissolved when Mr. Cook's ill health forced his retirement.

In 1910, Mr. Turner published his "The Story of The Island Steamers," a volume which has become a standard reference work. Always a keen student of island history, he sought and secured many interesting life-sketches and miniscenses which he placed as a permanent record in the

columns of his newspaper.

In 1914, he launched the first "Nantucket Calendar," which each year since has appeared with twelve interesting island scenes. It served as an excellent medium for his life-long hobby, photography, and the list of successive calendars is an invaluable record of Nantucket's streets and houses and landscapes. Another of his hobbies was philately, over which he spent many winter evenings.

Mr. Turner revived the idea of a condensed history of Nantucket when he issued the first of his "Argument Settlers," thirty-five years ago, and he continued the book through several editions.

On the occasion of the 100th anniversary of the launching of *The Inquirer*—in June, 1921—Mr. Turner issued a collection of historical data, pictures old and new and other material containing island lore, in a volume called "100 Years on Nantucket." This has now become a collector's item.

At the outbreak of the First World War, Mr. Turner was appointed a member of Nantucket Draft Board No. 43, on which he served for the duration of the war. In the second World War, he was appointed Chairman of the local Selective Service Board 172, and again performed the difficult duties during the war-period.

In his full life, embracing so much journalistic activity, he became associated with numerous organizations. He was a correspondent for the Associated Press from 1900 to 1936, and with the United Press from 1936 until his death.

A member of Union Lodge, F. & A. M., he did much to compile a complete history of the Lodge. He was a charter member of the Veteran Journalists and, at the time of his death was President of the organization. As a member of the National Editorial Board and the Massachusetts' Press Association, he served in various capacities.

The Nantucket Historical Association made him a Life Councillor a number of years ago. He was a Past Cornet of the Sons of the Revolution and a charter member of the local Thomas Turner Chapter, named for his Revolutionary ancestor.

He was a Vice President of the Pacific National Bank, a Director of the Nantucket Gas & Electric Company, and on the executive committee of the Nantucket Civic League. His years of deep interest in the "Sons and Daughters of Nantucket" were of invaluable aid in the success of the organization.

The deceased is survived by his wife, Mrs. Grace (Gordon) Turner, a daughter, Mrs. Merle Turner Blackshaw, a son, Gordon B. Turner, and a grandson, Kenneth Turner Blackshaw. He is also survived by a brother, C. Clifford Turner, of Nantucket, and a sister, Mrs. Elliot B. Hussey, of Rutherford, N. J.

Funeral services were held at 2:00 o'clock on Thursday afternoon from his late home at 3 Chestnut street. The pall-bearers were Edouard A. Stackpole, John A. Stackpole, Harold E. Dunham and George O. Stafford,

Meeting of Nantucket Branch of the S. P. C. C.

The Nantucket Branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children met on Tuesday, November 9, afternoon at St. Paul's Parish House on Main street. In the absence of the president, Mrs. Walton Adams, the first vice-president, the Rev. Richard Strong, conducted the meeting.

The reports of the secretary and treasurer were read and approved.

The newer policy of the Society is to promote and encourage character building agencies in the communities and after some discussion as to our local problems it was decided to secure a list of all boys eligible for the Boy Scout program through the ministers and priests which may be used as reference in case it seems desirable or possible to start Boy Scouting again. The group also voted to go on record as favoring the local Boys' Club movement and urges that the public support it by interest and whatever means possible.

The next meeting will be held in January and will be the Annual Meeting. It is hoped to secure a speaker and have a program of special interest.

The following were appointed on the nominating committee: Mrs. Norman Giffin, Rev. David Foulk and Mrs. Byron Coggins.

Miss Barbara Walsh, district agent, reported that there had been nine requests for services of the Society since June, and that there were six cases involving 15 children active at present.

Directors present at the meeting were: Mrs. Earl Ray, Mrs. Frank Crocker, Mrs. Burnham Dell, Mrs. Norman Giffin, Mrs. Mary Lawrence, Miss Elizabeth Fitzgerald, Miss Florence Farrell, Miss Bertha Eckart, Mrs. Byron Coggins, Rev. David Foulk and Rev. Richard Strong.

The scallop fishermen are having a difficult time deciding whether or not to keep on dredging or tie up their boats until the market's outlook is better. While the expected drop has arrived, the fishermen are wondering what December will bring.

members of the staff of *The Inquirer and Mirror*.

Honorary pall-bearers were Dr. Frank E. Lewis, of the Pacific National Bank, William L. Mather, of the Nantucket Gas & Electric Co., Jay H. Gibbs, of the Pacific Club, Gardner W. Russell, of Wellesley, J. Allen Backus, of the Sons of the Revolution, Frank H. Winter, Carter Rice & Co., of Boston, Paul A. Palm, of Belmont, and Gardner Campbell, of Wakefield, representing the Veteran Journalists.

Honorary pall-bearers unable to be present were Joshua B. Ashley, 3rd, President of the Pacific National Bank, Henry B. Coleman, of the Sons of the Revolution, and William C. Brock, of Union Lodge.

Rev. William E. Gardner, a life-long friend of the deceased, officiated at the services. Interment was in Prospect Hill Cemetery, with Masonic rites.



INQUIRER AND MIRROR APPRENTICES OF THE 1890's WHO BECAME EDITORS.

The late Arthur C. Wyer (left), last of the group, with Alliston Greene, and Charles T. Hall, who also have passed on.



## Cheer Leaders of Assawompsett School



These girls are cheer leaders at the Assawompsett School in Lakeville. They follow the team to all games. Helen Howes is chief cheer leader. The colors are white sweaters and green

skirts. Girls in the front row, left to right, Bette Vigers, Virginia Turner, Betty MacNeill; rear row, Jean Staples, Barbara Linton, Lorraine Angers, Helen Howes.

—Standard-Times Staff Photo

## Nantucket High School Class of 1953 Made Washington Trip



Photo by Fee and Haddon

The above photograph of the Senior Class of Nantucket High School was taken before their departure from Nantucket Memorial Airport en route to Washington, on Saturday, April 18.

The members of the Class making the trip were:

Front row, left to right: Irvin Sylvia, George Allen, Eugene Richard, Mrs. Leroy True, Mr. True, Ronald daSilva, Donald Russell, Bradford Giles, James Cranston.

Back row, left to right: Francina Reyes, Betty Lou Cartwright, Alberta Regnere, Eugenie Stackpole, Mary Glidden, Nina Richard, Anita Brown, Helen McDonald, Evelyn Smith, Marilyn Miller, Ray Eger, Richard Corkish Jr., James W. Brennan, Jr.

NOVEMBER 27, 1948.

### Elected Woman of the Year.

Dr. Lillian M. Gilbreth, of Montclair, New Jersey and "The Shoe", Nantucket, was named "Woman of the Year" recently by the American Woman's Association.

Dr. Gilbreth, who was born in Oakland, California, in 1878, has led a full and interesting life. She has found time to continue her work in the engineering field while bringing up a family of five girls and six boys.

She holds degrees from the following colleges: B. Litt., University of California, 1900; M. Litt., 1902; Ph.D., Brown, 1915; Sc.D., 1931; M. Engring., University of Michigan, 1928; Dr. Engring., Rutgers College 1929; Sc.D., Russell Sage College, 1931; L.L.D., University of California, 1933.

In 1904 she married Frank Bunker Gilbreth, who passed away several years ago. She has five daughters living: Anne Moller, Ernestine Moller, Martha Bunker, Lillian Moller and Jane Moller; six sons: Frank Bunker, William Moller, Frederick Moller, Daniel Bunker, John Moller and Robert Moller. She also has several grandchildren.



DR. LILLIAN M. GILBRETH

Dr. Gilbreth is president of Gilbreth, Inc., consulting engineers in management. She has served on the faculty of Purdue University as Professor of Management, and has held numerous governmental positions of importance, both national and international.

She is the author of several books and papers on psychology, management, engineering and pertinent subjects. She is an honorary member of the Society of Industrial Engineers.





Photo by Fee and Haddon

The photograph above shows the steeple of the Unitarian Church as it appeared to Nantucketers during the three weeks the work of gold-leafing the dome was being accomplished. This may give our readers some idea of how the people on the island felt when they looked to see which way the wind was blowing or how many more minutes they had to wait for lunch. Just how much we all depend on the "Town Clock" was brought out most forcefully when we, through habit, glanced up to be faced with this aspect of a usually familiar landmark.

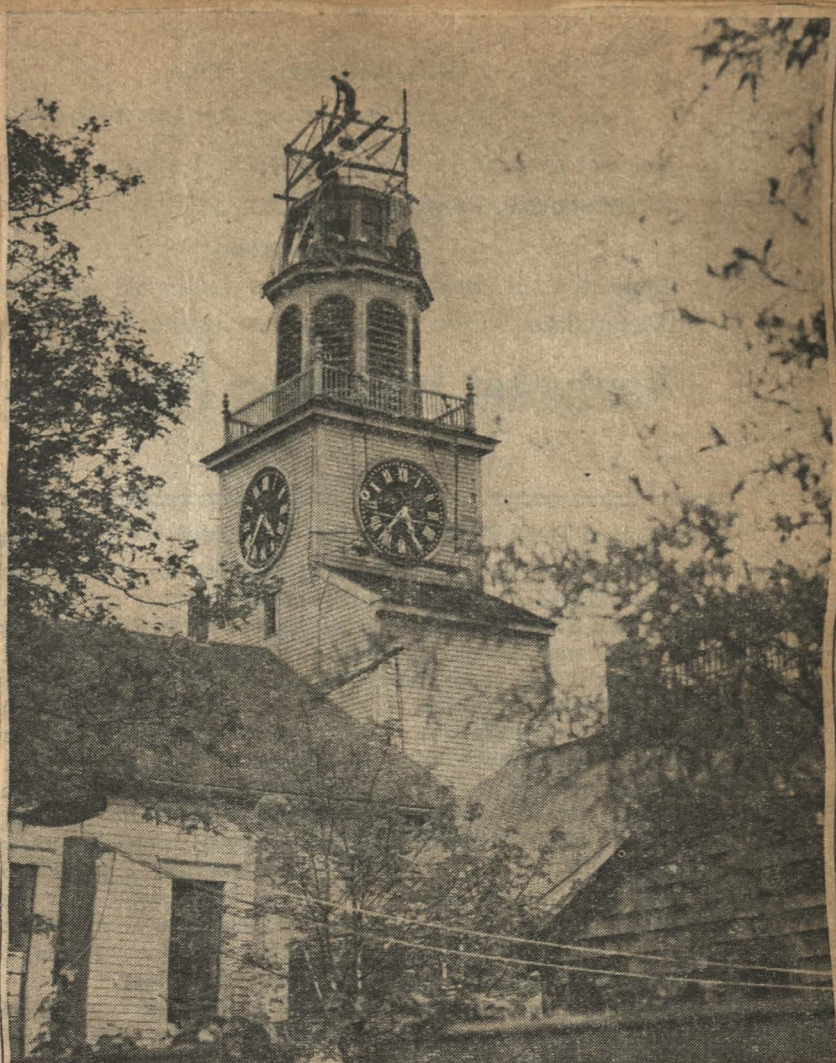


Photo by Fee and Haddon

This photograph was taken Saturday afternoon, May 9, as Tony Surro removed the canvas covering and the scaffolding from the golden dome of the Unitarian Church steeple. His assistant, Arthur Hayston, may be seen in an equally precarious position atop the dome.

The steeple has been painted down to the level of the clock faces. It would be a fitting memorial to the late Reverend Paul Harris Drake, minister of the church, if the money could be raised to continue the painting of the entire building.

year 1953

#### Forty-five Years Ago.

We picked up a folder the other evening that interested us. It was the program of the High School graduation of the Class of 1900, held on the afternoon of Friday, February 2.

The graduates included the following: Noah Poole Appleton, Helen Ayers, Edith Coleman Hussey, Catherine Killen, Eliza B. Lawrence, Lola Frances Holdgate, Elsie Mae Marvin, Martha Rebecca Norcross, Christine Fairbanks Porte, John Master Bovey, Jr., Walton Hinckley Adams, Clara Spicer Lawrence, Lizzie Hiller Chadwick, Elizabeth Long Sylvia, Emily Hussey Chase, Nina Riddell, Irma Ethyl Wing, May Elizabeth Smith, Frank Riddell, Adah Mary Snow, Archibald Cartwright, Walter David Glidden, Albert Clinton Orpin, Edyth Mai Silveira, Howard Augustus Pineo, Alphena Jump, Julia Augusta Fisher.

Stanley Edwards Johnson was principal of the High School, and Annie W. Bodfish and Carrie J. Long were his assistants.

Walton Adams delivered an essay on "Education Gained by Observation." Since that time he has had ample opportunity to observe many things from the inner portals of the postoffice and now that he has retired therefrom his observations continue, but now with his feet perched upon the iron rail in the Pacific Club room, with the full view of the daily goings-on in the square.

Eliza Lawrence had an essay on "The Secret of Success," and Lizzie Hiller Chadwick (Mrs. Frank Folger) had for her topic, "The Evils of Novel Reading."

Archibald Cartwright expounded on "The Modern Trust Companies" and Walter David Glidden (now Selectman Glidden) orated on "The Future of America."

Adah May Snow (now Mrs. Arthur McCleave) had a timely topic for her essay—"Shall We Have a Curfew Bell in Nantucket?" Clara Lawrence (Mrs. Harrison Gardner) took a rather difficult subject for her essay, "The Wisdom of Minding One's Own Business."

There was an interesting debate on "Resolved, that the Sovereignty of the United States in the New Possessions Should Be Maintained." Albert Orpin took the affirmative side of the question and Frank Riddell the negative.

1892 - September Twelve - 1942



THE PRINTING OFFICE—MILK STREET



### Alvin Paddock.

Alvin E. Paddock died on April 4, 1953, three days before his eighty-fifth birthday. He was mentally alert to the end and physically active until one week before his death. His passing is a great loss to the Association and to the Observatory in particular.

He was the expert carpenter recommended in 1903 to work on the recently acquired Birthplace of Maria Mitchell; for twenty years he made all repairs and improvements on the buildings.

He was a lover of nature, with a remarkable fund of knowledge acquired from his walks over the commons and along the shores of the Island, and from extensive reading. His microscope and excellent slides of diatoms and other biological wonders were among the first used by our Natural Science Department. And the butterflies he caught and mounted became the nucleus of the present collection in the Hinchman House.

In the early years of the Association Mr. Paddock conducted "Moon Evenings" giving the public opportunities to observe the moon, planets and stars with the "Little Dollond" telescope. And after the Observatory was built in 1908, he used and had the care of Maria Mitchell's 5-inch telescope. Having acquainted himself with the mechanism of telescopes and gained a thorough knowledge of astronomy, he became invaluable in the work of the Observatory.

In the dome on open nights visitors have always listened attentively to him, then often sought the director to ask, "Who is that gentleman who tells so much so interestingly?" He was always up to date on the facts and theories he imparted. Since his death we have found neatly typed and indexed notebooks giving these carefully planned "talks."

Besides being associated with the work of our Memorial for fifty years, and a part time assistant in the Observatory for forty-five years, Alvin Paddock was President of the Trustees of the Coffin School for the past eleven years; he was trustee for forty years and the instructor in manual training from 1918 to 1941. Since his retirement from teaching he has been superintendent of the building. He was also President Emeritus of the Athenaeum.

Nantucket was always his home. As a young man he spent one year in Boston as secretary to William Watson, Professor of mathematics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Then, feeling responsible for the care of his parents, he returned to Nantucket to learn carpentry from his father. He became an all round good mechanic, recognized for his skill and careful workmanship. Even to the present time, whenever an unusual problem of construction came up, it was to Mr. Paddock that many another carpenter went for advice. When he became a teacher, he often attended Summer School at M.I.T. in order to keep himself trained in the latest methods. Other vacations were also spent on the mainland, when he took with him a deserving pupil to visit places of interest somewhere between Canada and Virginia.

By nature Mr. Paddock was quiet, studious and exceedingly modest. There was never a more morally upright and selfless person. A deeply religious man, he held firmly to the most ideal principles of living; he did not try to press these on others, but his example was good. He had a keen sense of humor, and an endless fund of amusing anecdotes gave a light touch to his life. But most of his happiness consisted in helping others, especially in time of need. No one knows who and how many are the recipients of the aid he rendered inconspicuously.

### Death of Miss Maude Stovell.

The death of Miss Maude Este Stovell on Wednesday afternoon came as a shock to everyone on Nantucket. Miss Stovell, who had been downtown marketing that morning as usual, died of a heart attack at her home on Fair street.

Miss Stovell was born April 23, 1880, in California, the daughter of the late Alfred and Elizabeth Este Stovell. In her early childhood the family moved to Philadelphia, where she lived until the early 1920's when she came to Nantucket and purchased the house on Fair street which she has made famous the world over as "The Woodbox". A trained dietician, Miss Stovell established herself as one of the best cooks on the island, preparing the meals herself for her many guests as well as supervising the rest of the house and still finding time to be a most gracious hostess.

Originally Miss Stovell owned only "The Woodbox" proper at 29 Fair street, but she later acquired the adjoining house at 31 Fair street which she made into several attractive apartments. The charming atmosphere of "The Woodbox" was carried over to the apartments and the people who have occupied them during the past twenty years have considered themselves most fortunate to be part of her household. Miss Stovell and "The Woodbox" have been synonymous for years and her many friends have been deeply saddened by her untimely death.

She is survived by a brother, William Howell Stovell, of East Orange, N. J., and by several cousins.

Funeral services will be conducted Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock at St. Paul's Church in Nantucket, of which she was a member. Reverend Bradford Johnson will officiate. Interment will be in Prospect Hill Cemetery.

### DIED

In Nantucket, June 25, 1953, James S. Andrews, aged 82 years, 2 months. Service will be held at 2:00 p.m. Sunday at his late residence at 1 East York Street.

### James S. Andrews

James S. Andrews, 82, widely known boatman and lifelong resident, died on Thursday at the Nantucket Cottage Hospital. He had been under treatment there for about two months. Funeral services will be held at his home, 1 York Street, at 2 p.m., Sunday, and interment will be in Prospect Hill Cemetery.

Mr. Andrews was born here, the son of David B. and Almira S. Andrews, and was a boatman all his life. He did a great deal of fishing and took out many sailing parties in his cruiser, the Wonoma. He had a shop on Old North Wharf up to the last war. He was a charter member of the Red Men, an Odd Fellow, and a member of the Wharf Rat Club.

He is survived by his wife, Elizabeth H. Parker, three children, James Clinton, George E. and Barbara P. Andrews, and a niece, Miss Edna Coffin.

### Mooney on Police Force Thirty-Six Years.

It was thirty-six years ago this Thursday—on the 1st of April, 1912—that Lawrence F. Mooney joined the local police force. Samuel T. Burgess held the position of Chief that year, taking over the job the same day Mooney joined the force as patrolman, having succeeded Everett H. Bowen, who was Chief during the months of January, February and March in 1912.

Mooney has been on the force ever since, as patrolman, then as Sergeant and since 1934 as Chief. When he first joined the force he was living at the farm-house about two miles from town and used to ride a bicycle on the trips in and out. He became Sergeant of the force in 1930 and four years later, upon the death of Houghton Gibbs, Mooney was made Chief, a position he has now held for fourteen years.

Mooney had his 62d birthday anniversary on the 6th of February last. He is married and has a son, Robert Mooney, named for the original Robert Mooney, who came to Nantucket an immigrant on the ship British Queen in 1851. Young Mooney is a member of this year's senior class.

FEBRUARY 24, 1951

### Chief Mooney Retires From The Nantucket Police Force.

Next Wednesday, February 28, Police Chief Lawrence F. Mooney will retire from duty after thirty-nine years of service with the Nantucket Police Force.

Mr. Mooney was born in Nantucket on February 6, 1886, the son of Lawrence F. and Margaret (Donahue) Mooney. He attended the Nantucket schools, following which he worked with his father on the Mooney Farm on the Polpis Road. His grandfather, Robert F. Mooney, of Dublin, Ireland, was shipwrecked on the English ship "British Queen" on Tuckernuck Shoals on December 18, 1851. The quarterboard of that ship is one of Chief Mooney's prized possessions, and occupies a prominent position on the outside of his house on West Chester street.

In 1912 Mr. Mooney was appointed a Patrolman on the Nantucket Police Force, filling a vacancy which occurred in April of that year. In the annual election of 1914 he was elected a Constable of the town of Nantucket, a position which he held until this past week.

In 1930 Patrolman Mooney was promoted to the rank of Sergeant and, in 1934, following the death of Chief Houghton Gibbs, he became Chief of Police, in which capacity he has served the town faithfully for seventeen years.



He married the former Ethel L. Foley, of Taunton, on June 12, 1930. They have one son, Robert Francis, who is a graduate of Nantucket High School, class of 1948, and will graduate from Holy Cross College in Worcester in 1952.

Chief Mooney is a member of St. Mary's Church, John B. Chace Engine Co. No. 4, the Pacific Club, and of the Association of Chiefs of Police (International).



## Deaths

### Miss Edith R. Sylvia

Miss Edith R. Sylvia died at the Nantucket Cottage Hospital last Friday after an illness of several years. She was 74.

Miss Sylvia was a native of Nantucket, the daughter of Elizabeth C. (Ray) and Antoine Sylvia. In her youth she was bookkeeper at the Richard Burgess meat shop and at one time had a variety store on Centre Street. With her aunt, the late Mrs. Lucinda H. Handy, she assisted in running the Nantucket House on North Water Street, a boarding house. Miss Sylvia was a member of the First Congregational Church, its organizations, the Harmonious Hustlers and Union Circle, and for 10 years was superintendent of its Sunday School. She was a member of the Union Benevolent Society and the Island Rebekah Lodge, of which she was a past noble grand.

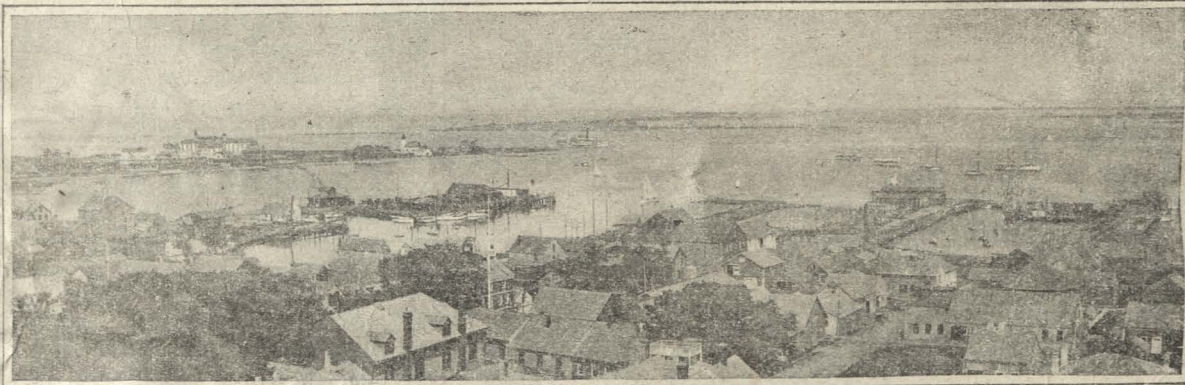
Survivors include two cousins, George Ray of Milford, Mass. and Manuel Roza of New Bedford.

Services were held at the vestry of the First Congregational Church, Tuesday. Burial was in Newtown cemetery.

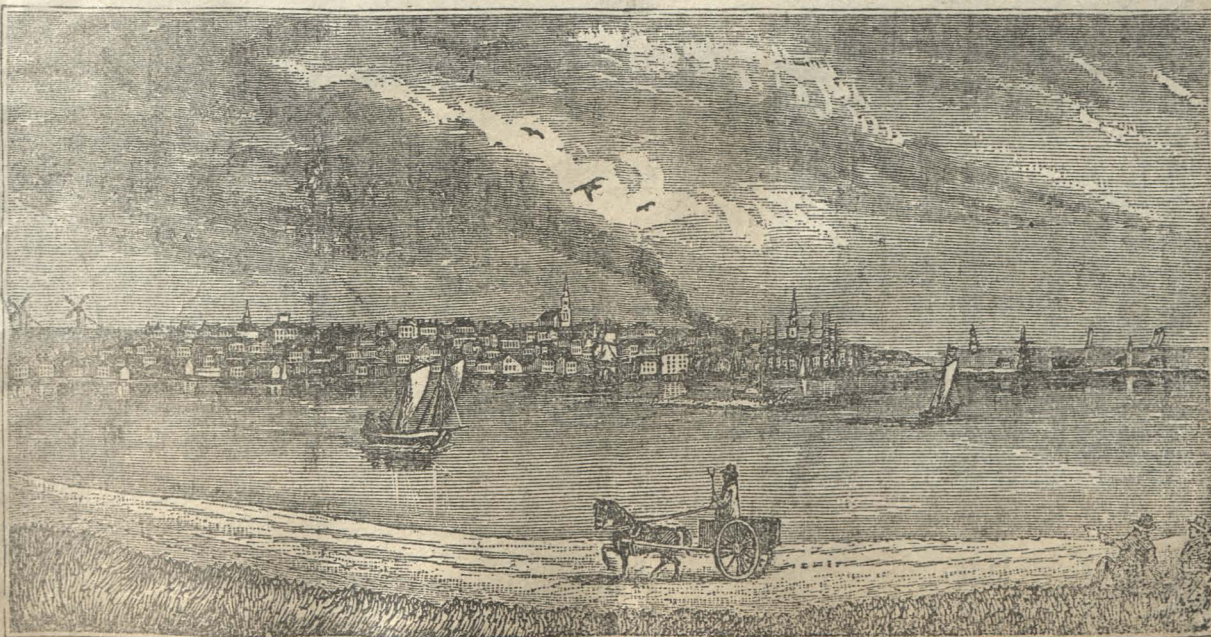


THE TOWN OF SHERBURNE in the ISLAND of NANTUCKET.

*Mirror dated Nov 11<sup>th</sup> 1950*



LOOKING ACROSS THE HARBOR FROM THE TOWER A HALF CENTURY AGO.



A VIEW OF THE TOWN OF NANTUCKET IN 1853—NINETY-SEVEN YEARS AGO

G, SEPTEMBER 2, 1950.

### New Light at Sankaty Head Now in Operation.

The new 1,100,000 candlepower beacon which was recently installed in Sankaty Lighthouse was put into service last (Friday) night. During the time that the old lenses were being removed from the tower and the new beacon commissioned, Sankaty gave a very feeble flash from a temporary light mounted outside the tower on the railing.

The flash emitted by the new beacon-light is slightly longer than that of the old light. Where the original flash was .80 second, with a 14.2 second eclipse, the new light has been regulated to give a 1 second flash with a 14 second eclipse.

Sankaty is also once more resplendent with its famous white paint and broad red band around the middle. The old cement plaster, which had peeled and cracked during the war has been sand-blasted from the bricks, and replaced with a more modern cement-type paint. The tower no longer appears to have a smooth surface, however, as the bricks may be seen through the light cement coating.

Radar equipment has been installed at the Sankaty Coast Guard station, and a 50-foot pole supporting the antennae erected on the edge of the bluff. This equipment will be commissioned in the near future.

The Nantucket Historical Association was fortunate in obtaining the famous lenses from Sankaty Lighthouse which had been condemned by the government, and the 16-ft. tall assembly, complete with the heavy base, motor, and gears is now on display at the Whaling Museum.



## Night Fire Destroyed Coghill Residence at Quidnet.

In the most disastrous fire in recent years, the handsome residence of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Coghill, at Quidnet, was completely destroyed by flames on Wednesday evening. The large dwelling, with its many elaborate interior appointments, fully equipped with modern conveniences and many unique devices, its furnishings, including numerous collectors' items, its library and conservatory, were entirely consumed by the flames.

During the hours from 6:10, when the blaze was first discovered, until 8:00 o'clock when the kitchen section was finally enveloped by the flames, the fire raged out of control, with the firemen unable to combat it, due to the lack of any water supply for the pumpers. The feeling of helplessness was never more apparent—and with the Atlantic ocean within a few yards, the very nature of this supply made it impossible to utilize it.

Mr. and Mrs. Coghill had just returned to the island from New York, and, according to Mr. Coghill, the blaze originated in the sleeping quarters, and is thought to have been caused by a short circuit in a radio which had been placed on a dressing table. This, however, is only a conjecture, and the true cause of the incipient blaze may never be definitely determined.

Two pumpers responded from the Central Fire Station, immediately upon the receipt of the alarm, and the number 1-4-6 was sounded on the fire horn. When the apparatus arrived, after making the run in excellent time considering the tortuous curvings of the road, the blaze had gained a tremendous headway.

The booster lines of the pumpers went into action quickly, but the odds were too great. The blaze had mushroomed with incredible speed throughout the southwest section of the house—and as soon as the fire broke out into the open, the high wind fanned it into a roaring mass of flame.

Within fifteen minutes, the entire house became an inferno, with red and yellow flames sweeping high into the air, the sparks and thick, heavy black smoke rising like a pall. The crackling roar of the sea of flame grew louder as the wind from the south-east grew stronger. The hissing roar of the fire, coupled with the sweep of the wind and the noise of the surf on the beach just below, made the spectacle at once grotesque and eerie.

By 9:00 o'clock, all that remained of the handsome and extensive structure was a huge mass of blazing, red refuse, made doubly weird by the two chimneys which rose high in the air and the scorched pine trees which huddled about the fiery knoll.

A piece of apparatus had come over from Sconset to lend possible aid, but there was nothing within the power of the firemen who were first on hand, or who arrived shortly after, to prevent the complete engulfing of the place by the flames.

The guest house and a large garage—which also houses sleeping quarters—were saved by the fact that the wind was blowing toward the beach, and the firemen stood by with booster lines to wet down the surrounding trees, which, once ablaze, could easily have spread the flames to these buildings.

The "all out" signal was sounded at 10:00 p. m., but the department had relays of men on hand during the remainder of the night to guard against any possible spread of the fire from the ruins.

The Coghill residence was one of the most unique structures ever built on Nantucket. Situated on the east shore of the island, a few hundred yards to the north of Quidnet, it was built on a knoll overlooking the beach at a point where the shore formed a small head-land, thus affording a fine view toward Squam on the one hand and Sachacha on the other.

The main dwelling was started in 1936. Since that time, Mr. Coghill, a retired New York architect and investment broker, had added a variety of additions, both above ground and directly into the bluff. The most remarkable of these innovations, perhaps, was the beach house, reached by a 20-ft. tunnel from the main portion of the house. This addition was built practically into the surf, and contained a completely equipped kitchen and other living quarters.

The main house faced the ocean, with two glass-enclosed hallways leading into it from a large porch, the latter commanding the full sweep of the shore. From the entrance halls,

one came into a large pine-panelled room, where a huge white fireplace was placed between a pair of heavy plate glass windows which commanded a sea-view most effectively.

The dining room was to the right and contained, among other items, an especially attractive display of old silver and glass. A corner cupboard with glass shelves contained a collection that showed to good effect with its unusual lighting.

A panelled study and a little hall were off the dining room, the hall leading to the kitchen. An office, with glass walls and roof, also occupied this portion of the house.

The kitchen was equipped with all manner of electric conveniences, and besides two refrigerators had a separate deep-freeze compartment.

On the south-west side were the bedrooms, two baths and a conservatory. The latter was built in two levels, the lower leading directly to the driveway, which in turn curved through a grove of pines.

One of the baths had a passageway leading under the bluff out to the beach. A large cedar clothes closet was situated just off the other bathroom. Both the baths and the closet were heated by an ingenious system designed by Mr. Coghill.

Perhaps the most unique of the many features of the dwelling was the "secret staircase," which led from

the living room down into a library and a recreation room. By pushing at a bench at the further wall of the living room, the wall panels revolved, revealing a staircase leading down to the rooms below. In turn, the library and recreation room had passageways allowing egress to the garage or guest house or, through a tunnel, to the beach house.

The library, with its many valuable volumes, and the recreation-room with its varied collections, were both destroyed.

The two adjacent buildings, which contained a guest house and a garage, together with servants' quarters, etc., were not a victim to the blaze.

Damage is estimated at \$75,000, the highest loss in the last century, according to the Brock Agency, which held the insurance on the property.

An ironic feature of the fire was the fact that a large swimming pool, constructed a few years ago, had been drained a few days before, preparatory to being painted. This pool measures 15 by 30 feet, with a depth graduated from 4 to 8 feet, and is supplied by salt water pumped from the ocean. It was enclosed by glass, with copper piping along its sides.

Had this pool been filled, the firemen would have had a good chance to bring the flames under control, notwithstanding the terrific start it had gained by the time the pumpers had raced to the scene.

It was at the Coghill residence that the British Ambassador Sir Oliver Franks and Mrs. Franks and their two daughters spent the month of August of this year.

ING, MARCH 20, 1948.

## The Original Lock and Key of Old Gaol Returns to Island.

During the winter months, the Old Gaol off Vestal street has been entirely restored to its original condition by the Nantucket Historical Association. The work of putting in replicas of the first windows, tearing away the old sheathing, and other necessary details has been done by Clarence Swift, who has had considerable experience in restoration work in the several island dwellings which have been put into their original architectural condition by Everett U. Crosby.

Last week an unusual development in connection with the ancient Gaol took place—the return to the island of the original lock and key of the jail. The valuable gift came to the Historical Association in an interesting way. Several weeks ago, the President of the Association learned that Mrs. Robert C. Langlotz, of Daytona Beach, Florida, had in her possession a number of old letters relating to the original lock of the Old Gaol. He wrote her of the work of restoration then in progress. Mrs. Langlotz became so deeply interested that she offered to donate not only the letters but the lock and key as well!

The lock arrived and was presented to the Historical Association at a meeting of the Council, on Tuesday, by Burnham N. Dell, Chairman of the Old Gaol Committee. It is a heavy iron lock, weighing some 20 pounds, and is 16 1-2 inches long by 8 inches wide, in a wooden frame. The key is also of iron and measures 9 1-2 inches in length. The end of the key and the entrance to the lock are both curved.

It was in the spring of 1867 that Mrs. Langlotz's grandfather, Dudley P. Ely, received the old lock and key from his friend, Joseph P. Macy, of Nantucket, whose office was in the Macy warehouse on Straight Wharf, now the Kenneth Taylor Galleries. The lock was shipped to Mr. Ely at his home in Norwalk, Conn., being further encased in packets of preserved fish, a product of the Nantucket Fishing Co., in which Mr. Macy was a director and Mr. Ely a stockholder.

Under date of May 11, 1867, Mr. Macy wrote the following facts about the lock:

"...I was somewhat surprised to learn that you had not received the Box with the old Lock. Doubtless it has been received ere this. I can only find that our Jail was built about 70 years since, and that there is every reason to suppose that this was the original lock from the best recollection of old people, and from the manner which it was put on to the door."

The following letters, which Mrs. Langlotz also presented the Association, authenticate the unusual circumstances surrounding the travels of the Old Gaol's original lock and key since it was first placed on the big lower door in 1805 (when the Gaol was built by Perez and John Jenkins), removed in 1866 and sent to Connecticut, taken to Florida by Mrs. Langlotz's father, and returned to Nantucket by her in 1948:

Nantucket, April 18, 1867.  
D. P. Ely, Esq.,  
Dear Sir: Our Selectmen have now decided to make some repairs on the old Jail, and they have kindly offered me the Old Lock which I shall replace with a modern one, and forward old one to you, as you may direct. There has been several applied for it, but I had secured it last fall, and have been waiting their motion. Wishing you every success in life, I am  
Very respectfully yours,  
Joseph B. Macy.

Nantucket, April 29, 1867.  
D. P. Ely, Esq.,  
Dear Sir: I have this afternoon put into the Express a Box containing Lock of Old Jail & Key. I cannot get much of a history as yet, but it must have been the original lock put upon the building when built, and I will soon find out more about it, and write you. My carpenter had a job in getting it off as the door was so thick, and so heavily ironed. I could not find a lock with a bolt sufficient to take the place of the old one, yet I found an old padlock that was used formerly on our Bank Vault and thinking it would be cheaper than a lock, I bought it and paid my carpenter \$3—making the total cost of lock & expenses \$8—which is more than I had hoped.

I have put into the Box a few of our very nice preserved Fish to fill the Box which you will please accept and give a mess to Mr. Bishop.

Excuse haste as I expect my whaling vessel to go in the morning and am much hurried up.

Very Respectfully,  
Joseph B. Macy.



JANUARY 8, 1949.

## Nantucket Argonauts Sailed For California 100 Years Ago.

One hundred years ago, Nantucketers were discussing a subject which had all others in interest and excitement—the gold rush to California! Reports had come back with each ship rounding “the Horn”, no matter to which port they sailed. With the boldness and enterprise which characterized their forebears, Nantucket men were making plans to sail for “the gold diggings.”

The first ship to leave Boston for the California gold fields—via San Francisco—was the *John B. Coffin*, under the command of Capt. Charles C. Morton, of Nantucket. She sailed from that port on Dec. 9, 1848, with several Nantucketers numbered in the crew.

And then on Jan 2, 1849, the ship *Aurora* sailed from the bar, bound directly to the gold field. She had been purchased and fitted out by Charles and Henry Coffin and several other of the local merchants, and was commanded and manned by Nantucket officers and crew.

The *Aurora* did not sail as an “adventure craft.” She had on board lumber, stores, provisions and framed buildings, ready for setting up shop at San Francisco or any town in the Sacramento valley. She carried “no intoxicating liquors of any sort.”

Her passengers were young Nantucket mechanics and store keepers, “consisting of some of our most intelligent citizens,” noted *The Inquirer* of that week.

“They are mostly mechanics and go to California in search of a less crowded field of industry,” went on the local newspaper, “with the hope, at the same time, of gathering their share of the golden harvest that has been discovered there. May happiness and prosperity attend them.”

The officers included: Seth Swain, captain; Alex Paddack, mate; Benj. Winslow, 2d mate; James A. Law, Roland Folger, Jr., Thomas F. Swain, George H. Defriez, Alexander Ellis, Charles F. Alley, Thomas Allen, Tom M. Folger, George Paddack, seamen; Wm. H. Harper, Arthur Cooper, Jr., stewards.

The crew was paid \$1 per month in wages, with the liberty to leave the ship upon her arrival at San Francisco.

The Nantucket passengers were: Dr. J. B. King, Benj. Folger, James H. Gibbs, James Bunker, 2d, Albert Macy, Thomas F. Mitchell, Charles Wood, Wm. C. Pease, Wm. Summerhayes, John Russell, Edwin Hillier.

Passengers from Fall River were: Charles G. Pettes, George Rice, Jr., William Danning, F. Simmonds. A New York man was also listed by the name of Soames Goodrich.

While the *Aurora* was being fitted out, another group of islanders organized the Nantucket and California Mining Company, issuing shares at \$400 each. A committee busied itself getting another ship ready for the long voyage around the Horn.

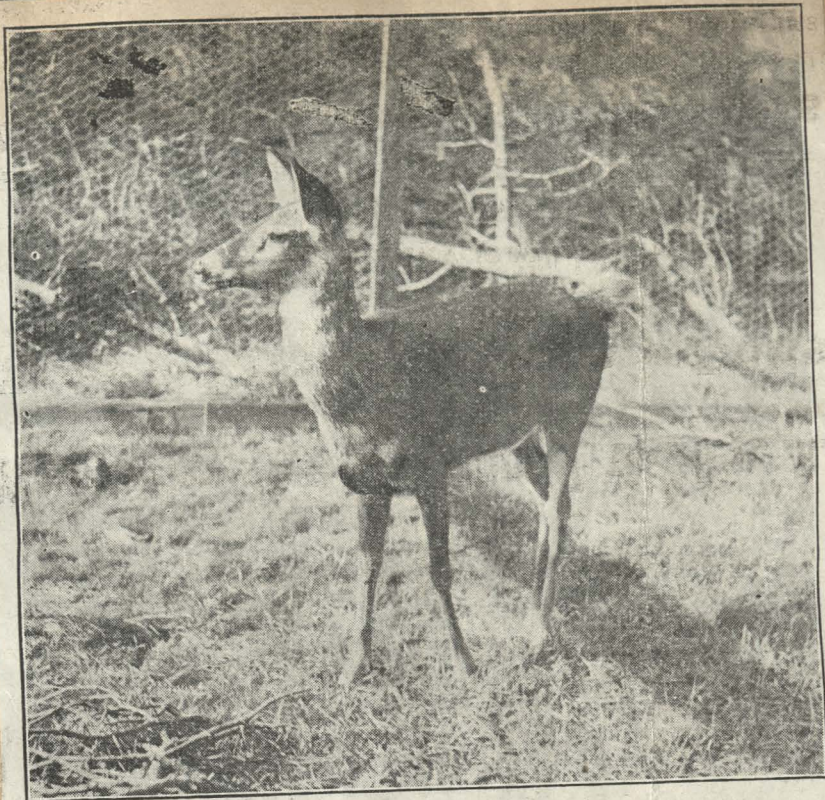


Photo by Gordon Turner

Nantucket's famous tame deer “Buttercup.” Despite the combined efforts of Parker Gray and the Nantucket Sportsmen's Club, her other fawn could not be found and penned during the “open season” on deer this past week.



Photo by Gordon Turner

“Buttercup” and one of her fawns are shown here with Parker Gray as they enjoyed the safety of their pen off Fairgrounds Road. The two deer will regain their freedom Sunday afternoon.

### “Buttercup”.

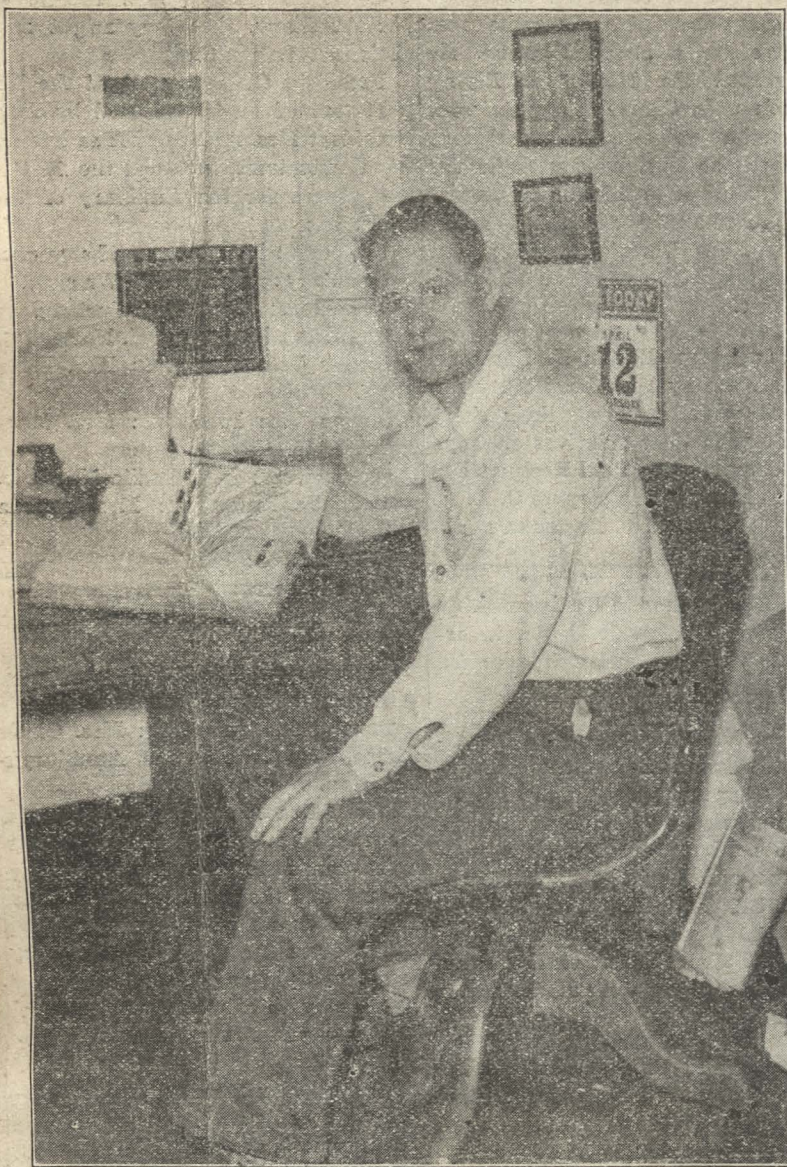
Editors of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:

Perhaps the most vivid remembrances of our visit to Nantucket last summer were the repeated appearances of Buttercup and her twin fawns. She seemed happy to be with us and came right up to the car and put her head in through the open window while we talked to her.

We, and hundreds of others I am sure, felt that she was a real friend. When we lose a friend we die a little. One wonders if the passing away of any of the unthinking hunters would cause such a general feeling of loss.

(name withheld by request)





Picture by Universal Photo Shop

EDOUARD A. STACKPOLE

### Nantucket Man Awarded A Guggenheim Fellowship.

Fifteen years of hard work, accompanied by an enthusiastic love of his subject and an optimistic ambition seldom found in this modern, mechanized world of speed, bore fruit this week when a \$3000 Guggenheim Fellowship was awarded to Edouard Alexander Stackpole, of 37 North Liberty street, Nantucket, on Monday. Mr. Stackpole has long been considered an authority on New England whaling in general and on Nantucket whaling in particular. It was due to his intensive research that the claim of the United States to many islands in the Pacific Ocean was established in 1938, Mr. Stackpole being able to prove that several of these islands had been discovered by Nantucket whalers. At that time — in fact, perhaps prior to that time — the Guggenheim Fellowship with its accompanying promise of further research became the goal toward which Mr. Stackpole has been striving these many years.

Especially worthy of mention is the fact that Mr. Stackpole is among the relatively few who have received the Guggenheim award without having had the benefit of a college education, which makes his achievement the more remarkable and commendable. Perseverance, courage, ability and enthusiasm have combined to bring honor and success after years of untiring effort.

Edouard Stackpole was born in Nantucket on December 7, 1905, the second son of Charles H. and Therese (Mauduit) Stackpole. He was educated in the Nantucket Schools, graduating from Nantucket High School in 1922. He then took a two-year course at Roxbury Latin School and, following his graduation from there in 1924, entered the office of The Inquirer and Mirror as an apprentice printer. He became assistant editor in 1933, under the late Harry B. Turner, and, in November, 1949, was made associate editor of the newspaper by the present editors.

During his twenty-seven years with The Inquirer and Mirror, Mr. Stackpole — known to his thousands of friends as "Ed" — has worked loyally and hard to maintain the high standards and traditions of the island newspaper. Beginning as an apprentice in 1925, he learned the business the hard way, being the butt of the usual printing office jokes while "learning the case" and later being promoted to running the job presses and the linotypes. One of his big moments was when he was first allowed to run off the weekly issue on the old drum cylinder Cranston.

In recent years his contributions to the columns of The Inquirer and Mirror have been innumerable, many of his articles on the part played by the Nantucket whalers in the discovery of islands in the Pacific and

and profitable hours spent poring over old log books and newspapers.

Ed Stackpole is the author of a series of books, of which Nantucket and whaling are the background, written with the idea of interesting the adolescent as well as the adult reader. These include "Smuggler's Luck", "You Fight For Treasure", "Madagascar Jack", "Mutiny At Midnight", and "Privateer Ahoy". A more recent publication is called "Rambling Through the Streets of Nantucket" and tells the story of many of Nantucket's oldest and most interesting houses.

He is president of the Nantucket Historical Association and was formerly president of the Coffin School Association and of the Parent-Teacher Association. He is curator of the Whaling Museum, secretary of the Winter Club, and a member of the Sons of the Revolution. His wife is the former Florence Brown, of Nantucket. He has two children by a former marriage, Eugenie, 15, and Renny, 13, a step-daughter Anita, 14, and twin sons, Matthew and Christopher, 5.

The John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation was founded in 1925 by the late Senator Simon Guggenheim of Colorado and Mrs. Guggenheim, in memory of their son, who died in early boyhood. The original grant of \$3,000,000. was exhausted in 1946. The present endowment is about \$28,000,000., the gift of Senator and Mrs. Guggenheim. The purpose of the Foundation is to give fellowships to deserving young men and women in order for them to carry on, without hardship, work in the field in which they have shown particular ability. Each person, in applying for a fellowship, must file a definite plan of the work they wish to continue under the Foundation.

The award is usually about \$2500. and research or study may be carried on anywhere, the period of time allowed varying, depending upon the endeavor. The fellowships are granted without discrimination as to race or creed to citizens and permanent residents of the United States; to citizens of Canada, under the Foundation's Canadian Plan; and, under the Latin-American Fellowship Plan, to citizens of Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Cuba, Mexico, Peru, Uruguay and Puerto Ricans, for work in the United States.

This year, the twenty-seventh in which fellowships have been awarded, there have been 154 awards, amounting to \$568,000., to American and Canadian scholars, artists and composers. Nantucket's Ed Stackpole is one of sixteen Massachusetts recipients. Of these, seven are professors at Harvard University, one at Wellesley and one at Smith Colleges, one at Brandeis University, one at the Episcopal Theological Seminary, one an ornithologist, one a Jesuit priest interested in literary history, one a doctor from the New England Center Hospital, and one a professor on leave from Nanking University in China.

In his application for the Fellowship, Mr. Stackpole wrote, in part:

"The contribution of the New England whalers, especially the pioneer Nantucketers, to the history of this country, and to the geographical knowledge of the times in which they lived, has never been properly presented. There have been several notable books on whaling with citations of voyages, profits to the owners, quantity of whale oil, etc., but the adventure and explorations of the whaler himself have been confined to the reprints or refurbishings of half a dozen extraordinary and unusual experiences, such as the sinking of the ship 'Essex'.

"The book I wish to do is more of a historical record of the gradual spread of whaling into the far reaches of the great oceans, tracing the discoveries and explorations by the whalers."

The results of Mr. Stackpole's year as a Guggenheim Fellow will be the book entitled "New England Whaler: Discoverer and Explorer". He hopes to substantiate further the United States claims to islands in the Pacific and also to prove that a Nantucket whaler was the discoverer of the continent of Antarctica.

During his leave of absence from The Inquirer and Mirror he will spend much of his time in research in museums and libraries in the eastern part of the United States from Virginia to Maine, and Halifax, Nova Scotia. Hitherto unexplored old log books and other sources are expected to provide him with much necessary information.

An award such as a Guggenheim Fellowship is considered one of the greatest honors that can be given to a scholar. Nantucket has every reason to be proud of Edouard Stackpole, for, in earning honor for himself, he has brought honor to Nantucket. We congratulate him wholeheartedly on his outstanding achievement, confident that, wherever he goes during his leave of absence from the newspaper, he will continue to work with the same concentrated effort and conscientious perseverance he has shown during the years which have at last brought to him his well-deserved reward.

M. T. B.

### Vineyard Shipping Milk.

From The Vineyard Gazette.

About 200 quarts of milk daily are being shipped to Nantucket by the Martha's Vineyard Milk Producers Association. There are now fewer than 75 family cows on the island. Nantucket, it is estimated, and the island has no dairy industry. The Nantucket market offers an opportunity for the use of the Vineyard milk surplus at this season.

One of the oldest farms on Nantucket, Bartlett's Farm, has sold the last of its herd of cows and is going into the sheep raising business. John H. Bartlett has shipped 25 cows to the mainland, leaving only two milk cows, two beef cows and one bull on the farm which once boasted more than 80 head of cattle.

The farm, which was started by Mr. Bartlett's father more than 60 years ago, was once the largest milk producer on the island. Mr. Bartlett gives as his reason for selling the cows, shortage of farm labor, high cost of grain and hay, and the increased costs in transporting the same to the island.

Last week the first big shipment of sheep reached the island—176 of them—on the steamer Nantucket.

### Public

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Cont



## Public School in Nantucket.

The first public school on Nantucket was established in 1827, in the townhouse, which stood on an open lot near the monument, and was in charge of the late William Mitchell. Pupils were not allowed to enter until nine years of age, although this rule was soon after changed to admit all over seven.

Finally the public school filled to overflowing and it was decided to have two, one in the north and the other in the south section of the town. Two teachers from "abroad" were engaged, Messrs. Spofford and Crosby; the latter taking the North school, in the old Academy building, and Mr. Spofford taking the place of Mr. Mitchell in the townhouse, until the South Meeting House, which had been purchased for the South school, had been fitted up, and the school removed to that building. All scholars living north of Main street were assigned to the North school, and those living south of it to Mr. Spofford.

William Mitchell then built a schoolhouse for himself, on Howard street, where he taught for a number of years, until called to take the position of cashier of the Pacific Bank.

These old schoolhouses being at length found insufficient to accommodate the rapidly increasing number of pupils, the schools were graded, and new schoolhouses built; the north in the lot opposite the Academy building, and the south on Orange street. The lower rooms of these buildings were used as grammar schools; the upper room of the south as a primary, and that of the north as the high school, which was established in 1838 and placed in charge of Cyrus Peirce.

The Academy building was taken for the north primary school, and the schoolhouse in Howard street was moved to Vestal street and used as a vest primary school. As the number of pupils in the grammar schools still continued to increase, the west schoolhouse was built, the town divided into three districts, and the west grammar school put in charge of Matthew Ballard, the west primary being removed to the upper room.

On July 8, 1852, the new West grammar school building was totally destroyed by fire, but another was immediately erected on its site, and the schools continued.

Continued on Last Page

In 1856 the building in which all of the schools, with the exception of the South Primary, were held, was erected on Academy Hill; the upper room being used exclusively as a High School (which then numbered over one hundred pupils) while the lower room was used as the grammar school, the building which had been previously used for them being taken down.

The new High School building cost \$20,000 and was dedicated with appropriate exercises on December 2, 1856.

The population of the town had by this time materially decreased, the number of pupils in the schools had greatly diminished, and it was finally decided to abandon the West Grammar, and divide its pupils between the north and south districts, and use the lower room for a town hall and court room. Soon after this was done, the school was transferred back to the west, and the north room taken for a town hall and court house.

The next change was when the population had still further diminished and the schools were so reduced in numbers that it was deemed advisable to take the large High School building, divide the upper and lower stories into four rooms each and remove all the scholars, with exception of those of the south primary, into one building.

The town hall and court room was once more removed to the upper story of the south building on Orange street.

The west school house was sold in 1872, being made into a shoe manufactory, and was destroyed by fire on August 3, 1873.

Prior to 1831 the town maintained a school house for colored children on York street, near the corner of Pleasant. This building was afterwards used as a church by the colored people.

The Society of Friends erected a schoolhouse on Fair street in 1838, the building afterwards being used as a place of worship. It is now owned by the Historical Association.

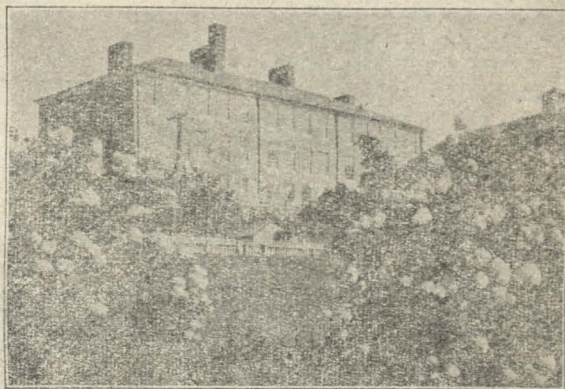
## Death of Arthur Fish.

Arthur C. Fish, for nearly forty years a partner in the firm of R. G. Coffin & Co., Main street druggists, passed away on Tuesday of this week after a long illness. He had retired from active business several years ago, but kept up an active interest in the affairs of the town. He was always genial and made many friends.

The deceased was born in Noank, Conn., Sept. 7, 1877, the son of Clarence and Catherine O'Neil Fish. He is survived by three cousins, Mrs. Pauline (Killen) O'Malley, of New York City; Maurice Killen, of Hyannis, and Benjamin Duncan, of Melrose, Mass.

Funeral services were held at The Church of Our Lady of the Isle on Thursday morning at 9:00 o'clock. A delegation of Red Men paid tribute to the memory of the deceased. Pallbearers were Stuart B. Day, William Sevens, Robert Mack, Thomas Devine and Robert Dick.

The Mission School was started in 1859 by Miss Ann Morselander and Mrs. Marianna Harper. In 1866 the Mission School building was erected on Lower Orange street, where the school was held a number of years. This building was later converted into a dwelling, owned by Everett Backus.



The present Academy Hill School Building.

On March 10, 1926, the Legislature passed a special act permitting Nantucket to take land to erect a new school building. On July 12 the voters turned down the recommendations of a special school building committee and voted not to take land as recommended, for school building purposes. On September 30 of that same year, the School Board commenced taking the eighth grade pupils over to the Sconset schoolhouse daily, owing to

the crowded conditions of the schools.

In November, 1928, the old school building on Academy Hill was torn down and the ground was cleared, work starting on the foundation for the new building on December 1st. School sessions were held at Crest Hall and Colonial Inn, on North

Water street, and in the South Grammar School on Orange street. The new building was opened on September 16th, 1929. The contract for this building was for \$165,853.12. Other expenses co-incidental amounted to \$19,401.60, making the present building on Academy Hill cost the town a total of \$185,254.72.

On August 11, 1931, the Orange Street School Building was sold at public auction for \$6,500 to Everett U.

Crosby and Mrs. Frank L. Stratton and was torn down. The town had voted at its annual meeting in February to erect a new school building on the so-called "Petrel" site, on Atlantic Avenue.

The new school, named for Cyrus Peirce, the first principal of the high school in Nantucket and the first principal of the first Normal School in America, was dedicated on the evening of November 30, 1931. The first session was held on Tuesday, December 1, with an enrollment of 321 pupils. (The number of pupils at this school in September, 1951, was 132.)

The contract for the Cyrus Peirce School was divided among three Nantucket contractors—Ralph I. Bartlett, the late A. C. Lake, and the late John C. Ring—for a total of \$54,200.50. Payments for land, surveying, professional services, equipment, and insurance, totalled \$15,423.03, making the final total for the Cyrus Peirce School \$69,623.52.

## One Hundred Years Ago.

It was on the last day of May, 1851, just one hundred years ago, that the ship *Jacob A. Westervelt*, bound to New York from Liverpool, England, grounded on the shoals east of Nantucket. Capt. Hoodless had lost his course during two days of heavy fog, and had no idea he was so near the dreaded Nantucket South Shoal. As the ship had 800 passengers on board, her master sent up rockets of distress immediately, although the craft was not in too dangerous a position at the time.

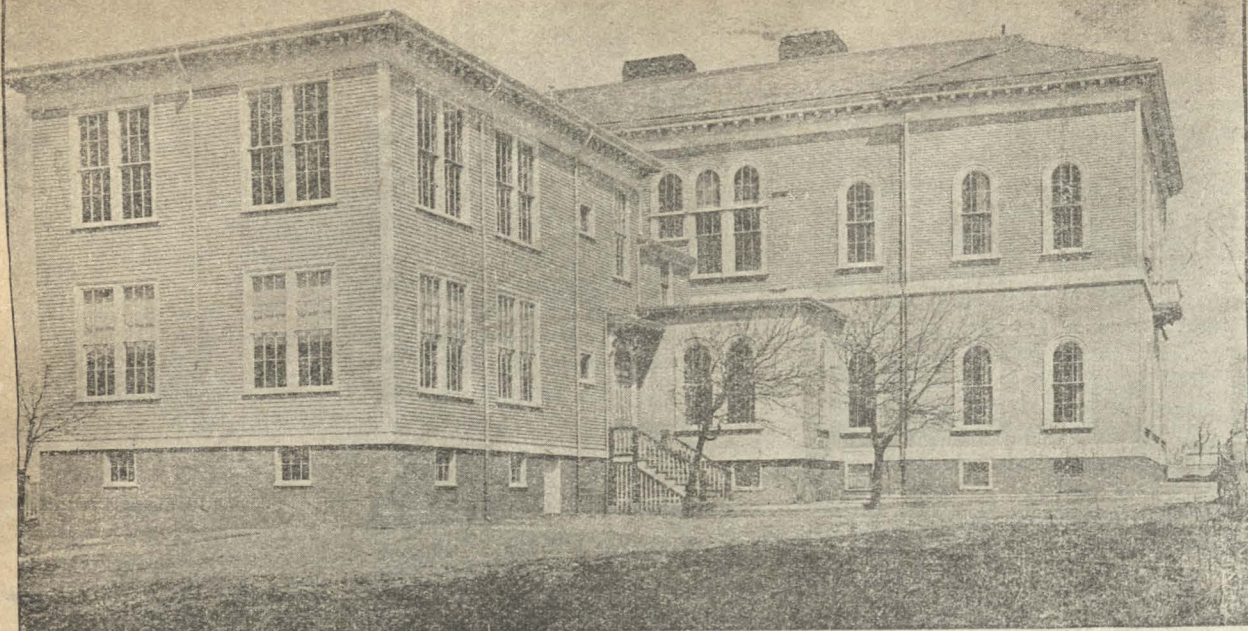
The signals were sighted from the beach and the steamer *Massachusetts* sailed from her berth here and made a quick run out to the scene. Capt. David Patterson, of Nantucket, a well-known pilot, was put on board the stranded ship. The steamer hauled her off the shoal and into deeper water, and Capt. Patterson guided her safely to New York.

## "The Inquirer"—130 Years Ago.

On June 23, 1821—one hundred and thirty years ago—the first issue of *The Inquirer* appeared in the streets of Nantucket. Published by Joseph Melcher, the newspaper "took hold" and has been issued every week ever since. Nantucket was then approaching the zenith of its whaling prosperity, owning 78 ships, 6 brigs, 59 sloops and 16 schooners.

From Mirror  
of date June 23<sup>d</sup>  
1951





The original Academy Hill School Building.



The Cyrus Peirce School during construction.

ER AND MIRROR, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS. APRIL 24, 1943.

**The First Air Craft Came to Nantucket 25 Years Ago This Week.**



*It was a week of weather conditions about equal to the present.*

**President's Report—Old People's Home of Nantucket.**

During the year 1943-1944, five guests have been cared for in the Home. Mrs. Annie K. Starbuck, who entered the Home in May, passed away in November. Miss Emily Kent entered the Home on November 1st.

As may be noted from the Treasurer's report, Mrs. Starbuck's house on School Street was sold to Mr. Everett U. Crosby. The Home received the generous gift of \$5,000 from the estate of Mrs. Henry Lang and \$1,000 from the estate of Miss Anna Lang. The \$5,000 from Mrs. Lang was used to buy a United States Government Bond.

Dr. William E. Gardner and Miss Emily B. Robinson are to be greatly commended for their untiring efforts in raising funds for the Home. As a result of the annual call for dues, sent out the last of August, 204 members responded. Of these one enrolled as a life member and thirty-seven as sustaining members.

Miss Robinson personally conducted a sale of furniture from Mrs. Starbuck's house which netted the Home \$100.

The House Committee conducted a sale of furniture from Miss Kent's house and the extra furniture, which was stored in the attic and hospital room of the Home. The money received from this sale was used to repair the dining room chairs and the furniture in the living room.

The yearly Donation Day and the Birthday anniversary were both well attended, tea being served each time.

Mr. Manter, as a member of the House Committee, in charge of repairs, has greatly helped the ladies of that committee, having attended to the necessary repairs to the roofs.

Rev. and Mrs. Farr and family once again planted a victory garden for the home, which has not only benefitted the home in obtaining fresh vegetables but has been an inspiration in demonstrating the thoughtfulness of good neighbors. It was with regret that we took leave of the Rev. Mr. Farr, who has become a Chaplain in our Armed Forces.

The Nominating Committee was appointed as follows: Mrs. Frederick V. Fuller, chairman, Mrs. Charles Ratcliffe and Mrs. William Mather.

**Officers and Executive Committee of Board of Directors.**

President—Mrs. George A. Folger.  
Vice Presidents—Miss Emma J. Fraser, Dr. William E. Gardner.

Secretary—Mrs. Kenneth N. Pease.  
Treasurer—Frank W. Ramsdell.

Executive Committee—President Mrs. George A. Folger, Treasurer Frank W. Ramsdell, Dr. William E. Gardner, Miss Emily B. Robinson, Mrs. Kenneth N. Pease.

Board of Directors—Mrs. Charles W. Austin, Miss Emma Cook, Mrs. Maxwell Deacon, Mrs. Harrison B. Freeman, Mrs. Oliver D. Wescott, Mrs. Charles H. Wetzel, Mrs. Joshua B. Ashley, 3rd, Mrs. Roy H. Gilpatrick, Mrs. Willard P. Hardy, Mrs. Samuel Snelling, Dr. William E. Gardner, Miss Emily B. Robinson, Miss Josephine Congdon, Mrs. Edward H. Perry, Mrs. Harry Gordon, Jr., Mrs. George B. Yerkes, Miss Ethel Anderson, Rev. Willard L. McKinstry, Gilbert Manter.

Respectfully submitted,  
Susan B. Fuller, Chairman,  
Ida L. Mather,  
Frances C. Ratcliffe.



# Just What You've Been Looking For

## SCARCE ITEMS

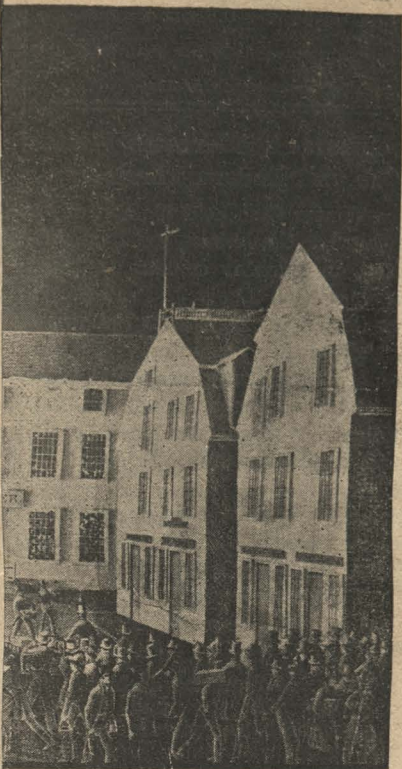
Tel-o-Posts  
Pyrene Fire  
H-Hinges, 3 inch  
PINE DRAWER C  
Four and Five Drawers  
Peters Drop Cloths  
NYLON PAINT BRUSH  
STEEL AND WOOD MEDICINE C

# MARINE LUMBER

## One Stop Service Store

Lower Orange Street

us Fire May 10, 1836



fore it was brought under control, the causing damage totalling \$35,000.

Smith, owners of ship *American*, C. Mitchell & Co., Henry Coffin, Henry Clapp, George F. Russell, David & A. Macy, Charles Hood, Elisha Starbuck, Wm. M. Andrews, George Clasby, Freeman Parker, John Meader, George Myrick, Jr., Barzillai and Thomas Folger, Jesse Crosby, 2d, Asa Coffin, 2nd, Enoch P. Crosby, owners of the ship *Mary Mitchell*, Albert W. Starbuck, widow of Thaddeus Hussey, J. H. Pease, widow of Philip Wyer, Noah Pool, Samuel Haynes Jenks, Barclay Fanning, Benjamin Coffin.

A special town meeting was called on Saturday evening, June 2, to adopt measures of relief and investigate the cause of the fire. James Mitchell, Esq., was chosen moderator.

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One of the important resolutions adopted was that a committee of 20 citizens be chosen to receive collections here and abroad and to disburse the same according to its best judgment.

This committee was made up of the following: Aaron Mitchell, Charles G. Coffin, David Joy, George B. Upton, George C. Gardner, Charles Bunker, John H. Shaw, Barker Burnell, James Mitchell, Frederick C. Macy, Edward M. Gardner, Joseph Starbuck, Obed B. Swain, Nathaniel Barney, Thomas Macy, Richard Mitchell, Peter Macy, which have been used in various—zine, sulfamerazine, sulfasuxidine, sulfathiazole, sstapryadine, sulfadi—ed by sulfanilamide and its derivatives—ed the spectacular results accomplished during the past ten years. He described drugs which have been introduced work accomplished by the several new

FOR SALE—5-piece old-fashioned living-room set—\$100.00. Tel. 763-X. It\*  
FOR SALE—At Wauwatinet, house-keeping furnished cottage. Water-front on Harbor. Land Court title. Mrs. N. Howard Fowler, Amityville, New York. my25-24\*

FOR SALE—Pure white canary. Guaranteed singer. Call 795. It\*  
WANTED—Gwen and Harold Gail-land want to buy 3 chests of drawers, 4 small tables, 1 kitchen table and a refrigerator for their house at 1 Weymouth st. Tel. 557-M. It\*

FOR SALE—Fresh-killed fowl. Call 487 between 7:00 and 9:00 a. m. It\*  
WANTED—Second-hand washing machine. Any make. Call 373. It\*  
WANTED TO BUY—Old furniture, glassware, chinaware, mirrors, etc. A. F. Sylvia, Jr., Telephone 362-R. my11-4\*

WANTED—Man to do outside work. Call Mrs. Byron E. Pease, 50. It\*  
LOST—Passbook No. 8295, issued by the Nantucket Institution for Savings, has been lost and application has been made for payment of the deposit represented by said book. Payment has been stopped and notice of such application is hereby given in accordance with law. my25-3\*

FOR SALE—Four cottages. To rent two cottages for season. Apply P. O. Box 602. It\*

FOR SALE—100-lb. refrigerator. Excellent condition. See Mrs. Ball, Walsh St., before Sunday noon. It\*

FOR RENT—Upper apartment. Private entrance. Four rooms, nicely furnished. From June 15th to September 15th. Adults only. Write P. O. Box 264. my25-24\*

WANTED—Experienced laundress and chambermaid from June 1st to October 1st for family of four. Excellent wages. Prefer person who lives out. Transportation provided. Write V. R. V., care of this office. my25-24\*

Rev. Claude Bond, Minister.  
Sunday, June 2—Morning Worship 10:00 a. m.  
Sunday, June 2—10:45 a. m. Service of Communion. Church School at 12:15 p. m.  
Wednesday, June 5—7:45 p. m. The Church School, parents at 7:30 p. m. Evening Service. Them Ways to Love God. my11-4\*

Rev. H. Osgood Bennett, Minister.  
June 2, 1946: Methodist Student Day—11 a. m. Morning Worship. A special service for the Church School, parents at 7:30 p. m. Evening Service. Them Ways to Love God. my11-4\*

First Baptist Church  
Summer Street at Traders Lang  
Sunday, June 2—Morning Worship 10:00 a. m.  
Sunday, June 2—10:45 a. m. Service of Communion. Church School at 12:15 p. m.  
Wednesday, June 5—7:45 p. m. The Church School, parents at 7:30 p. m. Evening Service. Them Ways to Love God. my11-4\*



# When Main Street Sustained Its First Serious Fire May 10, 1836



The blaze is shown consuming Elisha Starbuck's Washington House. Before it was brought under control, the fire had swept through four other dwellings and shops in the vicinity causing damage totalling \$35,000.

## "The Great Fire" of June 2, 1838, Cost Nantucket \$100,000.00.

By Edouard A. Stackpole.

Whenever a great conflagration takes place in any community it is generally referred to as "the great fire" of that certain year. Nantucket's "Great Fire" took place one hundred years ago this coming July, known as "the fire of 1846," which devastated the entire business section of the town.

The extensive damage and horror of this "great fire" has so overshadowed others that it has completely hidden the fact that the 1846 fire had two fore-runners—two disasters which swept smaller sections of the town—making three major conflagrations which took place within a ten year period.

The first of these great fires took place in 1936, when a blaze broke out in the dwelling of E. Starbuck, on the corner of Main and Union streets—known as the Washington House. Before the blaze could be brought under control it had swept through four other dwellings and stores in the vicinity, consuming barns and small shops, also, and causing damage to the amount of between \$35,000 and \$40,000.

This had been the worst fire up to that time in the history of the island, and the citizens of the town were determined that the volunteer fire companies, which had done such yeoman service, would never again be called upon to fight such another conflagration as had occurred on May 10, 1836.

But two years and 23 days later—June 2, 1838—there occurred "an awful conflagration," (as the editor of *The Inquirer* so worded it), "by far the most extensive and disastrous ever experienced in this community. It commenced a few minutes past 2:00 in the morning of June 2, and raged with unappeased fury for nearly four hours."

The fire originated in the ropewalk of Joseph James, sparks from a steam-engine starting the blaze in some rope material. The walk was "in the rear of Union street." A strong southwesterly breeze, blowing, which enabled the flames to spread rapidly, not only throughout the length of the ropewalk but into numerous other structures close by which contained considerable quantities of highly combustible materials.

In the words of an eye-witness: "It was truly 'wild-fire.' No sooner had the alarm of the fire-bell sounded in my ear than I sprang to the window, to see in what direction the fire lay. The appearance of a cloud of smoke and fire, as if it were a man's hand, first presented itself; and though with immediate and inexpressible haste I 'girded up my loins,' that I might not be in the rear of my fellow citizens, who were hurrying one and all, with their pails and buckets to the scene of the conflagration, the horizon, ere I could get out of my room, was almost instantly illumined. Like wild-fire the flames had spread throughout the ropewalk, where the fire commenced, removing all hope of saving any part of the premises, which were at least 300 feet long."

Due to the nature of the strong southwesterly breeze, the flames leaped across intervening spaces quickly. The firewards, realizing that something must be done swiftly, tried to forestall the spread of the flames.

Union street—and adjacent property—were regarded beyond possibility of safety, and the order was given to save as much of the moveable furniture as possible. The dwellings and stores were soon thronged with volunteers clearing the rooms.

But the flames, in their extent and height under the high bank, created a back current of hot air, and instead of spreading in the direction anticipated the blaze literally leaped back, firing the candle house of Philip H. Folger, and then creeping to the equally large manufactory of James Athearn.

An immense stock of valuable sperm oil was soon afire. Against this terrifically hot wall of flame, the fire-engines were helpless. To make the situation worse, the heat began to explode the casks and the oil, igniting immediately, began to run like liquid fire, spreading out upon the waters of the harbor, so that the wharves and the sloops and ships were imperiled.

This new danger found the fire-fighters practically helpless to check the growing conflagration. The tide was coming in, the burning oil being swept by it into the property of Matthew Crosby & Son, converting the extensive warehouse with its stock of oil into a raging furnace of white-hot flame.

The entire waterfront section from Old South to Commercial wharf was now afire, and the lower part of the town was in imminent danger of being destroyed. The firewards decided that gunpowder was the last resort and, upon their orders, intermediate houses and shops were blown up. The explosions could be heard all over the island.

At the height of the fire, the smoke and flames rose to a great height, and when oil-created gases exploded into flame amidst the smoke high over the burning buildings, it was like a scene

out of Dante's Inferno.

Large quantities of oil floated into and through drains beneath the ropewalk, running into the low and marshy ground at what is now the north and south sides of Coffin street. Much of this oil was afterwards recovered. But the bulk ran into a big ditch, became ignited and did much to spread the flames.

In the meantime, one or two sick people had to be carried out of their houses on litters. The townspeople who were unable to save anything from their burning homes placed their families beyond danger and joined the fire-fighters.

But while the male population was engaged in the strenuous battle with the flames, the women were not idle. They employed themselves in carrying around refreshing drinks, "to enable the men to sustain, as far as they were able, the fatigue and labor to which they were called."

A contemporary fire-fighter reported thus:

"Never did I witness so much consideration and sympathy; all seemed to suffer, all felt, as it were, the loss and all were willing to do what they could! And had it not been for these combined and extraordinary efforts, I verily believe the devastation must and would have been incalculably greater."

Nantucket had never before experienced such a scene. No candle-house had ever burned before in its entirety—the business center of the town had suffered only one bad fire previously.

The following day revealed the burned-over area in all its backened bareness. From Union street to the waterfront between Old South and Commercial wharves, not a building was left standing. The ruins were made further unusual by the fact that very little evidence of the cluster of buildings which had stood there remained. Aside from several mounds of bricks, the area was absolutely bare.

When first surveying the ruin and desolation, it was believed that the conflagration had cost the town some \$200,000 loss. But it was later found that two lots of oil—presumed lost in adjoining warehouses which had been partially consumed by the flames—were intact. One lot was valued at \$60,000.

In commenting on the rapid spread of the flames, Editor Samuel Haynes Jenks, of *The Inquirer*, wrote:

"It was only by the most incredible exertions of the fire department and citizens generally that the flames stayed within the bounds of even this spacious area. On this occasion the aid of gunpowder proved to be of material benefit. Four dwelling houses, one store and one work-shop were blown up in order to arrest the progress of the flames. These operations were admirably performed under the direction of George B. Upton, Esquire, without personal injury to a single individual, and doubtless to the effectual preservation of a very compact neighborhood, embracing an immense amount of property."

The following prophecy by an eye-witness is interesting. The fire had been so devastating that it was not believed possible that its duplicate would ever take place—and, yet, only eight years later, an even greater conflagration swept the business section of the town. The contemporary witness wrote:

"Whether the fire originated in accident, neglect, or in any other way, it is not for me to determine—the like I hope will never recur—but witnessing as I did the unwearied efforts of the Fire Department, I must say they afford a reasonable security that with due precaution and with such exertions as they put forth, no fire in Nantucket can ever again become so extensive and alarming."

The candle-house manufactories of Daniel Jones, Philip H. Folger and Valentine Hussey were totally destroyed; the oil establishments of Matthew Crosby and James Athearn were destroyed with immense quantities of oil; the dwellings of Walter Folger, Jr., J. N. Bassett, H. Crocker, T. Morris, S. Dunham, C. R. Gardner, W. Hodges, S. Ames, J. Cushman and J. Crosby were burnt down, as were shops of Gilbert Coffin, J. Meader, R. Rawson, T. Barnard, L. Fisher, together with a twine factory belonging to Reuben Bunker.

The most important losses were sustained by the following: James Athearn, \$46,000; French & Coffin, \$32,000; Matthew Crosby & Son, \$24,000; Daniel Jones & Sons, \$23,000. These represented oil stocks and supplies and buildings.

Joseph James, ropewalk and stock, \$13,500; Valentine Hussey and his brother, oil manufactory, \$10,000; Philip H. Folger, the same, \$8,000; R. Bunker, twine factory, \$2,000.

Dwellings—Harvey Crocker, \$4,000; James N. Bassett, \$3,200; Walter Folger, Jr., \$2,200; widow of Jesse Gardner, \$1,000; S. H. Ames, \$2,500; Henry Swift, \$2,800; William Hodges, \$900; Jesse Crosby, \$650; Thomas Coffin and William Alley, \$900; John Elkins, shop, casks, etc., \$1,800; Chas. F. Gardner, furniture, \$600; Thomas Morris, paints, etc., \$1,750; Leonard Fisher, shop, tools, \$750; William P. Smith, Jabez Cushman, Alexander E. Gardner, Grafton Gardner, Thomas G. Barnard Chas H. Wyer, John G. Thurber and George Gardner, lost approximately \$300 in tools and furniture.

Besides these, the following persons experienced damage in various ways in destruction of tools, stock, injury to buildings, fences, and ships: Elisha

Smith, owners of ship *Americam*, C. Mitchell & Co., Henry Coffin, Henry Clapp, George F. Russell, David & A. Macy, Charles Hood, Elisha Starbuck, Wm. M. Andrews, George Clasby, Freeman Parker, John Meader, George Myrick, Jr., Barzillai and Thomas Folger, Jesse Crosby, 2d, Asa Coffin, 2nd, Enoch P. Crosby, owners of the ship *Mary Mitchell*, Albert W. Starbuck, widow of Thaddeus Hussey, J. H. Pease, widow of Philip Wyer, Noah Pool, Samuel Haynes Jenks, Barclay Fanning, Benjamin Coffin.

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This committee was made up of the following: Aaron Mitchell, Charles G. Coffin, David Joy, George B. Upton, George C. Gardner, Charles Bunker, John H. Shaw, Barker Burnell, James Mitchell, Frederick C. Macy, Edward M. Gardner, Joseph Starbuck, Obed B. Swain, Nathaniel Barney, Thomas Macy, Richard Mitchell, Peter Macy, Charles Mitchell, Charles P. Swain, Samuel B. Tuck. To this membership were later added Harrison G. O. Dunham, Roland Hussey, Peter Folger, Newell Sturdevant, Simon Parkhurst, Henry Swift, Matthew Starbuck, John W. Barrett, Thomas Coffin and George Cobb.

A vote taken at this meeting, which is of particular interest today, is as follows:

"That said Committee be requested to take into consideration the propriety of limiting the height of wooden buildings, either by Ordinance of the Town or otherwise; and report at an adjournment of this Meeting."





Pictured is Lt. Col. John Larkin, of Nantucket, as he received the Air Medal for meritorious achievements as a Mosquito pilot in weather and photographic reconnaissance flights over Europe. Pinning on the award is Lt. Col. Leon W. Gray, Casa Grande, Arizona, commanding officer of this reconnaissance base.

#### Lieutenant-Colonel Larkin Awarded Air Medal.

Lieutenant-Colonel John Larkin, son of the late Joseph M. Larkin of Nantucket, has been awarded the Air Medal at the Eighth Air Force Reconnaissance Station in England, where he is the commanding officer of a mosquito squadron. The citation states the award was made "for meritorious achievement in accomplishing with distinction a number of weather and photographic flights over Europe." The citation further states as follows:

"These missions were flown over areas heavily defended by the enemy and information was obtained which was of vital importance in connection with operations against the enemy. The courage, cool judgment and skill displayed by Lieutenant-Colonel Larkin reflect great credit upon himself and the Armed Forces of the United States."

Lieutenant-Colonel Larkin is a native of Nantucket and a graduate of the Nantucket High School. He attended Norwich University at Northfield, Vt., where he starred in football and track events.

He entered the Army in November, 1939, and attended the Aviation Cadet School at Randolph Field, in Texas, and the Aerial Photographic School at Lowry Field in Colorado. He has been over-seas since June, 1944.

Lieutenant-Colonel Larkin is married to the former Miss Bernice Giraud, of San Antonio, Texas. They have one daughter, Patricia Delores Larkin.

#### Cats or Rats?

Editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:

After reading the article in your last week's paper on poor "pussy", I felt obliged to write something in behalf of the so-called "cat."

So there are too many cats on the island! If we had less cats we would have more rats—perhaps the writer prefers the latter.

However, much can be said in favor of "pussy". Many a house has been cleared of mice by her and many a lonesome one has found comfort with her companionship.

I heartily agree that "Mirriarr" is most disturbing, but also is the "growl" of the dog, especially when the owner has it locked up while she goes marketing. Of course she can't hear that, but the neighbors can.

What about the dogs barking at pussy until the poor frightened creature runs up a tree or pole? If I recall rightly, a few weeks ago an article was published in your paper of Mr. Studley rescuing a cat from the top of a tree. Surely someone besides myself thinks pussy is worth saving.

As for going to church, what better place could she be in and possibly her sweet "purr" would add to the refrains of the congregation and choir singing.

Yes, cats sleep on onions—maybe; so do dogs, and dogs carry fleas as well as cats, you know.

There are the common cats, of which your writer speaks, but there is also the beautiful "Persian Pussy". Surely well educated and highly esteemed citizens would not have such beautiful pussies if they felt they were such a nuisance.

I say God Bless them all—cats and dogs. At least they do the best they know—that is more than can be said of some people.

F. A. Burdick.

Lower Main St.

#### Too Many Cats on This Island.

Editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:

You open the door to go out. In comes a cat. Cats on door steps; on window sills; cats sleeping on onions; flea riddled old fur rubbing on you while you wait for butter; cats ordering cokes.

Cats springing on birds, and aiming at a good dog's eye. Lazy cats sleeping on magazines. Cats going to church and court. Cats at fires—at the 5 and 10—everywhere there is a surplus of cats.

All night long you hear thumps and thuds—down from a roof to a fence—off the fence to another fence—and then down onto a porch. Now they are yowling to Heaven—"Mirriarr, Mirriarr," and clawing up the side of a house and over the screens.

They die under your house. There is no place to go—you can't get a room in Boston and there isn't any boat.

You try to sleep at night. There is war work to do next day. You hear the neighbor's windows going up—one by one. You get up, too. Your dog barks out the window and tries to leap. Scat! Shoo! Those darned cats! Why don't they do something about them. Call the Police? You have! There is nothing they can do—there are too many. Call Falla and that Big Dog that flies. Call Eleanor to send us a boat and some fly paper. Get a net for 'em—Bang! "I missed that one with a pot of geraniums." "Did you get it?" "No. It slid down the other side of that scallop pile."

What a town! New York is quiet nights. Sick 'em! Shoo! Shoo! 'Git out o' there! Imagine people saving all their red points for salmon! It's no use—they're rolling out the barrels and garbage covers. You can't throw your shoes until we get a new stamp.

You and your dog decide to go back to bed. You get up at six—hurry down to put the kettle on and out to look over the garden plot. It's almost spring—you have great plans—you are reading the new catalogues. Roses are red and violets are blue. We need food more than ever before. Cats—yes—there they are again day and night—all over the place—filthy disgusting cats. What chance is there for the big six vitamin vegetables and pink flowers for morale?

You pat your faithful dog on the head. He's a square guy if ever there was one; pays his taxes, gives his life on the battlefield. He's obeying the law—he's on a lead. He is worthwhile and he looks with righteous contempt at that ugly one eared plaid puss sitting in the garden purring at the thoughts of the first robin and all the little robins.

"Cats—tax free?" says Fido, "How come?"

Frances Fenton.

SEPTEMBER 6, 1947.

#### Nantucket As I Found It.

The whaling seamen called it the "Little Gray Lady" but I like to remember it by the meaning of its own name; "The land far off at sea", and by the Indian name, Canopache, which means "The place of peace".



## THE PASSING YEARS HAVE TAKEN THEIR TOLL FROM THIS GROUP



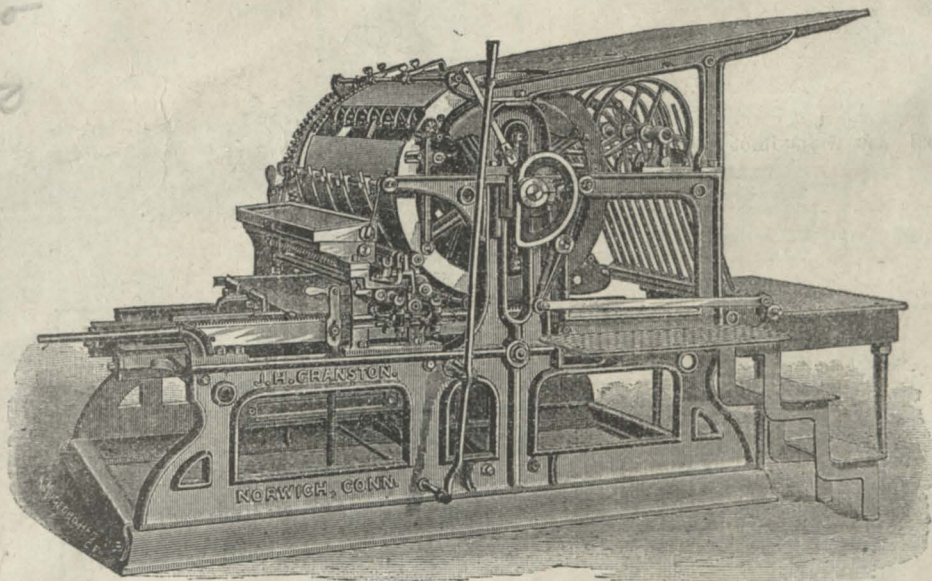
THE GROUP PICTURE TAKEN AT WAUWINET THIRTY-THREE YEARS AGO.

The death of Henry G. Haddon a few days ago brought to mind incidents of the semi-annual gatherings held by members of the Nantucket Athletic Club and the Commercial Club of Brockton. This picture was taken in the spring of 1911, when the members of the two clubs enjoyed an outing at Wauwinet. The passing years have removed many of those in the group, and the picture makes an interesting study in retrospect. Less than a dozen of those who gathered together thirty-three years ago are still living.

Left to right—Rear row: Ernest H. Jernegan, Edward B. Hayes, R. T. Fitz-Randolph, Horace Taber, Fred A. Hoyt, W. N. Johnson, Ozro W. Humes, Luke Reynolds, Millard F. Freeborn, James E. Chapel, Louis Coffin, George Taber, F. G. Baldus, A. H. Wilbur, Dr. A. E. Paine, Alderman Churchill, J. Butler Folger, J. C. Burton, Whittemore Gardner, W. R. Beal, Arthur Williams, Edgar L. Chase, William H. Wyer, M. F. Barrett, Lauriston Bunker, C. L. Packard.

Second Row: Henry G. Haddon, J. G. Sheehan, William H. Thayer, Elliot L. Bonney, James Y. Deacon, Mayor H. C. Howard, Herbert G. Worth, Arthur C. Fish, George Clarence Holmes, Frank L. Crocker, Walter H. Burgess, Dr. C. E. Perkins, Charles M. Park.

On the ground: Sidney V. Fisher, Edward G. Swain, Charles W. Ellis, Zenas W. Lewis, William H. Barrett, G. F. Logue, Dr. A. G. Rand, Harry B. Turner, Joseph M. Swain, Fred H. Folger, William J. Blair, Fred Willets Folger, Charles C. Hammond, Charles F. Hammond, William H. H. Smith, Edward H. Perry, Herbert W. Bennett, Chester W. Weeks, Alexander M. Myrick, Arthur W. Jones.



### It's Still Running.

Sixty years ago last May the old "drum cylinder" press, on which *The Inquirer and Mirror* is run off each week, was first put in use in the old building on Milk street. Fifty years ago last month, on October 13, 1900, the first issue of *The Inquirer and Mirror* was run off on the "drum cylinder" in its new location on Orange street.

That same press, a picture of which is printed herewith, is still running off our newspaper each week. We have done a bit of rough figuring, judging by the approximate number of copies of *The Inquirer and Mirror* printed each week, and we believe that the old press has turned out over 9,360,000 copies of the paper since it was first installed.

At the time of its "golden anniversary"

a souvenir sheet was published on gold-colored stock in honor of the occasion. Included in the brief history of the press, the following paragraph, written by B. Turner, editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror* in May, 1940:

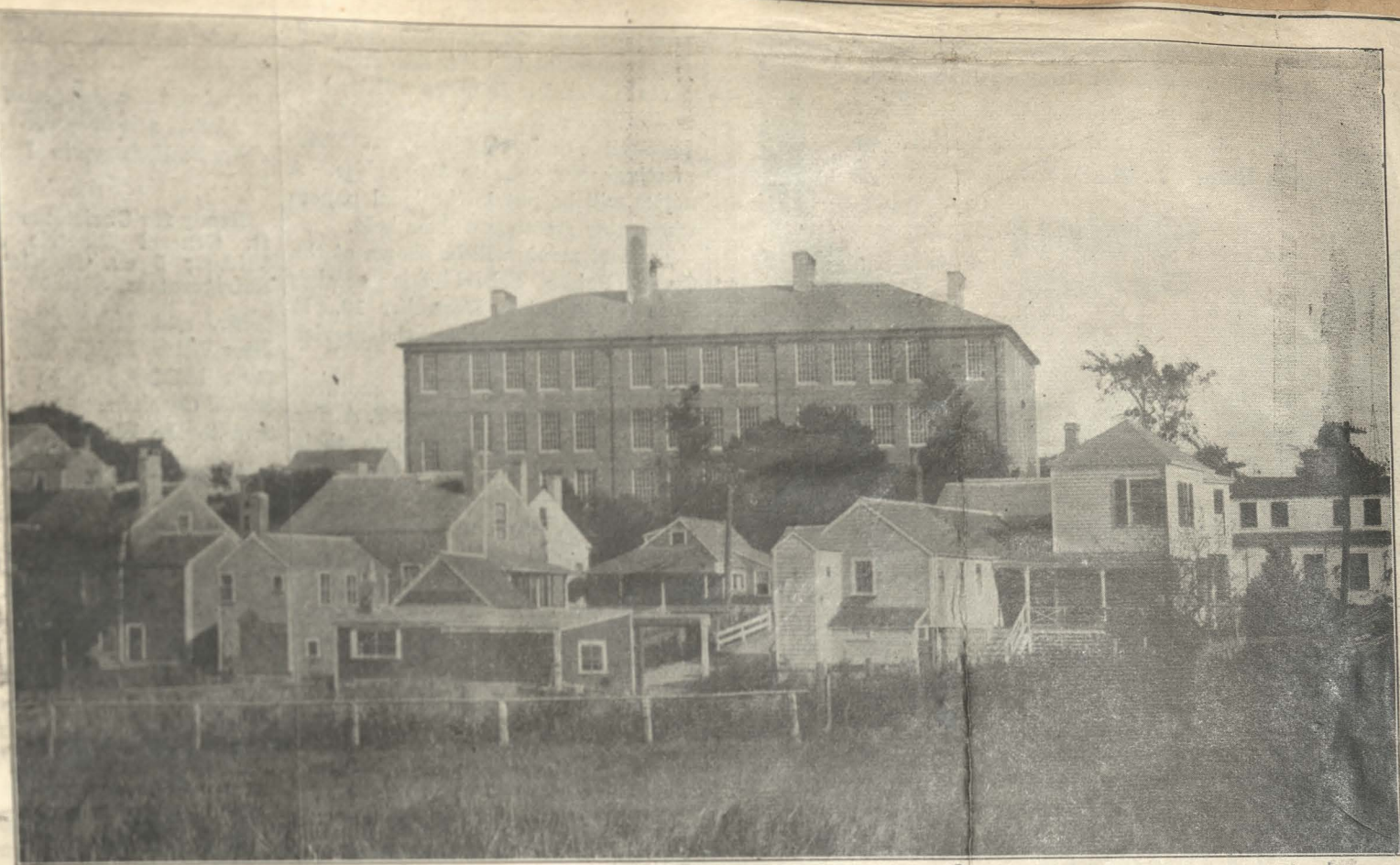
"We pay our respects to that wonderful piece of machinery—out-of-date, we admit, in comparison with presses of modern construction, yet of absorbing interest to everyone connected with the printing industry, as it prints the last of the old-time blanket sheets and each week sends forth the largest newspaper page in the United States. One wonders how many more years the old press can stand up under the strain. The factory in which it was built long ago ceased operations and 'J. H. Cranston', who in 1890 built presses better than he knew, has gone to his reward".

We, in 1950, are still wondering "how many more years" the old Cranston will continue in operation. When a part has to be replaced, it is necessary to have it made by a trained mechanic in Boston who is familiar with our old press and its peculiarities.

\* \* \* \* \*

Among those who have "fed" the old Cranston during its sixty years of service are the following: Roland B. Hussey, Arthur H. Cook, George P. Swain, Andrew M. Myrick, Anthony W. Ayers, Amelia Westgate, Harry B. Turner, Olive (Raymond) Weimer, Frederick M. McCleave, Edouard A. Stackpole, Benson C. Chase, Alexander M. Chase, J. Albert Stackpole, Joseph Sylvia, Paul A. Palm, Harold E. Dunham, Kenneth D. Blackshaw, George O. Stafford, A. Chester Faunce, and E. Anthony Ruley.





THE PRESENT ACADEMY HILL SCHOOL, BUILT AND DEDICATED IN 1929, IS CONSTRUCTED OF BRICK, CONCRETE AND STEEL. Due to the lack of space in the yards, the committee on the proposed new gymnasium and auditorium suggest that the new building be placed at Cyrus Peirce School. This plan would move the high school to Cyrus Peirce, and leave Academy Hill for the junior high and the six lower grades.

AND MIRROR, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS. SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 1, 1946.

### Nantucketers Who Made "Courtesy Flight" in Northeast Airlines Plane.



NANTUCKETERS WHO MADE FLIGHT ON AFTERNOON OF MAY 22.

Left to right—John McLaughlin, Wesley A. Fordyce, Herbert P. Smith, Josiah S. Barrett, Gilbert Manter, Everett U. Crosby, Mrs. Arthur Jellis, Simon Kaufman, Arthur Jellis, Mrs. Manuel Reis, Cyrus Barnes, Richard Burns (Northeast Manager), John J. Gardner, 2d, Milton H. Anderson, (Northeast Vice President and General Manager), Miss Jane C. Ray, George M. Lake, Earl S. Ray, Miss Lee Sanguinetti, Roy E. Sanguinetti, Miss Cora Stevens, Henry B. Coleman, Gordon Turner, Clark Coffin, Mrs. Kenneth Blackshaw, Mrs. Clark Coffin, Bernard Lavoie (Northeast Airlines District Manager.) Stewardess is Miss Claire Dacey. Another Nantucketer making the flight, but not appearing in the picture, is Roger F. Dunham.





THE OLD ACADEMY HILL SCHOOL BUILDING BEFORE IT WAS TAKEN DOWN 20 YEARS AGO. The original high school was erected in 1856, and altered in 1904, with its south wing being added in 1914.

### Old Academy Hill School Torn Down Twenty Years Ago.

The Committee on the proposed construction of a gymnasium-auditorium made the first official announcement of its plan last week. Since then there have arisen questions of one phase or another all in regard to school matters. One of these concerned the type of building contemplated, another the general idea of moving the high school to the Cyrus Peirce school, where the proposed new unit is planned, and so on.

"Just how long has the present building been built?" was one question, and "Was the high school always there?" was another.

In regard to the first, the new brick building on Academy Hill was constructed in 1929, with the cornerstone being laid on January 26, of that year, and the building opening with the fall session of the schools in that same year.

The old Academy Hill building—so fondly recalled by those fortunate enough to have attended high school there—was torn down just twenty ago. The last vantage of the wooden structure was gone by the second week in December, 1928, and the hill presented a barren appearance, with foundation walls alone remaining in part.

It was on another December day—72 years before—that this fine, old building was dedicated. On Dec. 2, 1856, the first high school building was turned over to the school authorities, having been completed by the firm of Easton & Thompson at a cost of \$20,000. A. B. Whipple, who was the third Principal of the high school in the island's history, was in charge of the building.

During the next half century, the structure served the needs of the community to the satisfaction of the teachers and parents. In 1904, certain alterations were made at a cost of \$10,700.00.

In 1914, a large addition was made to the south side of the building, and

the first two grades were installed in the lower floor, with the 9th grade, a hallway and a high school recitation room on the second floor.

When the agitation to build the present Academy Hill school began in 1927, there was a difference of opinion in regard to the site. One group felt the old site was too small for the growing needs of the school, and suggested raising the new structure in a suitable location on the outskirts of the town.

Another group felt that the new building should occupy the old site, continuing the traditional use of Academy Hill. The town meeting of the next year voted to tear down the old building and erect the new one on the old site.

Oddly enough, the name of the hill

the first principal, serving eighteen months, when he left to become the Principal of the first Normal School in America, at Lexington, Mass., in 1840. Peirce was succeeded by Augustus Morse and then by A. B. Whipple, who was in charge of the High School when the original building was built on the hill in 1856. Messrs. Peirce, Morse and Whipple gave Nantucket High a high type of scholarship, as did Principal Dame, who succeeded Whipple.

The first High School opened in April, 1838, with an enrollment of 59 pupils. Cyrus Peirce, the Principal, had maintained private schools here for a number of years previous, and had been selected for the important post by a school committee. The public school system on Nantucket dates



NANTUCKET'S FIRST HIGH SCHOOL—BUILT IN 1856.

did not originate with the school of the name. Instead, the name came from The Academy, a private school which stood to the north of the present school, on the south side of the west end of Academy Lane, which was named for the old institution for learning. The Academy was in existence as early as 1800, but was sold in 1818 to the First Congregational Church.

It is probable that when Nantucket High School was established in 1838, The Academy was utilized for the important purpose. Cyrus Peirce was

from 1827, the same year which saw the establishment of the Coffin School.

At the same time of the erection of the first High School on Academy Hill in 1856 there were 129 pupils in the High School, with a total enrollment of 536 in the schools, which included the South Grammar and the West Grammar schools. The Orange Street school house, built in 1831, was sold by the Town in 1931. The West Grammar was discontinued and converted into a shoe factory, being destroyed by fire in 1873.



In this town, January 31, James P. Coffin, aged 76 years, 11 months, 25 days.

year 1948

dents of 'Sconset and Nantucket and particularly among the summer residents of the village, passed away on Saturday last after a lingering illness, at the age of seventy-six.

The deceased was born in "Eagle Cottage", on Broadway in 'Sconset and he had spent the most of his life in connection with 'Sconset and, although when a young man he spent some time in the west, upon his return home he engaged in farming and served clambakes during the summer months, becoming popular in catering to summer visitors by the unique features of his "bakes".

Mr. Coffin was twice married, his first wife being Miss Bertha Holdgate, by whom he had several children. Following the death of his wife in May, 1938, he married Emily Parent Gregory, who survives him.

Besides his widow, he leaves a son Earl J. Coffin, and three daughters, namely: Mrs. Albert Egan, Sr., and Mrs. Allison Field, both of Siasconset, and Mrs. Harold Dow, of Foxboro.

Funeral services were held at his late residence in 'Sconset, Monday afternoon, the Rev. Claude Bond, pastor of the Congregational church, officiating. Interment was in Prospect Hill cemetery. Members of Wauwinet Tribe of Red Men conducted committal services.

A quartet composed of Mrs. Eleanor True, Miss Ellen Ramsdell, Dr. Brooks Walker and Howard Barber, sang "Dog Tray" and "The Old Rugged Cross," two songs of which the deceased was particularly fond.

#### In Memoriam.

The recent passing of James P. Coffin, affectionately known as "Jimmy" amongst those of us who were fortunate enough to have known him many years, brings some pleasant and healthy memories about him.

One of the outstanding recollections of him is about the days when, some forty-odd years ago, he used to give swimming lessons in the 'Sconset surf to us "kids". He calmed our fears of the waves by talking to us quietly and confidently, joshing us for our fear of those waves. Thanks to him, after his lessons, we had wonderful and safe swims in the surf.

One of the thrills he put on for us on the beach was when he'd dive under the surface of the water, and stay under so long that we all felt something had gone wrong. Finally his head bobbed up some 200 feet away from where he dove, and he'd come striding up the beach to join us, a grin on his face as wide as his strong body was long.

But the happiest and most enjoyable memories come to many, many people who have been lucky enough to attend one of "Jimmy's" famous and unexcelled clam bakes. No man could have worked harder or more earnestly than he to give us "clambakers" such glorious times. Yes! those of us who knew him for many years and had been with him, have the healthy and clean memory of him, inspired by his natural gentleness, his strength, his quiet dignity flavored with a wonderful sense of humor. This made us far better off than if we had not known and been with Jimmy Coffin.

Jack Grout.

#### Savannah's "Waving Girl" Was a Notable Personage.

Editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:

Reference is made to the February 28, 1948, issue of your paper and to the article by William Crosby Bennett in which mention is made of the "waving girl" at Savannah in the following words: "Half way up stream we saluted the waving woman—a poor, demented thing who lived all alone in a little shack on the bank. When a girl she had lost her lover at sea and her mind had become unbalanced; her mild insanity taking the form of waving to every passing craft".

So that you may have some facts in hand about this woman your attention is respectfully invited to the enclosed copies of letters.

Very truly yours,

George H. Newton.

Hamden, Conn.

Editor in Chief,  
Savannah News.

Dear Sir:

There recently appeared in a newspaper published in one of the smaller towns of Massachusetts an article in which reference is made to the "waving girl" long famous to those who came into Savannah by ship.

The reference, it seems to me, is unkind and is obviously written without a knowledge of facts as to the real circumstances of her life. I would like to correct the statement as far as possible.

As of December 18, 1931, I find that I have the address of Mr. George Martus and his sister, Miss Florence Martus, the "waving girl", as 642 E. Liberty street, Savannah, Ga., where I understand they moved to after Mr. Martus was retired from the lighthouse on Elba Island. This is so long ago I can hardly hope to receive a reply from that address.

Between 1915 and 1931 I had sailed into Savannah about twenty round trips. I recall waving to Miss Martus on every trip. It will be recalled that Capt Pratt of the S. S. Chatham when laying in Savannah on January 29, 1931, gave a farewell dinner aboard his ship to Mr. Martus and his sister.

Capt Pratt selected a table in the center of dining saloon which seated eight persons. It was my privilege to be a guest. At Capt Pratt's right was Mr. Martus, next his sister, then myself. I was delighted at the fine appearance Miss Martus made and the conversation I carried on with her. I recall speaking of when the steamship Savannah left Savannah to cross the Atlantic.

I had been up to your City Hall that morning to see the model and made a mental note of the date but failed to retain it. Mr. Martus mentioned a date but his sister immediately corrected him. The opinion I gained of Miss Martus was that she was a fine and intelligent woman.

What I would like to know is, is there any published record or book of her life at the lighthouse that is available, if so I would like to obtain a copy. If you can help me in this matter or refer this letter to anyone who can I shall appreciate it very much.

Very truly yours,

George H. Newton.

April 5, 1948

Mr. George H. Newton,  
Hamden, Conn.

Dear Mr. Newton:

We do not know of any published record or book on the life of Florence Martus (not Marcus) the Waving Girl. However our files are quite complete with authentic newspaper articles concerning her, and we regret exceedingly that someone has seen fit to print anything unkind or erroneous concerning her, as she was

an intelligent, kindly woman who not only saved a number of persons from drowning, but who filled a spot in the hearts of literally thousands of seafaring men throughout the years when she waved to every vessel that passed her little island. Here is a resume of her life: She was born in 1868 a few miles from Elba Island where she became famous as The Waving Girl. Her father had come from Germany at the age of 14 and he served in the U. S. Army for 40 years, acting as ordinance sgt. at Ft. Pulaski after the Civil War.

Her brother, George Washington Martus, became keeper of the lights of the lower flats range below the mouth of the Savannah river when

he was 18, and the brother and sister continued to live on the tiny island after the death of their parents. The mother died when the children were young, the father died when Florence was 18, George slightly older. Florence had red curly hair, that turned gray as she grew to be an elderly woman.

Naturally their lives on the island were very simple. Trips to Savannah by boat were infrequent. There was no telephone, telegraph or radio to connect the island with the mainland. When Miss Martus came she visited her relatives in Savannah, bought materials, seeds, and books—quantities of books and magazines. She had a beautiful flower garden and vegetable garden on her little island, and her home was filled with unusual objects sent her by sailors and officers of ships. At one time she had quite a menagerie of queer animals that were gifts from sea-faring friends.

Naturally enough, a great many silly tales were told about her. The fact that she never missed waving to a vessel, a white towel during the day, a lantern during the night, began to intrigue people, and stories of her "lover lost at sea" and such were passed by word of mouth until they were believed. When she heard of them she was greatly amused. A very calm and contented person, she did not let the tales upset her. The only miraculous thing about it was that she seemed to be able to hear the boats as they approached, regardless of weather conditions. No matter how the wind blew, or how terrific was the rain or how stormy was the night, somehow she knew the approach of the ships, and was always there. She explained it simply. She said she heard them, as her hearing was very acute.

Once while waving to a ship at 3 a. m., she saw a dredge on fire. She and her brother immediately put off in their little boat, and brought to shore more than 30 men, making many trips. Only one man was burned. He died later from the burns.

Mr. Martus retired in 1931 at the age of 70, and he and his sister moved to Bona Bella (just outside of Savannah) and lived very happily. She died in February, 1943, he several years earlier. On her 70th birthday the city gave her a birthday party on her little island of Elba, and 3,000 persons attended. The Navy band played, and it was a very military affair.

Her niece, Mrs. Florence Greene, lives in Savannah, as does a nephew, James A. Brennan.

We would like it very much if you could get for us a copy of the article you speak of in your letter. Savannah feels very kindly toward the memory of Miss Martus, and we especially resent any insinuation that she was in any way "queer". She was a most normal, likable person.

Very truly yours,

Lillian C. Bragg,

Assistant to the Editor.

#### Wins Limerick Contest.

The historic fire bucket, relic of old days of primitive fire fighting, and now the "Neighbors" collection basket, has been the theme of "poets" ever since the Prize Limerick Contest was announced two weeks ago. After a deep and amused study of the offerings, the jury announced its award at the Neighbors Night held Tuesday evening in the Methodist Church. Evidently a limerick star was born when Howard C. Barber, of 12 Westminster street, produced the prize which runs as follows:

A pretty girl, once in Nantucket,  
Fell in love with the Neighbors' fire bucket.

"I've a dollar," said she,

"Perhaps two or three,"

And into the bucket she stuck it.

This gift of the girl who was pretty,  
Pleased all, if from town or from city;

And her generous deed—

Is one all can heed—

And this is the aim of this ditty.

An anonymous author claims to have discovered the origin of the Neighbors' bucket in the following poem:

My grand-dad had a Jersey on an old  
Nantucket farm

That long ago had passed her milking  
days.

He couldn't bear to kill her or do  
any harm,

So he let her simply ruminate  
graze.

But one day the town appointed  
the Honorary Chief

Of the Island's gallant handpump  
brigade;

He examined the equipment, but  
his utter grief,

He realized he couldn't make  
grade.

He was short one leather bucket  
that must never be,

For its lack might jeopardize  
town.

The cobbler had no leather except  
shoes, said he,

Tho' grandpa met this statement  
a frown.

So home again went grandpa,  
the sorry tale

To sympathetic grandma at  
churn;

Whose practical ideas were  
known to fail,

As grandpa had good reasons to  
learn.

She finished up her churning  
wiped the dasher clean,

Then turned to look grandpa  
eye:

"If you're looking for sole leather  
you'll find it in that lean

Old good-for-nothing heifer  
die."

So grandpa fixed the obsequies  
tanned the heifer's hide;

He cut and sewed and oiled with  
most skill.

He made this old fire bucket with  
greatest civic pride,

And left it to the "Neighbors"  
will.



"Tofa Alii!"

Which is the Samoan for  
"Farewell Oh Chief!"

The Last Harpooner has gone over the horizon, the last living thread which held us to the great whaling era has broken and the Island mourns his going. I shall never forget my first meeting with George Grant, my dear and life-long friend.

It was in Wallace Adams' shack on the edge of the Basin; Wallace, the gentle, stood straight as a harpoon all wrapped in a yellow oil-skin apron, rubber boots on his feet, the battered visor of his cap cocked rakishly over his right eye, his hands dancing a quick buttering measure as he husked the shells away, tossing the white meat into a bright tin pail.

He gave me a quiet, shy smile pointing with his scallop knife to an up-turned bucket. I sat down and joined the circle of old whalers who hugged his autumn stove. No one spoke; my entrance had silenced them. I said nothing and waited, knowing that I had as good a right to be there as they did, for I had spent my boyhood wandering over Nantucket's largest farm—the Pacific Ocean. I, too, had been under sail and seen Yankee whalers in the Bay of Islands on the north island of New Zealand, met Coffins and Macys in Tongatabu, and Starbucks and Folgers all over the South Seas. I had seen weary old whaleships, after interminable four-year voyages, creeping through Golden Gate past grim Alcatraz to land their hard-earned barrels of oil at Meigg's Wharf in San Francisco.

A shadowy figure across from me leaned forward and spat into the pot-bellied stove. He spoke icily through pursed lips.

"Heard tell you've been to Samoa?" I nodded.

"Well," he snapped in triumph, "here's George Grant, who was born out there at the British Consulate's at Apia and brought aboard his father's ship *Mohawk* wrapped in a banana leaf!"

A tall boatsteerer elbowed his way through the group and stood before me, eyeing me suspiciously with the unblinking stare of a wild sea-bird. He suddenly shouted in a harsh, untamed voice:

"*Talofa papalagi!*"

George Grant, the last harpooner on the island, peered closer to watch my response; he had greeted me in Samoan to test my veracity saying:

"Hail to Thee, O Horizon Breaker!" which can be further translated.

"Hello, White Man!"

I stood speechless with astonishment, for in a heart-beat of time Wallace Adams' shack had melted away into the cold air, gone was New England and the ring of faces; I was hearing again the thunder of charging breakers tearing themselves feather-white on the hidden reefs of Mulinuu. I saw again the black-winged foxes and the smart frigate birds flying high into the setting sun. I heard the endless roar of the forest waterfalls at Vailima mingled with the singing voices of "God's dearest work.... the Samoan people." I saw again the clouds crowning the summit of Mount Vaea where Tusitala rests,

"Home is the sailor, home from the sea  
And the hunter home from the hill."

After a while I heard myself answering the old whaler as I held out my hand:

"*Talofa alii, fafatai lava!*" meaning, "Hail O Chief, great is my gratitude."

George Grant was as moved as I was, though his face showed no change while he held my hand in his grasp. His white hair, and hawk's beak of a nose, gave him a wild, free look; strange lights played behind his deep-set eyes and I saw that he, too, was fifteen thousand miles away on a far Pacific island seeing coconut trees waving along the clean white beaches, hearing the throbbing beat of wooden drums and the dreaded conch shells blowing the call to battle.

He could scent again the powdered sandalwood in his hair, the fresh coconut oil on his body, the sweet smelling frangipani wreath about his neck, the scarlet hibiscus flower behind his ear. His eyes held his youth as paradise was regained for an instant. His horny grip tightened until my fingers ached and I knew where his heart was and he knew that I knew.

The "Historical" was inspired to make the candle-factory into a Whaling Museum and had the wisdom to put George Grant in charge of the exhibits. During the winter months he worked alone among the relics of his vanished life, lovingly sharpening and polishing the lances, cutting-irons and arrow harpoons, setting them sailor-fashion in wooden brackets on the walls. He fitted out a full-sized whaleboat with tubs, lines, oars, paddles, water-keg, mast and sail, even serving the iron row-lock with tarred marlin to still the sound of oars that never will be heard again.

I shall miss my friend who spoke Samoan to me on the streets of Nantucket. He has gone to join the fine and upstanding deep-water men that I have known on this Island. No wonder Nantucket endears itself to those who have lived here for decades for we have known the giants.

"*Tofa alii!*"

AUSTIN STRONG.

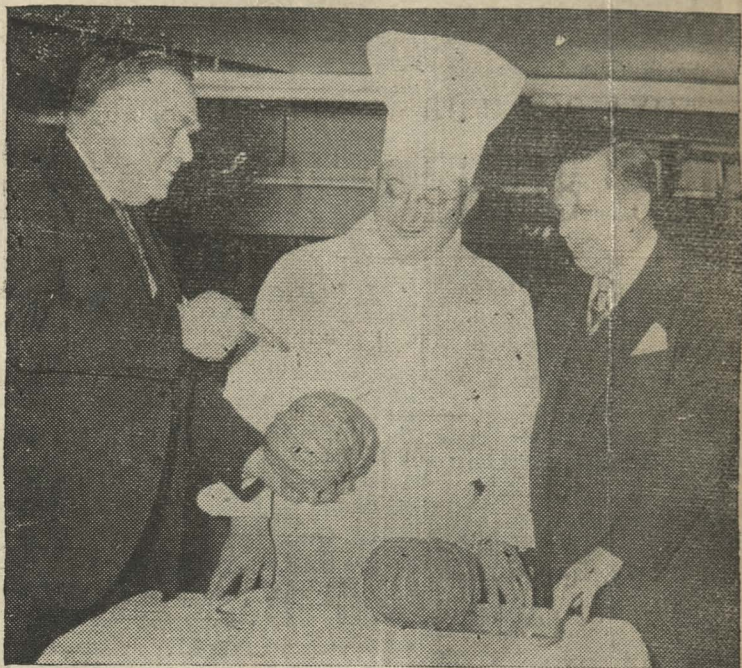
March 29, 1952

Wendell Howes Is Appointed  
Police Chief by Selectmen

During their executive session following the Wednesday night meeting, the Board of Selectmen appointed Patrolman Wendell Howes to the position of Chief of Police. The appointment of Patrolman Howes to this position is subject to the approval of the Civil Service Commission.

The Selectmen picked Howes from a list of three eligible men who had passed Civil Service examination for the position. Acting Chief F. Stuart Chadwick will return to his position as Sergeant as soon as the approval of the Civil Service Commission to the appointment of Patrolman Howes as the permanent Chief is received.

"POMPIONS TO YOU" FROM  
NANTUCKET ISLAND GARDEN



HOTEL STATLER IN BOSTON was presented with two Indian Pumpkins, or "Pompions", grown on the island of Nantucket by Judge George W. Poland, presiding justice of the Probate Court. Unable to be present because of court duties Judge Poland delegated Walter Taylor, long prominent in Massachusetts political circles, to make the presentation to Manager D. B. Stanbro, right and Chef Patsy Mazucchelli of Hotel Statler. Only on Nantucket are these Pompions now to be found. Judge Poland has grown many of them and will preserve the seeds from these two precious specimens for further planting. The Pompions are said to be more sweet and more palatable than any other variety grown.

Feb. 28<sup>th</sup> 1948

Dec. 1949  
Engagement Announced.

Dr. and Mrs. James A. Arne, of Marion, Mass., announced on Sunday the engagement of their daughter, Constance Audrey, to James Allan Wood, son of Mr. and Mrs. Allan D. Wood, of Nantucket.

Miss Arne studied at the Longy School of Music in Boston. She studied piano with Erwin Bodky and Leo Litwin, and organ with the late Frederick Johnson. At present she is studying organ with George Faxon in Boston. She is organist and choir director of St. Gabriel's Episcopal Church in Marion.

Mr. Wood graduated from Nantucket High School in 1943 and attended the Longy School of Music before serving two years with the U. S. Army in the European theatre. He studied organ for two years with E. Power Biggs and at present is studying with George Faxon while finishing his studies at the Longy School. Last summer he received his licentiate degree from the Trinity College of Music in London, Eng. He is organist and choirmaster at the Church of the Good Shepherd in Nashua, N. H., and choir director of the Hudson Community Church.

A June wedding is being planned by the young couple.



## Fragrant Memories

### XX. A Noted Nantucket Educator.

At the opening of school in September, 1881, there appeared at the door of the Oxford Street Grammar School in Worcester, Mass., a young woman fresh from the Normal School eager to begin her career as a teacher, little realizing what the future had in store for her. In June, 1915, this young woman passed out of that same Oxford Street School, having spent thirty-four years (her entire teaching service) in the same building. Very few readers of these lines will recognize this teacher; therefore, let me not keep you in suspense—it was Katherine T. Nevins, of Nantucket.

Since early in the year plans have been under way for a celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the opening of the Oxford Street School. These plans came to a climax on Thursday, June 5, when this notable event was held. Not only did it bring together in reunion pupils of the seventies, the eighties and the nineties, but the Governor himself, not able to attend, sent his regrets and his best wishes.

Mayor Sullivan took active part in the celebration and decorated with the highly-prized orchid those former pupils who attended Oxford Street seventy years and more ago. Former teachers were there to receive particular recognition. It was a really great event, of sufficient importance to warrant the attendance of the representatives of a national magazine whose photographic reproductions of some of the events and people of interest will be distributed far and wide.

Naturally many complimentary remarks were made concerning former principals and teachers, as experiences of old school days were rehearsed, but the name of no teacher was recalled with greater respect and affection than that of the young woman who came to Oxford Street in 1881—Katherine T. Nevins.

When Katherine Nevins began her work she was assigned to Grade I, at an annual salary of \$405.00. When she completed her work she had been advanced to Grade VI at a salary of \$600.00. The school records of 1915 have this note: "Miss Katherine T. Nevins, much-beloved teacher who spent her entire 34 years at Oxford Street, retires."

Katherine Nevins was more than a teacher. Her heart and soul were given for the good of her pupils. If the child's work could not be successfully done during school hours, she would take time out and patiently help the child over the rough places. An unkind word was never known to escape her lips.

Many fine things have been said about this "much-beloved" teacher. I mention but two: a Normal School student, apprenticed to Miss Nevins at Oxford Street after a rather difficult experience elsewhere in getting started, recalls the six weeks in her room as the happiest in her entire teaching career. A former teacher, one of my own dear friends, said of Katherine, "she was the finest Chris-

tian character I ever met." A goodly number of the civic, professional, and business leaders of Worcester, men and women, were pupils of Miss Nevins.

Being considerably older, Miss Nevins had left Nantucket before I had arrived at an age to know her, but Simon Nevins, her younger brother, was my companion in the "Mirror" office sixty-five years ago. Fragrant memories cluster around our friendship.

With reference to the celebration of the Oxford Street School Anniversary, to have been associated with the event in a rather conspicuous way was of considerable pleasure to me. As well as having been born and "educated" in the same town as one of the outstanding teachers of this famous school, it was particularly exhilarating to witness the presentation of an orchid by the Mayor of Worcester to former pupils, one of whom was (78 years ago) Mrs. Alliston Greene (Lorinda Burdon Johnson). Old age has its compensations and fragrant memories.

Alliston Greene.

June 10, 1947.

G, JULY 19, 1947.

### Tablet Dedicated Over Heart of Dr. Charles F. Winslow.

One of the most unusual ceremonies to take place on Nantucket in a number of years occurred at the Newtown (South) Cemetery on Monday afternoon.

Edward Rowe Snow, noted author of books on New England subjects, together with a group of members of the Massachusetts Historical League, came to Nantucket for the memorial services over the spot where the heart of Charles Frederick Winslow, M. D., is buried in the grave of his father and mother.

A tablet was placed and dedicated over the grave of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Winslow, where the heart of Dr. Winslow was interred seventy years ago.

Present were members of the Winslow family name from Nantucket, Boston, Winthrop, Ipswich, Brookline, Cambridge, and from Philadelphia and Dallas, Texas.

Dr. Charles F. Winslow was born in Nantucket in 1811, and sailed the seven seas on scientific expeditions. He died suddenly in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, in 1877, and his will stipulated that his ashes be placed beside the body of his wife, the former Lydia Coffin Jones, of Nantucket, in Mt. Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge, and that his heart be returned to Nantucket and be buried without ceremony, at midnight, in the grave of his parents. This was done, and the interment of the heart was carried out by Capt. Rule and Daniel Russell.

Mr. Snow, who conducted the memorial services at the cemetery, read a telegram of greeting from Arthur Castle Winslow, only living grandson of Dr. Winslow, now residing in San Francisco. Mr. Winslow was for many years in charge of Dr. Winslow's property acquired in the 1850's, when he and other islanders shipped lumber for the '49ers of the Gold Rush days.

Mrs. James C. Oehler, great-grand-

daughter of Dr. Winslow, who came all the way from Texas for the occasion, gave an outline of Dr. Winslow's amazing career from the time that he was educated at Harvard by the whaling interests, to the time when he left the curious will which has attracted nationwide attention at least twice since his death.

While Dr. Winslow had many interests besides medicine, notably politics, foreign trade and the temperance cause, his high consuming passion was scientific research in connection with volcanoes and earthquakes. After traveling to Mexico and the islands of the South Pacific, collecting scientific data, he published his findings in several books.

In 1858, he wrote to Michael Faraday, the great English scientist:

"Our mental prisms may be clear enough one of these days to dissolve the great secret of nature now hidden in the action and reaction of matter and force. At any rate it is by the study of *Atoms* alone that progress can be made."

It is noteworthy that Faraday, whose important theories had not yet been accepted, encouraged the obscure Nantucket physician, by writing:

"I doubt whether any scientists are as yet favorable to such views as ours. If the views be truth it will require time for them to make their view. Still they are announced and I am persuaded will progress, though probably not much in the present generation."

Dr. Will Gardner, following the presentation of the marker by the League's President, Francis Haskell, dedicated it and led the group in prayer. Dr. Gardner is the noted historian of Nantucket and author of the recent historical study, "Three Bricks and Three Brothers." Closing the service, Mrs. Alice Rowe Snow, who rounded the Horn twice in a sailing vessel, played two familiar hymns on the zither.

The inscription on the tablet reads: "The heart of Dr. Charles F. Winslow lies buried here."

Attending the services, in addition to League members, and interested summer visitors to Nantucket, were Winslow descendants of Benjamin Winslow, father of Dr. Winslow. Of the direct descendants of the physician, four attended: Robert Shippen Irving, and his son Robert W. Irving, and daughter Kathleen Winslow Irving, and Mrs. Oehler.

Among the Nantucket Winslows on hand were: Mrs. Isabel (Winslow) Riddell, Miss Mabel Winslow, Miss Maud Winslow, Mrs. Bessie (Winslow) Cartwright, Mrs. Addison T. Winslow, Miss Helen Winslow.

Contributors to the tablet or attending the services were: Louise Bancroft, Alice Snow, Adelina Jones, Elizabeth Fleming, Arthur Noyes, C. A. Hall, Josephine Holt, Mrs. J. C. Oehler, Josephine Hope, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Irving, Robert W. Irving, Connie Leonidas, Daphne Karos, Kathleen Winslow Irving, John Light, Rose Fitch, Ray Lanham, Alice MacDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Corey, Catherine M. MacDonald, S. A. Clark, A. E. Pratt, Margaret Simpson, Isabella Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Rowe Snow, Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Hills, Alicia Hills, Carroll Hills, Francis F. Haskell, Ashford V. Haskins, Arthur C. Winslow, Corisande Winslow, Catherine Griffin.

### Dr. Winslow's Heart.

The "Observant Citizen" in the Boston Post of Monday last, included the following in his column:

Historian Edward Rowe Snow tells me that the final mystery in the famous Nantucket heart story has been solved with the admission by an anonymous Nantucket resident that he buried the heart of Dr. Charles F. Winslow in the old South Cemetery at midnight one autumn week in 1877.

Dr. Winslow had died in Salt Lake City and had sent his heart across the country to be buried at his native Nantucket. Almost every resident of Nantucket had denied the story, but the heart was dug up this summer and found intact, and with the admission by the Nantucket resident that he buried the heart the case has been marked closed.

Dr. Winslow, who loved both his wife, buried at Mt. Auburn, and his mother, buried at Nantucket, had his ashes placed at Mt. Auburn, where his wife rests, after his heart had been cut from his body and sent to Nantucket to be buried in his mother's grave.

In Nantucket, April 9, Sarah Elbeth (Swain) Phillips, widow of late Arthur W. Phillips, aged 77 years, 4 days.

April 1953



# Wyer Recalls Other "Saints of Nantucket."

Am I permitted to comment upon a letter in your issue of February 15—written by a lady and with complete objectivity? With no rhetorical phrases and no purple passages, she portrays the late Father Griffin with a picture so finely limned that its cameo clearness could not have been so clear had not this man of God been factually what she portrayed him. He must have been or, writing so objectively, the picture would have been blurred and out of form. As it is, she has shown us the priest exactly as he was with no distortion.

I was never privileged to know this grand old man, but I was honored several years ago in being a house guest in a home directly opposite the rectory. Often of a morning as I wended my way down toward Main street I would meet the good padre. He did not know me, but usually greeted me with the salutation "This is a beautiful morning". With the peculiar faculty the Irish have of smiling with the eyes rather than with the lips his greeting not only made it a beautiful morning but made me feel through the entire day that I had received an apostolic benediction.

I would not take away his title of "The Saint of Nantucket", but I would ask to have it shared with some others who also deserve it. One such, who preceded Father Griffin, was the Rev. Louise S. Baker, whose pastorate in the North Congregational Church was memorable. An eloquent preacher, and a devoted and sincere follower of the Man of Sorrow, she was herself acquainted with grief, yet all her life she emanated an aura of sweetness and light and hope.

She was much sought after for weddings, and to hear her read the marriage service made one feel that they were not merely listening to a formula, but witnessing a sacrament. No twain that she united could fail to know that their union was irrevocable even if a benighted Legislature never allowed her to pronounce them man and wife. An authorized assistant had to put on the finishing legal touch. I'd call her one of Nantucket's Saints. One of the few causes I have had for self-gratification came when I was asked to be an humble usher at her memorial service in the North Church—as one of "her boys".

There was another member of the cloth who qualified, in my opinion—the Rev. Cyrus Roys, of the Unitarian faith. He was an intellectual free-man, with a sweetness of personal character that endeared him to all. He did his own thinking, but wanted others to do the same. He was a great favorite with the children and as I look back on a highway which has brought me close to the 80th milestone, I realize that children have an instinct lost sometimes to their elders, an instinct which is inerrant in judgment of people. To every child Abraham Lincoln was beautiful, because they discerned the soul within—through the lineaments of the man. I treasure and keep a letter from the Rev. Cyrus Roys' great heart, written at the time I had become engaged to a beautiful and delightful young woman. We have kept

it nearly 50 years, and its kindness, its understanding, and its sincerity make it one of our treasures. He, too, was a saintly man.

Then there was a Methodist minister, whom I can't remember by name, due to failing faculties, but who took over a disorganized church for a few months, after his predecessor had hastily departed from the island. He was not only a man among men, he was a man among boys. Had he stayed longer, I believe he would have tamed us "wild asses of the desert", for he would have sympathized with our love of mischief, but would have directed it into safer and saner channels.

I remember that on my first visit to Boston this fine soul gave up a day to showing me the worth-while things at the Hub, and early in the day discovered what I had never known, that I had defective vision. Taking me to an oculist, he had me fitted out with glasses, which opened far horizons I had never known existed—and if my memory serves, paid the bill as "his treat". As soon as this letter goes into the mail I shall recall the name of this fourth Nantucket Saint.

There must have been others, but I only mention those the orbits of whose lives touched mine, though ever so slightly. I may slightly misquote Kipling and say that they "walked with the King of Kings, nor missed the common touch".

Arthur C. Wyer.

Delhi, N. Y.

P. S. Tell Alliston Greene that I, too, have "fragrant" memories as well as "flagrant" memories.

## The Cats Meet the Boat.

Some of the most interested onlookers when the steamer arrives in port, every afternoon, are often not noticed by persons who go down to the wharf to greet friends or relatives. These are five or six cats, all sizes, shapes and colors, which are kept at the wharf, more or less as pets, by Marshall Barrett.

The cats seem to know just when to expect the boat, coming out from their secret hide-outs under the wharf just as the boat arrives, and as soon as the passengers are all off the steamer, get quite bold. One tan and white one is particularly bold, going on board the boat on occasion, but more often sitting in the middle of the gangway, awaiting another of the cats' friends, the watchman on the steamer.

Every day, after things have quieted down, the watchman brings off any tidbits left over from the meals in the galley, and he is greeted with "open arms" by the pussies.

One of the executives of the company recently observed that damage to shipments by rats at Nantucket is practically non-existent, the cats repaying the company a thousand-fold for their board and lodging in this manner.

Feb. 7<sup>th</sup> 1948

## List of Proprietors of Nantucket Atheneum in 1915.

Appleton, Mrs. Helen E.  
Barnard, Susan R.  
Barney, Mrs. Elizabeth G. M.  
Barrett, Anna  
Bennett, Mrs. Elizabeth C.  
Bodfish, Annie W.  
Brock, Albert G.  
Brock, Susan E.  
Brooks, Mrs. Mary B.  
Brooks, Mrs. Eunice C.  
Brown, Mrs. Mary Ann  
Brown, Mrs. Minnie A.  
Buchanan, Lewis F.  
Bunker, Lauriston  
Burgess, Mrs. Annie A.  
Burgess, Eugene  
Burgess, Mrs. Ellen  
Brayton, Miss  
Cartwright, Benjamin  
Chadwick, Albert S.  
Chase, Mrs. Lena  
Chase, Mary A.  
Chatfield, Mrs. Margaret  
Codd, Eliza  
Codd, William F.  
Coffin, Mrs. Adaline  
Coffin, Albert R.  
Coffin, Charles F.  
Coffin, Mrs. Elizabeth A.  
Coffin, Elizabeth R.  
Coleman, Ellenwood B.  
Cook, Arthur H.  
Cook, Emma  
Cox, Ellen  
Crosby, Mrs. Ella  
Crosby, Mary E.  
Chase, Warren B.  
Crowell, Mrs. Mary E.  
Defriez, Frank  
Elkins, Harriet A.  
Folger, Annie Barker  
Folger, Frederick Willetts  
Folger, Gulielma  
Folger, Mrs. Lizzie A.  
Folger, Lydia M.  
Folger, Mary P.  
Folger, Sarah Joy  
Folger, Susan P.  
Freeborn, Millard F.  
Fuller, Fred V.  
Gardner, Arthur H.  
Gardner, Lydia Bunker  
Gardner, Rebecca A.  
Gardner, Mrs. Susan  
Gardner, Wallace  
Gifford, Mrs. Lizzie M.  
Goodrich, Mrs. Annie M.  
Grant, Mrs. Madeline  
Grouard, Mrs. Lena  
Harps, Harry  
Holland, Mrs. Annie B.  
Hussey, Mrs. Arrietta  
Hussey, Elliott B.  
Hussey, Peter  
Hussey, Roland B.  
Hills, Mrs. Caroline Parker  
Hodge, Mrs. Annie E.  
Jernegan, Ernest H.  
Jones, Arthur W.  
Keane, Mrs. Elizabeth  
Kelley, Mrs. Sarah W.  
Killen, John  
King, Gertrude M.  
King, Mary E.  
King, Robert B.  
Lovell, Mrs. Phebe H.  
Macy, Mrs. Clinton C.  
Mann, Ella  
Marden, Wallace C.  
Mitchell, Mrs. Susan M.  
Mitchell, Mrs. Susan R.  
Mooers, Mrs. Anna R.  
Morissey, Mrs. Charlotte E.  
Mowry, Almon T.  
Murphey, Franklin B.  
Murphey, Josiah F.  
Myrick, Alexander M.  
Myrick, Lucretia C.  
Paddock, Henry  
Paddock, Alvin E.  
Parker, Clinton  
Pease, Mrs. Ellen G.  
Perry, Edward H.  
Pitman, Timothy C.  
Platt, Marie S.  
Ramsdell, Mrs. Lydia  
Remsen, Joseph G.  
Riddell, Elizabeth S.  
Ring, John C.

Roberts, David  
Rule, Mrs. Anna C.  
Russell, Dell  
Simonds, Mrs. Jennie S.  
Small, Mrs. Lydia A.  
Smalley, Mrs. Lovisa  
Smith, Alfred E.  
Smith, William A.  
Smith, William H. H.  
Snow, Jessie B.  
Starbuck, Mary E.  
Swain, Anna G.  
Swain, Mrs. Maria T.  
Swain, Marianna  
Thomas, Mrs. Florence  
Tice, Mrs. Avis S.  
Tice, Mrs. Ida  
Turner, Mrs. Susie E.  
Westgate, James W.  
Whitney, Caroline  
Williams, Benjamin F.  
Winslow, Mrs. Bessie  
Wood, Nannie R.

Many of the shares represented by the above have been transferred to their present owners and are so recorded on the books of the Atheneum. In other cases no transfers have been made.

Shares must be transferred on the books of the society, the old certificate first being given up or shown to be lost. A new certificate will then be issued by the Secretary, under the seal of the corporation.

If there is any question as to the status of any share, inquiry may be made at the Library.



## The Passing of "Miss Kate."

A Personal Chat With Art McGinley in "The Hartford Times."

Nantucket Island's best-known citizen, Catherine A. Roberts—"Miss Kate" to hundreds who have visited the Island in the 50 years the Roberts House has been a Nantucket Institution—passed away last week.

Word of this comes to me from William F. Fitzgerald of Boston, who has been called the "Mayor of Nantucket," and who originated the community sing on the main street of Nantucket, a popular item in the summer life of the town.

"Billy Fitz," as he is known to both the Islanders and the summer visitors, writes this of the passing of Miss Roberts, who had scores of friends among residents of Hartford and vicinity, who have vacationed up there "at the ocean's edge:"

"Dear Art:

Miss Catherine Roberts, known as 'Mis Kate' to thousands throughout the United States, passed away on New Year's Day. She was 74 years old, having been born on Apr. 3, 1876, on Nantucket Island.

She had been found in the hall near her bedroom at the Roberts House early on the morning of Dec. 29, by her older sister, Mary, having fallen and dislocated her hip. She was taken to Nantucket Hospital, where she entered into her heavenly reward on the morning of Jan. 1.

Word was cabled her sister, Alice Roberts, who recently retired after long service as postmaster of Nantucket, and who was in Paris after having attended the ceremony of the closing of the Holy Door at Rome. Alice left Paris by plane at once and arrived the following day at the East Boston Airport, where she was met by Mrs. Charles F. Hurley, widow of the former Governor Hurley, and myself.

The funeral services brought a great tribute to 'Miss Kate.' All business on the Island was closed down and the Church of Our Lady of the Isle was filled to overflowing as the townspeople, regardless of race, creed or color, came to pay last respects. Ten priests from various parishes in the Fall River Diocese arrived by plane, and one from Baltimore, Md., for the huge requiem Mass.

I sang at the Mass, my last little tribute to 'Miss Kate' who had been like a mother to me in the 20 years I have been going to the Island."

Jan. 1951

JUNE 9, 1951

## The New "Dreamland Theatre" Re-Opens on This Saturday.

The people of Nantucket have been watching the renovation of Dreamland Theater with great interest, during the winter months, and when the doors open at 5:30 this (Saturday) afternoon, a record crowd of patrons is expected.

The first thing that one notices about the outside of the theater is that the porch has been removed and the main building extended towards South Water street, with the entrance at the level of the sidewalk. The box office has been relocated at the front of the building and one now buys his ticket and then enters through the doors at the center of the building.

There is now a small lobby, separated from the hall by another set of doors. The inside of the theater has been tastefully redecorated in shades of light green and tan, with green figured carpeting on the floor, colonial green ceiling, and cream walls and woodwork. Curtains surrounding the screen and the lower exits are in forest green, adding to the pleasant color scheme.

The hall looks much larger than before, although it has the same number of seats. The seats, which have comfortable cushions, are arranged in a slight semi-circle and are staggered so that the screen may be seen without difficulty from any seat in the theater. The aisles have been widened, adding to the impression that the hall is larger.

The front of the hall is very attractive, with the green curtains, and a cream colored curtain, controlled from the projection booth, covering the screen between pictures.

The curtain covering the screen will be opened and closed between pictures, and is controlled electrically from the projection room.

There are four exits in the building, not counting the lobby entrance, two located at each end of the hall. The men's and ladies' rest rooms are at the back of the theater, and have also been relocated and completely redesigned and equipped.

The projection room is reached by means of a door at the side of the building, or through the box office. The room is completely fireproofed and has been built according to Massachusetts safety standards. There are three small rooms opening off the projection room, one for the rewinding of film, one for the rectifiers and voltage supplies for the projectors, and a small room containing circuit breakers and other protective devices.

Two new projectors and complete new sound equipment have been installed, all of the equipment in the projection room being of the most modern type.

The large billboards outside the theater have been eliminated, and in their place is a small, illuminated board to the right of the entrance. A small marquee has been constructed over the entrance to the theater, adding greatly to its "different" appearance.

There has been no attempt to give Dreamland Theater a "modernistic" appearance, although many modern ideas and developments have been incorporated. The outside of the building is, in our opinion, perfectly in keeping with the surroundings and with Nantucket architecture, and presents a pleasing picture to the eye.

Reita Hull will be in the box office, as in the past, and Edwin Scully will be taking the tickets.

When the public enters the "new" Dreamland Theater for the first time, it will find that the results of the management's months of planning and alterations will have been well worth waiting for. We would like to offer congratulations to the owners for a good job, well done.

The movies will begin at 5:45, 7:30 and 9:15 p. m., being run continuously so that patrons may enter the theater at any time. This will be a new innovation for Nantucket, and is designed to eliminate the extremely bad conditions which previously occurred when the crowd leaving the first show had to force its way through the people waiting outside for the second show to begin.

Year DIED 1947

In New Bedford, June 21st, George Smith Furber, a native of Nantucket, aged 51 years, 1 month, 4 days. Interment at Martha's Vineyard.

## Death of George S. Furber in New Bedford.

George Smith Furber, a native of Nantucket and son of Mrs. Mary S. Furber and the late Capt. Charles H. Furber, died at his home in New Bedford on Saturday last, following an attack of coronary occlusion, death being practically instantaneous.

Although living on the mainland the past quarter of a century, the deceased ever remained loyal to his home town and always received a cordial greeting whenever he came to the island, whether as a representative of the Telephone Company or on a fraternal visit.

He received his education in the Nantucket schools and graduated from the local high school in the class of 1915. Following graduation he became a night operator for the Telephone Company and filled that position for two years. He went to camp in October, 1917, with the group of Nantucket boys responding to the call to service in the 1st World War.

He served in France in the 302d Infantry and when the conflict was over he returned to this country and worked until 1921 for the local Gas & Electric Company. He then accepted employment with the Kellogg Cornflake Company, and in October of that year returned to the Telephone Company, to work in the cable department in New Bedford.

He was promoted to the position of conduit foreman and in 1940 became Right-of-Way Agent for District 3 of the New England Telephone & Telegraph Company, which includes New Bedford, Fall River, the Cape and the Islands—a position which he filled with marked ability, winning the con-

fidence of the company and the officials of all towns and cities in which he came in contact.

The deceased served as president of the Local Union 17 of the International Brotherhood of Telephone Workers for approximately ten years. He was also vice-president of the Southern Massachusetts Telephone Workers Credit Union.

He was a member of Byron L. Spillaro Post No. 82, American Legion, of Nantucket, was a member of Union Lodge, F. & A. M., and Isle of the Sea, Royal Arch Chapter, both of this town. He was also a member of the Pacific Club of Nantucket.

On the 3rd of October, 1925, he married Miss Berta Fuller, of Vineyard Haven. They have one daughter, Miss Helen Furber. Besides his wife and daughter, he is survived by his mother, Mrs. Mary S. Furber, two sisters, Mrs. Alice Nickerson and Mrs. Miriam Dooling. He also leaves a nephew, Gilbert Nickerson, of Nantucket.

Funeral services were held at W. son's Funeral Home in New Bedford at 11 a. m., Tuesday, conducted by Rev. Gerald Kendall, pastor of the Baptist Church in New Bedford. A delegation from the local Legion post had planned to fly over to the Vineyard to conduct the committal services, but the severe storm made it impossible for planes to fly and the Legion Post of Tisbury acted for the American Legion Post of Nantucket.

The pall-bearers were all telephone men, including Henry J. Wardick, John F. Lougee, Robert C. Cade, Theodore Ellis, Ronald Cowing, Albert La Brode, William Jenney and James Carney. The pall-bearers accompanied the body to Vineyard Haven and officiated at the committal in Oak Grove cemetery, Vineyard Haven.



## Arthur Marshall Barrett.

Arthur Marshall Barrett, a real Nantucketer, died at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston, Tuesday evening, July 14, following a short illness.

Mr. Barrett, who was the son of the late George W. Barrett and Agnes (Marshall) Barrett, now of Bath, England, was born on the old Barrett farm in Madaket on July 3, 1887. He received his education in the Nantucket schools, following which he entered the U.S. Navy, serving for about eight years prior to World War I. During World War I he served in the Merchant Marine as First Officer on Standard Oil tankers.

On December 29, 1919, he married Miss Eda Coleman, of Nantucket, at the "Little Church Around the Corner" (Church of the Transfiguration) in New York City. Returning to Nantucket in 1920, he entered the shell-fishery and later became a painter. In December, 1942, he became the night watchman at the Steamboat Wharf, a position which he held until 1946, when he was transferred to the freight house.



During his six years as "freight master" at the Wharf, Marshall, as he was known to everyone on the island, made hundreds of friends among Nantucketers and summer residents alike, all of whom will miss his dry humor and the sly twinkle in his eyes. His patience in answering the myriads of questions tossed in his direction by our summer visitors was exceeded only by his uncanny ability as a weather forecaster and his knowledge of the island and its people. He was a member of the Wharf Rat Club, whose flag has been at half-staff along with those of the island steamers in respect to his memory.

In addition to his widow and his mother, Mr. Barrett is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Henry J. Diotte, of East Braintree and Nantucket; a son, George Ellingwood Barrett, U.S.N., now at sea aboard the S. S. Saipan; a granddaughter, Virginia Diotte, and a grandson, Carlton Marshall Barrett. He also leaves a sister, Mrs. D. A. Benjamin, of Minneapolis, Minn., and several nieces and nephews.

Funeral services will be conducted at three o'clock this afternoon at St. Paul's Church in Nantucket, the Rev. Bradford Johnson officiating. Interment will be in Prospect Hill Cemetery.

It is requested that, in lieu of flowers, contributions be made to the Memorial Fund at the Nantucket Cottage Hospital.

## Susan Van Kleeck Menges.

Susan Julia Mayer Van Kleeck Menges, wife of Dr. Ernest H. Menges, of Nantucket, passed away at her home on Main Street Tuesday evening, December 9, after an illness of several months. First stricken while on a trip to Mexico last winter, she had apparently made a complete recovery when the illness recurred early this fall.

Mrs. Menges was born in White Plains, N. Y., November 8, 1908, the daughter of Mrs. Frederick B. Van Kleeck, now of Nantucket, and of the late Mr. Van Kleeck, of White Plains. Her grandfather, Frederick B. Van Kleeck, was formerly Archdeacon of Grace Church in White Plains. She attended Castle School in Tarrytown, N. Y., and St. John the Baptist School in Mendon, N. J. Before her marriage to Dr. Menges in White Plains on March 20, 1933, she had spent many summers with her family at their summer home, "The Maples" in Siasconset.

For many years Mrs. Menges was active in the Women's Auxiliary of the Nantucket Cottage Hospital, serving as president of the organization in 1938 and 1939. She was active in the work of St. Paul's Church in Nantucket, formerly serving on the Altar Guild, of which she was also president at one time. She was a former president of the Church Service League and a member of the Women's Auxiliary of St. Paul's which succeeded the League.

She was a member of the Nantucket Yacht Club, the Nantucket Historical Association, and the Wharf Rat Club of Nantucket, and was a former member of the Siasconset Casino Association.

In addition to her husband and her mother, she is survived by her daughter, Elizabeth Van Kleeck Menges, her sister, Mrs. Hammond W. Jones, of Fresno, California, and her brother, Frederick B. Van Kleeck, Jr., of Phoenix, Arizona.

Funeral services were held at three o'clock Friday afternoon at St. Paul's Church in Nantucket. The Rev. Bradford Johnson, rector of the church, officiated, assisted by Dr. William E. Gardner. Interment was in Nantucket.

## DIED

In Nantucket, December 9, 1952, Susan Van Kleeck Menges, wife of Dr. Ernest H. Menges, aged 44 years, 1 month, 1 day.

In this town, April 21, Eugene M. Perry, aged 73 years, 3 days.

1947.

## Death of Eugene M. Perry.

Eugene M. Perry passed away at the Nantucket Hospital during the noon hour Monday, after an illness of only a few weeks, which had baffled all medical skill. His death is unquestionably a great loss to the community as a whole and to hundreds of our citizens it means the removal of a friend and advisor.

The deceased had lived a full life and held the esteem of everyone. Fishermen always found him a wise counsellor and a friend whose advice could always be relied upon. In his various interests he was one whose word was ever dependable.

Mr. Perry was born at St. Michael's in the Azores, on the 18th of April, 1874, and came to this country when a lad, living in New Bedford many years before taking up his legal residence on Nantucket. He became a naturalized citizen in 1895 and in 1901 registered as a legal voter in Nantucket.

He entered the employ of the island steamboat company when a young man and rose steadily until he became chief engineer. He served many years on the side-wheeler Gay Head. He then engaged in whaling in the Arctic and went out from San Francisco as engineer on the William Baylies, making several voyages and passing through some very interesting experiences.

Upon retiring from the sea, Mr. Perry conducted a tobacco shop and pool room on the south side of Main street, in which capacity he became well-known to the male population of the town and won and held their confidence through close association and friendship. He entered upon a partnership with Herbert H. Coffin and, for a time, they conducted a wholesale quahaug business on Old North wharf, at the site where the Wharf Rat Club now holds forth.

On the 16th of October, 1940, Mr. Perry was appointed a member of Selective Service Board No. 172, of Nantucket, taking the oath before Governor Saltonstall. He held that position until his death and rendered faithful service, missing only one or two meetings of the local Board during the more than six years that passed. His familiarity with the problems of the fishing business and the men who manned the boats made him especially valuable to the other members of the Board and also to the State Board.

His interests in the fishing business increased from year to year and for a number of years he has operated the schooner Anna C. Perry. His most recent venture was the part-ownership with Stanley B. Butler, Sr., in the large fishing boat Catherine T., which was built during the winter and early spring of 1944.

He was also part owner of Dreamland Moving Picture Theatre, in the operation of which he took keen interest and always extended a greeting to all ages. For a number of years the deceased had served as one of the directors of the Pacific National Bank and he also served as a trustee of the Nantucket Cottage Hos-

pital. He was a member of the John B. Chace Engine Co. No. 4, of the Pacific Club, the Wharf Rat Club, the Knights of Columbus, the Holy Name Society and of Wauwinet Tribe of Red Men.

On the 25th of June, 1900, he married Miss Annie Nevins of Nantucket, who survives him.

The deceased is also survived by a daughter, Mrs. Catherine Perry Flanagan, and two grandsons, Charles and Robert Flanagan, all of Dorchester; three sisters, Mrs. Mary Cardoza, Mrs. Laura Rogers and Mrs. Helen Higginbottom, and three brothers, Messrs. Henry, Joseph and George Perry, all of New Bedford.

Funeral services were held in St. Mary's Church, Thursday morning, Rev. Fr. William Shovelton officiating. Pall bearers were Messrs. John McDonald, James Walsh, Anthony R. Sylvia, George Hamblin, Tobias Fleming, and John Conway. The honorary pall bearers included J. B. Ashley, 3rd, George M. Lake, Emile Genesky, George H. Mackay, Stanley B. Butler, Herbert H. Coffin, John Anastos, and Patrick Robinson. Interment was in the Catholic Cemetery.





THE VETERANS' HOUSING COMMUNITY

*Houses built in year 1950*

#### Death of John H. Bartlett, Sr.

Having been in failing health for a number of years, John H. Bartlett, Sr., proprietor of Ocean View Farm, passed away early Wednesday morning at the Nantucket Hospital, at the advanced age of eighty-three years. He was one of the most highly esteemed citizens of Nantucket, a man who held the respect and confidence of the entire community.

For many years he maintained one of the leading farms on the island and was progressive in the effort to develop the dairy business as well as farming. As president of the Nantucket Agricultural Society, he did more than any other man to keep the organization active, even after the changes in conditions brought the end to the "cattle show" in 1934.

A thorough gentleman, always courteous and helpful, the deceased held the esteem of all ages. As long as his health would permit, Mr. Bartlett continued making weekly trips from his farm to town and each Saturday afternoon he would sit by the window in the Pacific Club-room, looking up over the cobbled square and enjoying in full measure the acquaintance and fellowship which the club-room affords.

Aside from his connection with the Agricultural Society, the deceased was allied with state agricultural societies and several other organizations. He was allied with the Nantucket Grange and has filled numerous offices in that body.

The deceased is survived by his widow and by two sons and two daughters, namely: Victor and John H. Bartlett, Jr., Miss Helen Bartlett and Mrs. Marie Manning, all of the town. He also leaves four grandsons.

Funeral services were held yesterday (Friday) afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in the vestry of the Congregational church, the Rev. Claude Bond officiating.

*year DIED 1947*

In this town, March 12, John H. Bartlett, Sr., aged 82 years, 9 months, 20 days.

In this town, May 30, Nannie L. Bartlett, widow of the late John H. Bartlett, Sr., aged 79 years, 11 months, 29 days. *year 1947*

#### Funeral Services.

Funeral services for the late Mrs. Nannie L. Bartlett, widow of John H. Bartlett, Sr., were held Monday afternoon in the Old North vestry, conducted by the pastor, Rev. Claude Bond. Interment was in the family lot in Prospect Hill cemetery. Mrs. Bartlett passed away on Friday of last week at the Nantucket Hospital, where she had been a patient for about a week.

The deceased was a native of Washington, D. C. Her husband passed away on the 12th of March.

The couple are survived by two daughters and two sons, namely: Miss Helen Bartlett, Mrs. Marie Bartlett Manning, Victor Bartlett and John H. Bartlett, Jr., all of Nantucket. There are several grand-children.

at Nantucket.

In Nantucket, April 4, 1953, Alvin E. Paddock, aged 84 years, 11 months, 28 days.

#### Alvin E. Paddock.

Alvin E. Paddock, a lifelong resident of Nantucket, died at the Nantucket Cottage Hospital Saturday morning, April 4, after a short illness. Mr. Paddock was born in Nantucket on April 7, 1868, and except for a brief period when he attended school on the mainland, had lived here quietly, devoting his life to teaching the children of Nantucket how to make full use of their hands as well as their minds.

A shy, retiring man, he was one of five sons of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Paddock, the only one of the family to remain on the island. From 1918 until he retired some twenty years later he taught woodworking and blue-printing to the boys, and girls, too, for a time, at the Coffin School. Following his retirement in 1938 he maintained an office at the Coffin School in his capacity as president of the Board of Trustees of the School, keeping up his interest in the youth of the town.

He was a Sustaining member of the Maria Mitchell Association, and worked for many years as assistant to Miss Margaret Harwood at the Maria Mitchell Observatory. He also served on the Library Committee of that organization, a position he held at the time of his death. He was a shareholder and Proprietor of the Nantucket Athenaeum Library and was elected President-Emeritus several years ago.

Funeral services were held at the Lewis Funeral Home Monday afternoon, the Rev. George L. Michelson, minister of the First Baptist Church of Nantucket, officiating. Interment was in Newtown Cemetery.



Nantucket Man Writes of His Boston Newspaper Days.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes once said that the Boston State House was the hub of the Solar System, and you couldn't pry that idea out of a Bostonian's head if you had all creation straightened out for a crowbar.

The name of that other wisecracker—the author of the lines about the Lowells and the Cabots in which he refers to Boston as “the home of the bean and the cod”—is unknown to me. I suspect he was a Yale man. Perhaps those exclusive Cabots “who talked only with God” are descendants of Giovanni Caboto, otherwise known as John Cabot, the Italian explorer who sailed under the flag of England and discovered the North American continent. But whosoever they were, it was a fellow countryman of Giovanni's who discovered the gullibility of not a few Bostonians.

The name of this later-day Italian who put over on the supposedly sophisticated residents of Boston one of the most astounding get-rich-quick swindles ever to originate in the human mind was Charles Ponzi. He was a small chap—in fact, although always smartly dressed, rather insignificant looking—but he possessed the nerve of a tight-rope walker crossing Niagara and the confidence of a dictator.

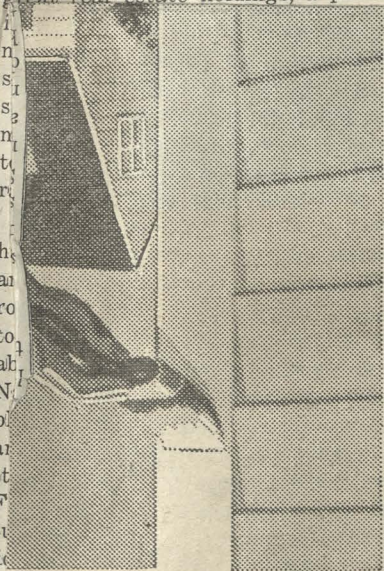
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bandmaster, the late John Philip Sousa, also direct a similar great chorus and orchestra. I little dreamed that one day I should be in close personal touch with the world's greatest “March King”.

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At the interview Mr. Sousa was both kindly and helpful; an attitude I welcomed as I was quite green at the business. Modestly speaking of his celebrated marches, he said he had received only ninety dollars for all the rights to “Stars and Stripes Forever” which many have classified as one of our national anthems.

“By the way,” he said with a smile, “that reminds me of the first piece I ever tried to sell. I tramped with it from one dealer to another, until I was well nigh desperate. Finally I went into the offices of a Washington concern. The manager was kindly but not in the least interested in my composition. First I offered it for



STAYS

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“It's just the delay that bothers me,” said Mr. Pease.

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Mr. and Mrs. Eben Hutchinson, Sr., are planning on an all trip down to Nantucket High School, serving in the

1866, and before entering the Congress at Attleboro, Mass., April 3, Stamford, Conn. Mr. Long was

Rev. William J. Long, who today Nantucket extends congratulations

Mr. and Mrs. Fred B. Magalhães

Mr. and Mrs. E. Pease and Mr. and Mrs. Byron E. Pease and Mr. and

Dr. and Mrs. R. H. Gifford were

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Wood, Jr.,

Mrs. J. C. Emery returned to her

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Mr. and Mrs. Irvin M. Weyer, who

Dr. Wylie L. Collins, who recently

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William Crosby Bennett.

Sixth St., Manhattan Beach, Calif.

Personals



## Nantucket Man Writes of His Boston Newspaper Days.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes once said that the Boston State House was the hub of the Solar System, and you couldn't pry that idea out of a Bostonian's head if you had all creation straightened out for a crowbar.

The name of that other wisecracker—the author of the lines about the Lowells and the Cabots in which he refers to Boston as “the home of the bean and the cod”—is unknown to me. I suspect he was a Yale man. Perhaps those exclusive Cabots “who talked only with God” are descendants of Giovanni Caboto, otherwise known as John Cabot, the Italian explorer who sailed under the flag of England and discovered the North American continent. But whosoever they were, it was a fellow countryman of Giovanni's who discovered the gullibility of not a few Bostonians.

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In eight months Ponzi transformed himself from a \$16-per-week clerk, without any bank account, into a big banker, a multi-millionaire owner of great real estate holdings, a palatial residence in historic Lexington, principal stockholder in one of Boston's largest banks, and tremendous accounts in a dozen others.

Without any previous experience, he founded his banking business on personal notes alone; promising fifty per cent. in ninety days. Without any advertising save by word of mouth from those who got in early enough to cash in on their investment, in that eight months he had taken in the amazing sum of more than fifteen million dollars. No wonder nearly all Boston developed a get-rich-fast complex.

Often, when going into Boston on business, I was obliged to steer clear of School street where Ponzi had his offices, to avoid the crowds waiting outside to hand over their life savings to this creator of fortunes over night—this modern King Midas. Gaunt old maids from Back Bay were there, ready to part with their money as if it were pest ridden; widows in black veils, pretty stenographers, clerks from nearby stores, fruit peddlers in overalls, young and old, rich and poor, some looking affluent, others down at the heel, jostled and pushed each other around, and sometimes actually came to blows for a place in line outside that magic entrance.

To those of us sent to interview Ponzi he did not hold himself aloof. Rather he seemed to enjoy it. He explained that upon receiving money from his investors he immediately converted it into Italian lire, or other foreign money, and through his agents abroad purchased postal reply coupons, which under an international agreement in force (at the time) in several European countries, were redeemable at the normal and not the prevailing rate of exchange.

In turn, he said, these coupons were transmitted to Holland, then to Roumania, Spain, Bulgaria, France, Greece, or any other country which was a party to international agreement, and where the rate of exchange made possible a profit. Usually, he told us, the accumulated profits on several transactions amounted to over 400 per cent., thereby enabling him to

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“By the way,” he said with a smile, “that reminds me of the first piece I ever tried to sell. I tramped with it from one dealer to another, until I was well nigh desperate. Finally I went into the offices of a Washington concern. The manager was kindly but not in the least interested in my composition. First I offered it for \$25. He thought \$25 exorbitant. Sadly I took it up to go. Next to the door I saw a whole lot of dictionaries. ‘Will you give me a dictionary for it?’ I suggested. ‘Yes,’ he said, and so I sold my first piece.”

My last meeting with Mr. Sousa was in Los Angeles, just prior to his final retirement and not long before his death in 1932. When I met him by appointment at the Biltmore he had evidently forgotten he was due at the same hour at a luncheon given in his honor by some local civic group. Our interview was a long one. It concerned the filming of a book he had once written, bearing the intriguing title, “The Fifth String”. Out of the corner of my eye I could see the luncheon party already assembled in an adjoining room, milling around and glaring at me, because, as they supposed, I was detaining their honor guest.

Naturally, I could not interrupt Mr. Sousa as he outlined a plan of procedure with the publishers who held the copyright—the Bobbs-Merrill Company, whose president, John Jay Curtis, I knew very well. When I later learned that the “March King” had to leave before the luncheon was half over to be on hand for his matinee, I do not believe I wasted any tears.

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ty favored their cause. However, all this occurred so long ago I may have misunderstood him.

The Bell, where we were lunching, was in those days quite a famous Bohemian resort. Founded in 1795 by “Old Jimmy” Wilson, the town crier, its three low-studded, wainscoted rooms, with floors daily strewn with fresh sand, and old-fashioned brass-handled pumps at the bar, had remained unchanged, except for one shift in location. On the walls, I recall, were some really valuable old prints, theatre bills and the like, but few of the customers noticed them as the place was usually so dark that one had to strike a match to tell the time of day.

Until the fearful days of Prohibition, the old sign, a crier's bell grasped in a man's hand, symbolic of its founder's calling, hung outside the entrance; first next door to the Exchange Coffee House, but along about the middle of last century, it was moved to Pi Alley, a narrow lane running from Washington street to the rear of the City Hall, which was said to derive its name from the printers at a nearby newspaper office throwing pied type out into the alleyway rather than redistribute it in the cases.

At the sign of The Bell only malt liquors, such as beer and ale, were served, and its patrons as varied as an English “pub” it so closely resembled. Hackmen and teamsters and often a Harvard professor joined the “bibulous riff-raff of no particular identity” to empty their pewter mugs and depart. From nearby stores and offices, however, not a few business and professional men lingered for lunch.

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Like the famous Mississippi bubble of an earlier day, Ponzi's inflated scheme burst. His stories of how he doubled and sometimes trebled the amazing flood of dollars invested with him were fantastic lies. He never had a scheme for manipulating foreign exchange. He had no vast amounts of money in Europe—no army of foreign agents. Anyone who received a profit from Ponzi got it in the age-old swindle of robbing Peter to pay Paul. As long as gullible Peters poured cash into Ponzi's lap he could pay the early-day Pauls.

When exposed he went down with a crash. His assets totaled a million and a half—his liabilities six million and a half. Under a Federal charge, he was sent to jail, where he remained four years. Upon his release he was arrested by the State as a common thief and, after a great many delays, he was deported back to his native Italy, where another four-busher by the name of Benito Mussolini was beginning to attract attention.

“Ponized Finance” hit Boston the same year President Wilson returned from Europe with the treaty he had signed without the consent of the Senate, and with which it would have nothing to do. Perhaps if it had acted otherwise much blood and tears might have been spared. The President's ship docked at Boston, where he was to deliver his first speech in the great hall at the Mechanics Building. As he came ashore his face gave no warning of the change I was to see a couple of years later when he sat beside Mr. Harding, with drooping mouth and vacant stare, on his way to the Capitol for the latter's inauguration.

All seats in the Mechanics Building had been distributed far in advance among the favored. Even standing room was unavailable. I was so anxious to hear what the President had to say about the Treaty and the League of Nations that I resolved on a bold plan. When the President's party and the Governor's arrived at the stage entrance I casually joined them. For a moment, as we entered the building, I could have sworn the police captain at the door had his eye on me, but I marched bravely by him and, seating myself uninvited on the platform, did my best to look dignified. Little did I realize at the time that directly in front of me sat two future presidents—Governor Coolidge and the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, the Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt. It was in that same huge building, at the close of the Civil War, my father and mother attended a Peace Jubilee at which Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, the outstanding bandmaster of that day, conducted an orchestra and chorus of one thousand performers, with the distinguished Ole Bull in the violin section. The greatest hit of the evening, my mother said, was the rendering of the Anvil Chorus from “Il Trovatore”, with twelve cannon stationed outside keeping time. There, thirty years later, I was privileged to hear another

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I remember following a crowd of two or three hundred well-dressed young men, with several girls in their midst, as they went up Washington street from Milk, smashing window after window, and robbing the stores. Across from the Macular Parker store I saw two hoodlums hold up a man in true western movie fashion, and go through his pockets, with at least five hundred people looking on. Never before had staid old Boston witnessed such disgraceful scenes.

It had all started when the Boston Police, dissatisfied with working conditions and pay, organized a union, affiliating with the American Federation of Labor. Mr. Curtis, the police commissioner, forbade the men to join the union, and when they disobeyed his orders he dismissed several ring leaders from the force. Thereupon, practically every patrolman went out on strike, leaving the city at the mercy of the lawless elements.

Calvin Coolidge had become Governor of Massachusetts. Careful not to act too hastily, fearing he might make a false move and thereby jeopardize his political future, he delayed taking positive action, leaving the matter mainly in the hands of the commissioner. Finally he was forced to accede to the demands of the citizens and called out the state militia. Order was restored with comparatively little bloodshed. Only two of the strikers or their sympathizers, as I recall, were fatally wounded when the soldiers were obliged to fire upon them.

In the meantime, old Samuel Gom-pers, president of the American Federation of Labor, had telegraphed Governor Coolidge, asking him to suspend the commissioner's order forbidding the men to join a labor union. This time the careful chief state executive made the right move, replying “there was no right to strike against the public safety by anyone, anywhere, anytime”. This message, short and to the point, made Coolidge a national hero overnight. It eventually landed him in the White House.

One day when lunching at the Ball-in-Hand, an old Boston ale house, Mr. Gompers entered and sat down at my table. Over our food and mellowing drink we naturally engaged in conversation. I found my companion a mild-spoken man but undoubtedly one in whom a quick temper lay not far below the surface. He had the appearance of an English Jew, and I was not surprised when he told me he was born in the part of London inhabited by that race. He said he was a cigar maker by trade but from boyhood had been a zealous worker in the cause of labor. Coming to America at an early age he had taken out citizenship papers at twenty-one.

I was rather surprised at his remarking he had always opposed any alliance of labor with political parties. It was a well-known fact that some years before I met him his organization, which he had helped found and headed as its president, had inaugurated a campaign whereby wage earners used their political influence to secure nomination and election of persons to Congress regardless of par-

ever, all misunderstood him. The Bell, where we were lunching, was in those days quite a famous Bohemian resort. Founded in 1795 by “Old Jimmy” Wilson, the town crier, its three low-studded, wainscoted rooms, with floors dally strewn with fresh sand, and old-fashioned brass-handled pumps at the bar, had remained unchanged, except for one shift in location. On the walls, I recall, were some really valuable old prints, theatre bills and the like, but few of the customers noticed them as the place was usually so dark that one had to strike a match to tell the time of day.

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Well do I recall those thick tender slices of beef, the starchy Old English cheese, the Philip and Cunard sandwiches (no tastier brand ever increased in tin), and the mugs of Burton's Ale drawn from the old-fashioned, brass-handled pumps at the bar—the same delicious British beverage that inspired Hausman to write:

Oh, many a peer of England brews Liveller liquor than the Muse. Say, for what were hop-yards mean? Or why was Burton built on Trent?

One other restaurant I remember in the city, in a way similar, as far as cosmopolitanism goes, to the old Bell-in-Hand. This was Durgin and Parks', in the down-town district, across from the Quincy Market. A Hollywood friend tells me it is still there doing business. I wonder if I would get the same kick out of going there now? [No—you surely would not—as we well know.—Ed.]

Into this eating house, in the good old days, and probably now, flocked the marksmen and the fishdealers, the workers from the warehouses and truck drivers, the longshoremen and the farmers bringing in garden stuff from nearby farms. Down the center ran long tables with red-checked table-cloths, and between them in plain sight of producers and marketers, cooks prepared the fish, fowl, meat and vegetables they ate. Needless to mention, it was good “chow”.

It is said there are some 15 different cuts for steaks. I am certain they were all on the bill of fare. And what steaks they were! In their enjoyment one overlooked the butcher, in his blood-stained overalls and frock at the end of the table; or the fellow across the way who balanced peas so expertly on the blade of his knife. Turning to places more classy and much more exclusive, there was the old Parker House, at the corner of School, near King's Chapel, the famous Parker House Roll carrying its name and fame throughout the world. You will recall it was about “Parker's” that Dr. Holmes wrote his well-remembered lines: Turn half way round, and let your look survey The white facade that gleams across the way— The many windowed building, tall and wide, The palace inn that shows its northern side In grateful shadow when sunbeams beat The granite wall in summer's scorching heat. This is the place; whether its name you spell Tavern or caravanseal or hotel. Such guests! What famous names its record boasts, Whose owners wander in a mob of ghosts.

There, too, was the Adams House, on Washington street, of cherished personal memories, because there we spent our honeymoon, and as neighbors at breakfast had that most beloved and most hated agnostic, Bob Ingersoll, and seated with him the gentle Irish playwright and actor, James A. Hearn, whose “Shore Acres” we had seen at one of the theatres on the previous evening.

And again, there was Young's Hotel, with its unequalled lobster salad, famous chops and steaks so tender you could cut them with a fork. I remember way, way back when Young's opened its doors exclusively for the male sex, and how surprised mother and I were, when walking by one evening, to see the feathers on a lady's hat through one of the dining-room windows.

With Nantucket people it used to be a toss-up—or at least it was with

three generations of our family—whether on visiting Boston to “put up” at the old Sherman House in Court Square where the dining-room floor was composed of black and white marble squares, like a huge checker board; or register at the United States Hotel where the most marvelous dinner was served for a dollar.

Daniel Webster, when in the city, usually stopped at the United States, and there my great-grandmother, when a member from Nantucket of the State Legislature attended a reception given by Mr. Webster on Wednesday evening, October 12, 1835—I know the exact date because my sister has the cherished invitation card which was reproduced in her popular book, “Through the Hawse-Hole”.

In reminiscently wandering among these famous hotels and eating places—many no longer in existence—one must not overlook the wonderful menus at the Boston Tavern; or those at Clark's, where cream cheese and Ba-le-Duc was served in the lounge at tea time; or the fried scallops and fish-balls at both the Quincy and the Crawford House; or Marston's plain but tasty foods, with old Mr. Marston himself making a ritual of testing the morning coffee; or Gridley's, with its famed wheat cakes, sausage and genuine Vermont maple syrup awaiting the breakfast patron.

Well and pleasantly remembered, too, are Jake Wirth's, famous for its beer and song; Billy Parks', beloved by Harvard students; and, last but not least, Brigham's Oyster House, where, after the theatre—and what shows and great stars there were in those days!—one sat in a cozy little nook, with best girl opposite, consuming those steaming bowls of heavenly butter on a lady's hat through one of the dining-room windows.

William Crosby Bennett, 508 Sixth St., Manhattan Beach, Calif.



May 31st 1947

## THE INQUIRY

### The Flag at Old North Burial Ground.

On Thursday of last week a small flag was placed on a grave in the Old North Burial Ground, remained there one or two days and was then carried away by a number of boys who, unaware of its significance, had thoughtlessly removed it.

The grave was that of Captain Robert Inott, of Nantucket, and the occasion for its decoration with the small flag was National Maritime Day—May 22—a day set aside some 17 years ago by the late Franklin D. Roosevelt in commemoration of the first passage by a steam vessel across the Atlantic Ocean. This voyage, of course, was that of the *Savannah*, which sailed from the city of that name in Georgia, May 22, 1819, and made the Western Ocean crossing to Liverpool, England, on June 20.

The log of the *Savannah* is still in existence, and the name of her commander on that crossing is Capt. Moses Rogers. It may be something of a puzzle, therefore, to understand the connection of the ship with Capt. Inott. The sign which was placed in Old North, a number of years ago, is rather misleading.

Capt. Robert Inott was born in Nantucket July 3, 1764, son of Joseph and Elizabeth Gardner Inott. In 1784 he married Judith, daughter of Paul Folger. When William Rotch went to France with the group of Nantucket whaling masters who established a fleet at Dunkirk, Captain Robert Inott was one of the company. He returned to Nantucket at the outbreak of the Revolution in France.

Inott made voyages in merchant craft for a number of years. He was intimate with several well known men of his day and made the first voyage on the *Clermont* up the Hudson with his friend Robert Fulton in 1807. During the war of 1812, Capt. Inott joined with Capt. John Barnard in the latter's famous cruises aboard the privateer *General Armstrong*. On one cruise they captured the British ship *Queen*, bound from England to Denemara with a cargo invoiced at £100,000. Unfortunately, in attempting to get the ship into New York by making a hazardous passage across Nantucket shoals, the ship was lost, a quantity of the goods coming ashore here. This was the second of two prizes which Capt. Barnard lost in Nantucket shoals, the first being the *Sir Sidney Smith*, lost with all hands on Bass Rip.

Capt. Daniel Elkins, of Nantucket, residing in New York, was an associate of Moses Rogers and a part owner of the *Savannah*. When it was decided to send the *Savannah* on a trial run to New York, Capt. Inott was asked to take command. He did so and thus became the first commander of that famous craft.

When the craft was turned over to Capt. Moses Rogers at Savannah, he was able to give this mariner full confidence in the vessel's ability to make the historic crossing under both sail and steam.

In the next year, 1820, Capt. Inott made a voyage to the South Shetland Islands after seals in the whaleship *Samuel*. Badly damaged by the ice, the ship nearly foundered, but Capt. Inott managed to bring her into Rio de Janeiro, where she was condemned and the seal skins and oil sold.

Returning home, Capt. Inott gave up sealing to take command of a merchantman sailing out of New York for Gulf ports. He made a number of successful voyages. In November, 1825, however, while berthed at Tampico, Mexico, he contracted the dread yellow fever and died. In accordance with his last requests, his body was brought home in a barrel of pickle and interred in the Old North Ground.

Oddly enough, two other figures who played a prominent part in the launching and sailing of the *Savannah* also met death from yellow fever. Capt. Daniel Elkins, of Nantucket, fell victim to the dread yellow fever the same year that Capt. Rogers also succumbed to the same disease—1823. He was buried in St. David's Church Yard, Cheraw, S. C. Both Elkins and Rogers were engaged in a boat-building venture on the Great Pee Dee River, S. C.

For many years the whereabouts of Capt. Rogers' grave was unknown. Victims of yellow fever were often hurriedly buried, and many times in graves soon forgotten. J. N. Stricklin, editor of the *Cheraw Chronicle*, in searching for Capt. Elkins' grave, discovered that of Moses Rogers close by. Each year, on National Maritime Day, this grave is decorated with a flag in commemoration of the historic voyage of the *Savannah*.

NING, MAY 21, 1938.

### Island's First Flight Air Mail Took Place on Wednesday.

Nantucket's part in the celebration of National Air Mail Week took place as scheduled on Thursday, with two parcels of mail leaving the island at two different places. Pilots Gray and Leckschide, of the Mayflower Air Lines, and Pilot Raub of the Nantucket Airport, were the private pilots who volunteered and were selected to take the first batches of air mail from the island actually by plane.

The interest displayed by islanders in the flights was most pleasing to the local Postmaster, Miss Alice Roberts, and her office force who sponsored the Nantucket portion of the celebration.

Throughout the nation, similar observances were being held as the local post office clerks sorted and stamped the mail posted for the flight. The zero hour for the mailing was at 12:00 o'clock noon, Thursday, affording all those who desired plenty of time to get their letters in, so that they might receive the "first air mail flight" cachet which is so valuable to all stamp collectors.

When the parcels post truck left the post office at about twenty minutes to one, arriving at the Mayflower Air Lines field close by the 4th milestone a few minutes later, it had 1,580 pieces of air mail. Postmaster Philip Morris of 'Sconset had 200 pieces from the village—an indication of the interest displayed by the 'Sconseters.

About twenty cars were drawn up at the edge of the flying field, waiting for the ceremony of putting the mail aboard the plane. Just at that moment an unscheduled part of the program took place. A red, cabin-style, monoplane zoomed into sight, dipped and then suddenly roared down to swoop dangerously low over the cars. Everyone instinctively ducked, then looked around and grinned. The strange plane, its pilot waving, banked and came back to repeat the maneuver, finally landing and taxiing up alongside the large Mayflower ship. Its pilot got out to grin widely, as if he had accomplished something extraordinarily brilliant.

At that time, the mail truck pulled into the field and drove up to the plane. Pilot Parker Gray, who wanted to get started on schedule, had difficulty in letting his passengers know it was time to get in, but finally corralled them. Meanwhile, one young lady, who had first intended embarking in the Mayflower ship, decided to get into the newly arrived monoplane.

The minutes were flying, however, when the mail should have been. The two pilots stirred about uneasily while the mail truck backed and twisted so that a photographer could get a good picture of the scene.

But time was fleeting. The ceremony of delivering the mail pouch to Pilot Gray by Postmaster Roberts was completed (this being also snapped by a corps of photographers)—and consuming another few minutes.

The mail was going to be late in getting out, and so Pilot Gray stuck the nose of the pouch between his knees while he fixed up a wing compartment. It was a natural pose—but the cameras were not present.

In another moment the doors were shut, the motors started, and the big tri-motored plane started down the field. At a good distance it turned, roared up the run-way and shot into the air—and Nantucket's first air-mail was on its way.

A number of the townspeople who went out into their yards or into the street to watch the plane go over, were keeping tabs on the time and noticed the flight was a few minutes behind schedule. It was quite a contrast to the days when the sailing packets carried the mail, and the islanders went out into their yards to get a good look at the weather vane to see which way the wind was blowing!

The party at the Mayflower air field then drove over to join the cars gathered at Nobadeer, where Pilot David Raub was waiting to participate in the ceremony of receiving the mail-pouch.

Following the procedure Postmaster Roberts climbed into the plane to make the flight across the sound with Pilot Raub, which added considerably more interest to the Nantucket observance of the national event.

Pilot Gray took his plane to Hyannis and Provincetown and then to Boston, while Pilot Raub went to the Vineyard before crossing the sound to Falmouth.

Wreck by

One night ago, as I approached Farm, or we noticed mock P. outlined Greatly about it. He, also, for shoal, ceedingly, cerned f. There

that night awakened my mother at Miox left and until morning bringing her six v. happened. When he found to be in the surf, news of soon the and the crew dangerous was a v. anxiety her off.

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## Wreck of The "W. F. Marshall," by "Alice Gardner."

One night in March, seventy years ago, as my sister Edith and I approached my uncle's home, Mt. Vernon Farm, on our walk home from school, we noticed beyond the head of Hummock Pond, the masts of a large ship outlined against the evening sky. Greatly excited, we told our father about it as soon as we reached home. He, also, was surprised and worried for shoals in the region made it exceedingly dangerous, so he was concerned for the safety of the ship.

There was no way of learning more that night, but the next morning I awakened to hear my father call to my mother: "There is a ship ashore at Mioxes Pond and I am going." He left and we did not see him again until mid-afternoon when he returned bringing a young colored woman and her six weeks old baby. Here is what happened:

When my father reached the beach he found the ship so far in shore as to be in the line of the breakers with the surf breaking high over her. The news of the wreck spread quickly, so soon the townspeople began to arrive and the men began to plan how to get the crew off, for the ship was in a dangerous position. A cry that there was a woman on board increased the anxiety and every thought was to get her off safely.

Finally she was wrapped up carefully, strapped into a chair and swung out from one of the masts. With the men on shore ready to catch her, she was landed safely. In his eagerness to help her, "Benny" Wyer took a bundle she had held in her lap, tucked it under his arm and began on the wrappings.

All at once the bundle began to squirm and cry! Mr. Wyer, in his astonishment, dropped it, but the baby was not harmed. Our home was near enough so that Father decided to bring the mother and baby to us to be made comfortable.

Because of investigations as to why the vessel was so far in shore, the crew was held on the island for some time, but my story is not concerned with the official problems. Though the captain and some of the men stayed in town the rest came to our house. The young colored woman, the wife of the ship's steward, proved to be a very fine person who did everything in her power to help my mother with the extra demands so suddenly put upon her. It fell to my lot to look after the baby, and I was quite willing for I was fascinated with her, the first colored baby I had ever seen.

Of course the entire problem of the unusual wreck caused much excitement in town for some time, and when Edith and I went to school we were asked many questions.

One day Miss Robinson (Miss Sara Catherine Robinson), the assistant teacher in the high school at that time, came to my room and stopped at my desk. The room was perfectly quiet as she said: "Alice, I hear that you have a little colored baby at your home."

"Yes," I said.

When she asked "What is its name?" I was almost speechless, but finally managed in a very small voice to say "Sara Catherine Robinson". I can see her now as she put her head back to laugh, but the children did more than laugh, they shouted. In thinking about it in later years, I feel sure that she had heard of the baby's name and planned to have a little fun, but it was not funny to me.

One of the crew had a Newfoundland dog on ship-board, so when he came to our house the dog came, too. As Edith and I had never had a dog it was a case of love at first sight, and he at once attached himself to us. When the crew left the owner offered to give him to us. Father was willing, so we named the dog "Marshall", for the ship. Good natured and intelligent, Marshall always wanted to go to town with us when we went to school, which, of course, was not allowed. But when it was time for us to be home at night, Father would say "Marshall, go meet the girls", and away he would go like a streak of lightning to find us, to take our dinner basket in his mouth, then to dash back home.

At that time my father had helping him a young boy, "Willie Worron", who was clever with his hands. He made a wagon and harness for Marshall, then taught him to do errands, carry wood for Mother, etc. We had Marshall for several years, but in the end his good nature was his undoing. Because he was wrecked on the island, the townspeople made so much of him that he would run off and stay in town visiting regular places where he was fed. He was away so much that finally Father decided it could not go on, so he let the captain of a small sailing vessel take him to sea again. Thus ended our connections with the wreck of the "Marshall".

Alice Gardner Murdock.

1139 Grant st., Indiana. Penn.

## Ben Franklin's Mathematical Square.

By William Crosby Bennett.

Historically-minded Nantucketers take pride in the fact that the illustrious Benjamin Franklin's mother was of island birth; and, moreover, that the philosopher himself came within an ace of being born there, too. If, they point out, his mother, while on a visit to her native isle, had prolonged her stay for a fortnight or two, her son's name, like Abou Ben Adhem's, would have led all the rest. What a pity the expectant lady, married to Joseph Franklin, the Boston tallow merchant, did not tarry with us a bit longer!

Benjamin's maternal parent, christened with the good Biblical name of Abiah, was the youngest daughter of Peter and Mary Folger, two of our important island settlers, and it affords me considerable personal pride to know she is a proven collateral ancestor of mine, thereby making the great Dr. Franklin one also. In no less than three direct strands or lines our lineage goes back to Abiah's parents—through Joanna, the first born; Eleazar, one of the two sons; and Experience (what a name!), eighth in the brood of nine children.

Naturally, because of his prominence, I am more interested in Dr. Franklin, the collateral ancestor, than in the Folger clan, and only recently I discovered to the philosopher's literary and scientific attainments could be added a remarkable mathematical acumen enabling him to juggle around numbers with most amazing results. Here, "as an evening's pastime" (so he calls it), is one of his "simple" compilations:

In the appended square, composed of 64 different numbers, every straight row, horizontal or vertical, of 8 numbers added together makes 260, and half each row half 260. The bent row of 8 numbers, ascending and descending diagonally, viz., from 16 ascending to 10, and from 23 descending to 17, and every one of its parallel bent rows of 8 numbers, make 260.

Also the bent row from 52, descending to 54, and from 43 ascending to 45, and every one of its parallel bent rows of 8 numbers, make 260. Also the bent row from 45 to 43 descending to the left and from 23 to 17 descending to the right, and every one of its parallel bent rows of 8 numbers, make 260.

Also the bent row from 52 to 54 descending to the right, and from 10 to 16 descending to the left, and every one of its parallel bent rows of 8 numbers, make 260. Also the parallel bent rows next to the above mentioned, which are shortened to 3 numbers ascending and 3 descending, etc., as from 53 to 4 ascending, and from 29 to 44 descending, make, with the corner numbers, 260.

Also the 2 numbers, 14, 61 ascending, and 36, 19 descending, with the lower four numbers situated like them, viz., 50, 1 descending and 32, 47 ascending, make 260. And, lastly, the 4 corner numbers, with the 4 middle numbers (54, 43, 10, 23) make 260.

52	61	4	13	20	29	36	45
14	3	62	51	46	35	30	19
53	60	5	12	21	28	37	44
11	6	59	54	43	38	27	22
55	58	7	10	23	26	39	42
9	8	57	56	41	40	25	24
50	63	2	15	18	31	34	47
16	1	64	49	48	33	32	17

I leave it to the reader's ingenuity to discover additional rows of 8 numbers that make 260.



Miss Anna Barrett  
Left \$55,000 Estate

Allowance of the will of Anna E. C. Barrett who died Dec. 28, 1953 leaving an estate estimated at \$55,000 was granted by Judge Miss Jeremiah Sullivan in Probate Court yesterday, on petition of a copy niece, Miss Marjorie Barrett.

Inventory of the estate listed \$35,000 in personal estate and \$20,000 in real estate. Under terms of the will dated Nov. 2, 1949, Miss Barrett made the following bequests: to a nephew, Chester S. Barrett, house, shop, land and certain contents at 28

(Continued on page 6)  
(Col. 1)

property at McKinley Avenue and Hill St. The will provides that "Thornycroft" in the event the Cliff Road property is still part of the estate, will go to a grand-nephew, Daniel M. Benjamin.

Bequests of \$500 each were made to Florence Barrett, sister-in-law; A. Marshall Barrett, Josiah, Richard and Walter Barrett, nephews; Lilian Benjamin and Beatrice Gola, nieces; and \$300 each to Nantucket Cottage Hospital and Siasconset Chapel; \$100 to the Seonset Casino and \$50 to Ida Cathcart. The residue is left to Marjorie Barrett.

A petition of Frederick R. Currie, executor of the will of Juliette A. Currie who died Dec. 31, was allowed. Sole beneficiary of Mrs. Currie's estate who left a personal estate of \$12,000 is Mr. Currie.

Also allowed was a petition of Attorney Roy E. Sanguinetti, executor, for allowance of will of Charlotte W. Pitman who died Dec. 27, leaving an estimated personal estate of \$20,000 and real estate of \$15,000. Under the will

*Will of Charlotte Pitman was contested as her husband's name was not mentioned in the will.*

dated March 20, 1947, Irvin M. Wyer is named beneficiary of property and certain furnishings at 63 Centre Street, and the residuary estate; Edith H. Whiton of Chicago, Annie K. Grimes and Maria Holden of Nantucket, \$1000 each; Mrs. Christine Wyer, Elizabeth Frye, Mrs. Katherine Kelley and Robert Grimes of Nantucket, \$200 each; Mrs. Winifred Wreden, Clementine Platt, Charlotte Barrett, Ethel Austin, Cathreen Grimes, Elsie Jernegan, Mertie Smith and Catherine Sheehan all of Nantucket and Mary D. Strong of Fairport, N. Y., \$100 each; and to Mrs. Christine Wyer, clothing and personal effects.

In a separate memorandum the following household articles and jewelry were bequeathed as follows: bar pin containing moonstones and diamonds and turkish rug to Clara G. Donnell; platinum ring containing five large and 16 small diamonds to Mrs. Kelley; miniature circle pin of diamonds and pearls to Mrs. Frye; gold ring containing diamonds and turkish rug to Cathreen Grimes; desk and picture by Maud Stumm to Anne Congdon; six piece silver service, diamond cluster platinum ring and two knit bedspreads to Mrs. Holden; gold ring containing turquoise and diamond cluster to Anna Green of Medford, Conn.; diamond and pearl platinum ring to Dorothy Wescott; two pewter tea pots, pewter mug and large tray to Grace Holden Colcock; mahogany bureau to Mary Defriez Strong of Fairport, N. Y.; mahogany mirror to Mrs. Sheehan; and all ivory, including a little bureau, tall clock made by Benjamin Bunker and spoons marked B. B., to Nantucket Whal-

ing Museum.  
Saverina Te.



# THE CENTENNIAL OF THE ATHENEUM LIBRARY BUILDING.

BY GRACE BROWN GARDNER.

In a letter written by Maria Mitchell nearly one hundred years ago, which is now the property of David Wood of this town, she refers to a "melancholy" hot ashes with a bottle to the collector.

Less than those "red" Fire of 1881 Atheneum ed to the February, a million town in Nantucket, mechanics, tools, their off to ment of their class in

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scriber of ten dollars had an equal right with all other donors. After the Great Fire fifty additional shares were created at a price of "not less than five dollars a share". In the

ed meetings and many conferences with the Selectmen, by the assistance of an appropriation of \$900 made by the Town of Nantucket, the Nantucket Atheneum Library was made

It has therefore been urged, in many quarters, that the states pass laws forbidding the manufacture or sale of dangerous wearing apparel and setting up necessary definitions and standards. But the grave fault in this is that a state law cannot go beyond the state line. Each state would inevitably establish different

William Beers, proprietor of "The Skipper", was here for a week-end visit, intending to return to Boston, Sunday afternoon. The easterly storm put a ban on both boat and plane service, so Mr. Beers contented himself with spending Easter Sunday on Nantucket instead of in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Duncan Elder, Jr., announce the birth of their second child, Sarah Elder, on Thursday, April 24, 1900, at the Harkness Pavilion, New York city. Mrs. Elder, the former Miss Frances Noyes, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Chester Noyes.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Small Backus arrived on Friday week and are at Wauwinnet, busy at work preparing the hotel for opening for the summer season.

Mr. and Mrs. John Heath and son, John A., and Sergeant Roy Heath, are visiting Miss Margaret Harwood, Sgt. Heath is enjoying a month's leave after spending several years overseas.

Mr. and Mrs. Peep and family arrived on Nantucket on Easter Sunday, April 22, and are now at the location of the new house.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Proodan have left Hollywood, Fla., and are making their way north in easy stages, planning to reach Nantucket about the first of May.

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the Rector. and Meditation. House.

11 West Chester Street. clock. Pilgrim Fellowship. the Ladies' Parlor at 7:30. at 2:00 o'clock.

Church Built in 1809 Residence, 10 Fair Street. of Worship, 10:45. Sermon

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BY GRACE BROWN GARDNER.

In a letter written by Maria Mitchell nearly one hundred years ago, which is now the property of David Wood of this town, she refers to a "melancholy meeting over the yet red hot ashes of the former Atheneum" with a botanist who was contributing to the collections of the Museum.

Less than seven months later, from those "red hot ashes" of the Great Fire of 1846, had risen the present Atheneum building, which was opened to the public on the first day of February, 1847. With fire damage of a million dollars, one-third of the town in ruins, hundreds of families homeless, and seven-eighths of the mechanics without shops, stock or tools, that was a noteworthy achievement of our forefathers of which their descendants may well be proud.

## Early History.

A very interesting history of the Nantucket Atheneum was published in the Inquirer and Mirror of April 14, 1900, on the occasion of the opening of the Atheneum as a Free Library for the town of Nantucket. This history was written by Miss Sarah F. Barnard, who was the Librarian at that time, and it is widely quoted in the present article.

While all records of the Atheneum previous to 1847 were destroyed in the Great Fire, from other sources we learn the story of its origin, which is as follows:

In 1820 seven young men of Nantucket—David Joy, Peleg Mitchell,

scriber of ten dollars had an equal right with all other donors. After the Great Fire fifty additional shares were created at a price of "not less than five dollars a share". In the By-Laws published in 1895 the number of shareholders was limited to 275. There was a small annual assessment on each share to provide for the upkeep of the Library. Only shareholders, and annual subscribers admitted under such conditions as the Trustees might direct, had the privilege of taking books from the Library.

After the Atheneum became a Public Library, there were no further assessments, nor were there any further privileges in regard to the circulation of books granted to the shareholders, and many shares became inactive. Owing to the neglect of heirs of deceased persons to give proper notice of transfers of shares, or even to make such transfers, the records have become incomplete.

In the near future there will appear in the columns of the Inquirer and Mirror a list of shareholders as of 1915. Any of those shares not already transferred may be transferred on the books of the society, the old certificate first being given up or shown to be lost. A new certificate will then be issued by the Secretary, under the seal of the corporation.

On the west wall of the Library hangs the first certificate issued by the Atheneum when it was incorporated in 1834. It was issued by David

ed meetings and many conferences with the Selectmen, by the assistance of an appropriation of \$900 made by the Town of Nantucket, the Nantucket Atheneum Library was made a Free but not a Public Library, and opened as such in April of that year.

## Gifts and Bequests.

The Atheneum has been most fortunate in the wide-spread interest shown in its welfare, as testified by numerous gifts, donations and bequests. Among these there is space for mentioning only a few which are among the most outstanding.

To replace the original folio edition of Audubon's "Birds of America", to which the Atheneum had been a subscriber and which was destroyed in the Great Fire, Mrs. David Joy presented the Library with a set in the octavo edition. The books are handsomely bound in Russia leather and protected in a suitable cabinet, which was also the gift of Mrs. Joy.

Frederick C. Sanford not only bequeathed \$20,000 to the society's endowment fund, but gave a thousand books from his personal Library. Many of these books are rare editions with expensive bindings, and together with his donation of over fifty valuable pictures and his collection of old documents are among the treasures of the Atheneum.

The will of William H. Swift provided a substantial sum, of which the interest is used for the purchase of new books. Probably many users of the Library have noticed the stamp "Purchased from the William H. Swift Fund" on the title pages of books.

Approximately 2600 volumes consisting mainly of biography, history, books on the Navy and on diplomatic relations with various foreign countries came from the Library of Rear Admiral William Mayhew Folger. The Atheneum shares with the Whaling Museum, which received many pictures, documents and mementoes, in the generous Nantucket legacies of Admiral Folger.

Among other donations by Edward F. Sanderson is "Hakluyt's Voyages" in over two hundred volumes. These are records of the discoveries of the earliest explorers in all parts of the world. Few Libraries in the country possess a complete set of this extremely valuable work.

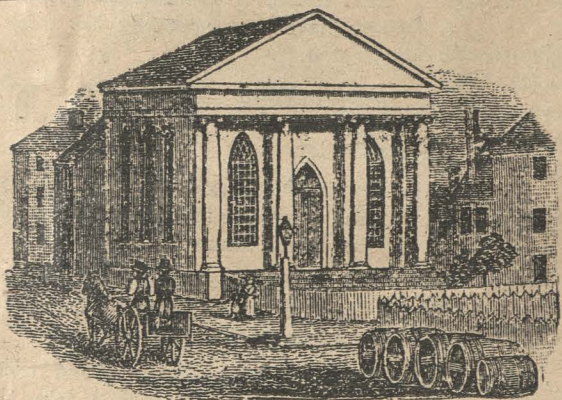
The Atheneum was one of the several Nantucket institutions to share in large legacies from the estate of Sidney Mitchell.

Each autumn as our summer visitors leave us, many make gifts to the Library of books which they have enjoyed during their vacation here. These books are recent fiction, biography, travel and other volumes of timely interest, and are much appreciated.

Merely to enumerate the gifts, donations and bequests that the Atheneum has received during the last hundred years would require a separate article.

## Present Status.

From its earliest days the Library has had a steady and healthy growth. At the time of the Great Fire it contained 3,000 volumes; in 1883 there were 7,000; by 1900, when it was made a Free Library, the number had increased to 20,000. The report of last year lists 45,904 volumes. There



THE FIRST ATHENEUM (before the Fire of 1846)

Daniel P. Macy, John H. Coffin, Gideon Swain, Edward C. Hussey and George Fitch—associated themselves under the name of "Nantucket Mechanics' Social Library Association". They had only twenty-six volumes when they started the library. In 1823 another society was formed and named the "Columbian Library Society". In 1827 the two societies united, and the new society was called the "United Library Association".

In 1833 two of its members, David Joy and Charles G. Coffin, bought the land on Main street where the house of the late Henry Coffin now stands for \$1800 and gave it to the society on condition that the society would raise \$3500 and build a brick building suitable for a library room, lecture room and museum.

The sum of \$4200 was raised, each subscriber of \$10 having an equal right with other donors. The lot of land proved to be too small, and an exchange was made with the proprietors of the Universalist Church on the corner of Federal and Pearl streets. That building was altered to answer the requirements, and in 1834 the society was incorporated as the Nantucket Atheneum.

As may be seen from the above, there were at first three distinct departments in the Atheneum; the Library proper, the Museum and the Lecture Room.

The Museum was described as follows on an old sign which hung on the outside of the building some fifty

Joy to his brother, Moses Joy, Jr., and was presented to the Library by another David Joy, the third in line by that name, in 1928.

## Recovery From The Great Fire.

The earliest records now existing begin with a meeting held in the Vestry of the Methodist "Chapel" on Monday, 8th month 1846. The President, William Mitchell, stated that the object of the meeting was to see "what course shall be taken by the Proprietors with reference to the Institution for the future, the Atheneum Building with its entire contents including the Library and Cabinet of Curiosities having been destroyed by the terrible conflagration which occurred on the 13th and 14th ultimo."

This, and the records following, are painstakingly written in the Spencerian penmanship of that period, which resembles copperplate. They are very explicit. Various committees were formed to solicit contributions of money, of books, and of articles for the Museum. Other committees were to attend to various phases of the contemplated building program. Later page after page of the records lists





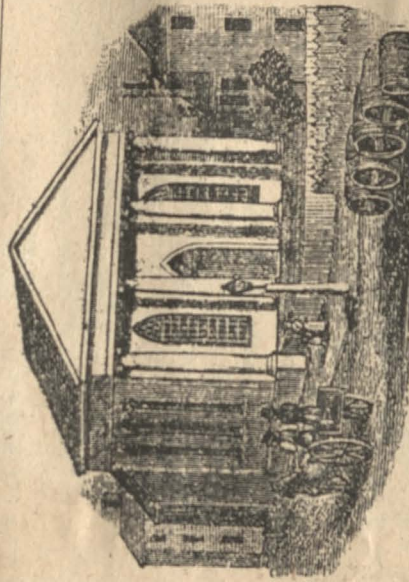
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The Museum was described as follows on an old sign which hung on the outside of the building some fifty years ago:

#### Atheneum Museum.

The Atheneum Museum is now open to visitors in charge of Mr. H. P. Clapp who will be ready to explain its wonders to strangers, and answer all questions concerning the many curiosities on exhibition.

The Great Sperm Whale's Jaw, seventeen feet long, in perfect condition, with all the teeth in place, is among the attractive features of the Museum. Also, a model of the famous "Camels" with a ship in their embrace, an interesting reminder of the palmey days of the Nantucket Whale-Fishery; and hundreds of strange things and objects of curious interest, forming a complete Cabinet of wonders, both of sea and land, collected from nearly every part of the globe.

Admission 15 cents.

Hours of Exhibition 9 a. m. to 1 p. m., 6:30 p. m. to 8 p. m.  
H. P. Clapp, 43 Centre St., Nantucket, Mass.

In 1925 this Museum was discontinued, as more space was needed for the Library. Most of the exhibits were loaned or donated to the Nantucket Historical Association, where they are seen each year by thousands of visitors.

The Lecture Course flourished for many years. At the modest price of one dollar per ticket for the entire winter course of lectures, the Nantucketers of the forties and fifties had the opportunity of hearing such prominent men as Prof. Silliman, John Pierpont, Theodore Parker, Thomas Starr King, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Wendell Phillips, John G. Saxe, Henry D. Thoreau, Horace Greeley and many others.

The Lecture Hall was also used for entertainments, suppers, fairs and other social gatherings, and was a source of revenue to the Atheneum. As years went on, however, and building and fire laws became more stringent, extensive alterations would have been necessary to comply with the regulations, and the hall was closed to public gatherings. At present it is used exclusively for the storage of books, and contains large numbers of the less frequently circulated volumes.

#### Shareholders and Proprietors.

When the two original library societies combined in 1827 each sub-

scribers, nor were there any further privileges in regard to the circulation of books granted to the shareholders, and many shares became inactive. Owing to the neglect of heirs of deceased persons to give proper notice of transfers of shares, or even to make such transfers, the records have become incomplete.

In the near future there will appear in the columns of the *Inquirer and Mirror* a list of shareholders as of 1915. Any of those shares not already transferred may be transferred on the books of the society, the old certificate first being given up or shown to be lost. A new certificate will then be issued by the Secretary, under the seal of the corporation.

On the west wall of the Library hangs the first certificate issued by the Atheneum when it was incorporated in 1834. It was issued by David

to which the Atheneum had been a subscriber and which was destroyed in the Great Fire. Mrs. David Joy presented the Library with a set in the octavo edition. The books are handsomely bound in Russia leather, and protected in a suitable cabinet, which was also the gift of Mrs. Joy.

Frederick C. Sanford not only bequeathed \$20,000 to the society's endowment fund, but gave a thousand books from his personal Library. Many of these books are rare editions with expensive bindings, and together with his donation of over fifty valuable pictures and his collection of old documents are among the treasures of the Atheneum.

The will of William H. Swift provided a substantial sum, of which the interest is used for the purchase of new books. Probably many users of the Library have noticed the stamp "Purchased from the William H. Swift Fund" on the title pages of books.

Approximately 2600 volumes consisting mainly of biography, history, books on the Navy and on diplomatic relations with various foreign countries came from the Library of Rear Admiral William Mayhew Folger. The Atheneum shares with the Whaling Museum, which received many pictures, documents and mementoes, in the generous Nantucket legacies of Admiral Folger.

Among other donations by Edward F. Sanderson is "Hakluyt's Voyages" in over two hundred volumes. These are records of the discoveries of the earliest explorers in all parts of the world. Few Libraries in the country possess a complete set of this extremely valuable work.

The Atheneum was one of the several Nantucket institutions to share in large legacies from the estate of Sidney Mitchell.

Each autumn as our summer visitors leave us, many make gifts to the Library of books which they have enjoyed during their vacation here. These books are recent fiction, biography, travel and other volumes of timely interest, and are much appreciated.

Merely to enumerate the gifts, donations and bequests that the Atheneum has received during the last hundred years would require a separate article.

#### Present Status.

From its earliest days the Library has had a steady and healthy growth. At the time of the Great Fire it contained 3,000 volumes; in 1883 there were 7,000; by 1900, when it was made a Free Library, the number had increased to 20,000. The report of last year lists 45,904 volumes. There



THE NANTUCKET ATHENEUM LIBRARY

has been a corresponding increase in the number of borrowers and in books circulated.

The Library Building, however, has remained practically unchanged all through the one hundred years since its erection. More and more space has been utilized for shelves, until in her 1946 report the Librarian reports every nook and cranny crowded, with no space remaining for future accessions.

At present the greatest need of the Library, aside from shelf space, is a separate room for children and young people, with a special Librarian to aid them with reference work connected with their school home work, and also to foster in them the love of good reading so that it may become a source of pleasure throughout their lives. The crowding together of children and adults in inadequate space, as at present, occasions many problems which a separate room would obviate.

Another need is for a quiet room where adults may work on genealogical, historical or other problems which sometimes require many documents, pamphlets and volumes of reference. At present a card table in some corner offers the only opportunity for such work. Every year the number of such workers increases.

Nantucket has good reason for pride on the occasion of the One Hundredth Anniversary of our Atheneum Building, and for gratitude toward all who have aided in making the Library the outstanding institution that it is at present. And among all to whom gratitude is due, none are more worthy of it than its three Librarians whose terms of service span one hundred and twelve years—Miss Maria Mitchell, Miss Sarah F. Barnard and Miss Clara Parker.

—Grace Brown Gardner,  
Sec'y, Nantucket Atheneum.



## Bay State Historical League Enjoyed Nantucket "Gam".

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Newly elected officers were: President—Dr. A. Warren Stearns of Billerica, former dean of the Tufts Medical School; Vice-Presidents—Rev. Laurence L. Barber, of Arlington, Bertram K. Little, of Brookline, T. Temple Pond, of Boston; Secretary—Mrs. Winthrop P. Haynes, of Boxford; Treasurer—Paul C. Hanna, of Framingham. Mrs. Walton H. Adams, President of the Nantucket Historical Association, became one of the Directors-at-Large.

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TELEVISION  
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ALSO LARGE SUITE.  
ACRY IS THEREBY ASSURED.  
VESTIBULE OR FOYER, PRIV-  
HAVE TWO DOORS WITH  
ELEVATIONS, ALL ROOMS  
DOWNS WITH TWO OR MORE  
HAVE THREE OR MORE WIN-  
LARGE CLOSETS, ALL ROOMS  
AND PRIVATE BATH, ALL  
EVERY UNIT HAS TWIN BEDS  
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Offers some June and September  
vacancies, also July — safe parking.

LOCATION: Sits high on private  
Gardner Court; overlooks Harbor.  
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"Gardencourt"

SIGNE HJERTSTROM  
has arrived at  
150 Main Street  
clo Mrs. Willard Hardy  
Swedish Massage  
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season. She is also with us in  
ill be happy to please all of  
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"I'm sure you enjoy, as I do, getting together to talk over old Nantucket days. Some of us feel very young, but we are the old folks, and like to reminisce. Longevity is typical of Nantucket," continued Mrs. Adams.

"When my grandfather, Captain Charles Grant, was captain of the whaleship 'Mohawk', he was accompanied by my grandmother. They put into port at Russell, Bay of Islands, New Zealand, and there on February 25, 1855, a little girl was born. Next week on the 25th I expect to go to New Bedford to the celebration of the 100th birthday of that baby. Talk about longevity!

"We now are going to have a pleasant evening, we hope, just talking over old times. There used to be a store here on the island," remembered Mrs. Adams, "kept by Anne Tustin where pickled beans were sold. When this store was closed up finally, a small boy was given the chance to take anything he wanted from the store. He chose the 'reel of string' which he thought could be used for fish lines and other strings. In later years this reel came to the Nantucket Historical Association and here it is. Now, let's reel off some stories."

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Miss Grace Brown Gardner had in her possession a program of the graduating class of 1897 and read the list of graduates, one of whom was present at the gam, Mrs. Mary L. Gouin. Miss Gardner then read the menu which was used at the Centennial Supper held at one of the hotels. This consisted of soup, boiled swordfish, every kind of roast meat, and ended with ice cream.

Mrs. Kent King then told a story about an old time character.

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In the meantime, the Surfside life-saving station crew had launched the big surf-boat and, enlisting the aid of James H. Wood and John R. Sylvia—two dory fishermen, who were off the beach in their anchored dory—set off in the wake of the other boat.

The race was now on in earnest. After a pull of a few miles off-shore, the *Mentor* could be clearly seen. The bark was sailing very slowly to the westward, with her light sails drawing in the breeze, and the tide fair.

The two crews had to pull steadily during the next two hours, although they were not gaining perceptibly on the derelict. However, they knew that the tide was due to turn around 2:00 that afternoon and gambled on that

cargo of the *Mentor* was valued at \$70,000.00.

It was quite a successful enterprise for the Nantucket men. After all the expenses were paid, the salvors received \$750.00 each.

The only one living today who took part in the salvaging of the "sugar bark" is George W. Burgess, Sr., of the Nesbitt Inn, Broad street. In recounting his experiences at that time, Mr. Burgess said in part:

"I was down on South wharf with some of the others when the news came that a ship was sighted from the tower, bearing about ten miles off Surfside. We all believed she might be the missing bark, but off course we weren't certain. Jim Holmes got us together and we got the Underwriters' boat out and, with Bill Smith's horses pulling the rig, started for Surfside. "When we got there we could see the station-boat under Capt. Clisby just pulling away. We launched our

Secretary Glidden announced that bids for building the steps at Indian

Board to see to it the incident did not occur again. Board produced his deeds. He asked the that the road was a private way and in front of his lot gate. He stated that road, which created a "mud-hole" a Proprietors road, leading off Bart-

the chairman. Charles Fisher, of Upper York street, was present to complain about the action of Supt. Jackie in scraping

Mr. Davis then stepped forward and apologized for inserting himself into the controversy without observing the customary rule of first addressing

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drivers demonstrated that

more for your dollar!

Ford Trucks with Power Pilot

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million-mile Economy Run

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their long-awaited trip to Washington.

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The Nantucket High School Seniors

Seniors Off to Washington.

Charles F. Thurston, farmer, New

North Liberty st.

Edward J. Strojny, carpenter, 10

Flares Up at Board Meeting.

NEWSPAPER CLUB

Eleanor W. Coffin, housewife, King



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A Nantucket "gam", a custom which islanders have inherited from the whaling era when ships met in mid-ocean and men visited to exchange news and stories, was the featured entertainment of the evening. "Gammers", Mrs. Charlotte Giffin King, Mrs. Roselle Coleman Jones, Mrs. Adams, Dr. William E. Gardner, Edouard Stackpole, and George Jones, were introduced by Chairman Leroy H. True, who humorously apologized for being the only "off-islander" on the panel, attributing the error to his parents. Conversation then moved swiftly and story followed upon story as the group recalled Nantucket's past.

In outlining reasons for first settlement in 1659, George Jones emphasized the economic, although he noted that Thomas Macy and Tristram Coffin were well-to-do. Others, settling first in Massachusetts and finding a repetition of the English pattern of religious oppression, may have found the Island, then under the jurisdiction of New York, a place of refuge.

"Will" Gardner, "a self-acclaimed heretic about Tristram", injected lightly that he wasn't entirely certain that these explanations, albeit generally accepted, could be applied to this "cantankerous" early settler. Tristram, arriving first at Salisbury, moved often. While at Newbury he "formed a company and bought up Haverhill from the Indians". The deed, now to be seen at Exeter, N. H., was agreed upon for one arrow and one bow. Tristram only lived at Haverhill for four years, then returned to Newbury to operate a ferry from Carr's Island. Trouble arose here when Tristram's wife "made the beer too rich".

Dr. Gardner believes that Tristram "wished to express his individuality" and that "Nantucket was the place". Furthermore he suspects that Tristram and his son, Peter, who had vast lumber interests, owning both timber and sawmills, saw in Nantucket "a place to use this lumber". Therefore, upon meeting Thomas Mayhew in court and learning of the merits of the Island, "no lumber—good fish—good place for raising sheep, no wolves, but plenty of ponds for washing—" he shortly afterwards formed a company with Edward Starbuck and others. These early proprietors bought the land from Thomas Mayhew for "thirty pieces of silver and two beaver hats—one for Mayhew and one for his wife". He "raised Cain here, too!" Dr. Gardner characterized him as "irascible, dominating, and altogether an unfortunate man!" Irreligious, too, for he allowed for no church services.

Leroy True then remarked that the original price of the Island is now incorporated in the seal of the Nantucket Historical Association. The present assessed value of the Island is around \$13,000,000.

Later, Mr. Jones explained, the Indians collected "their pound of flesh" in a well-worded deed of transfer for an additional £26. The Island was shortly divided into twenty full and fourteen half-shares, or 27 shares.

In answer to the chairman's question, "When did the proprietors begin to wrangle over property?" Mr. Jones went on to describe the development of two "factions". "The 'half-share men' led by John Gardner opposed Tristram's rule, and complaints to the New York governor were legion, the Coffin clan vs. the Gardner clan. Years later John's daughter, Mary, became engaged to Peter Coffin's son, Jethro. Peter agreed to give lumber for the house; John agreed to give the land. When the wedding day arrived, Peter inquired to see the deed. Upon discovering its absence, he declared, "No land, no wedding!" John had to produce the deed before the wedding ceremony could take place.

Continued on Page Five

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The ship-wrecked mariners sighted Great Round Shoal lightship soon after the *Mentor* struck heavily, and after safely lowering the long-boat they put away for the lightship and reached her safely two hours later.

On the following day (Monday), the fishing schooner *Wide-Awake* put in an appearance and came up to the lightship after signals had been exchanged. The ship-wrecked Norwegians were taken aboard the fishing schooner and taken to Vineyard Haven. The fishing craft then returned to these waters and searched the shoals for a trace of the *Mentor*. No

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In the meantime, the Surfside life-saving station crew had launched the big surf-boat and, enlisting the aid of James H. Wood and John R. Sylvia—two dory fishermen, who were off the beach in their anchored dory—set off in the wake of the other boat.

The race was now on in earnest. After a pull of a few miles off-shore, the *Mentor* could be clearly seen. The bark was sailing very slowly to the westward, with her light sails drawing in the breeze, and the tide fair.

The two crews had to pull steadily during the next two hours, although they were not gaining perceptibly on the derelict. However, they knew that the tide was due to turn around 2:00 that afternoon and gambled on that fact to keep on pulling. The breeze did not increase, which was of considerable help and at 2:15 p. m. they had gained considerably. A short time later they came up alongside the bark and were soon on board.

The life-saving boat's crew came up to the bark and hailed their fellow-islanders. Their services not being required, the life-savers put about and returned to Surfside, after having rowed approximately twenty-five miles.

The last seen of the *Mentor*, she was heading southwest, with her prize crew of Nantucketers getting sail on her. The vessel was leaking some-

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"When we got there we could see the station-boat under Capt. Clisby just pulling away. We launched our boat in a jiffy and started out on the race. We were pretty confident as we were all used to rowing and had a good crew. It wasn't long before we caught up with them—soon we had passed and were drawing away.

"It was a long row but we figured the tide would be slack around noon and kept on. Fortunately, the wind fell off and the bark soon lost headway. I remember how we kept watching her decks as we drew up to her—there was no sign of life aboard. As we drew up alongside, Joe Gardner, who had the bow oar, sung out: 'Ahoy! Is there anyone aboard this craft?' Of course, there was no answer. She was abandoned all right.

"Cap'n Jim Holmes took charge of things when we got aboard, just as he had in the boat, being the agent



THE NORWEGIAN BARK *Mentor*

sign of the craft was to be seen, and it was conjectured that she had no doubt broken up in the two-day easterly storm.

News of the wreck came to the island when the lightships and life-boat from the schooner got together on the shoals and, with some of her sail set and the tide carrying her, she had spent most of Monday drifting and sailing back and forth, off the east and south shores of the island. Several watchers from shore had observed the bark's sails but had never given a thought to the fact that she was an abandoned craft.

On Tuesday morning, word came to town that a vessel's sails had been sighted ten miles south of the life-saving station. Immediately, a group of men from the schooner got together, some from the Nantucket, others from the Surfside, and they started out in the surf-boat.

what but was easily freed by manning the pumps.

Another full day elapsed before the fate of the *Mentor* was definitely established. Tugs, which had been sent out to a point just off Block Island, where they were spoken by a tug. It being foggy, the islanders struck a bargain with the tug's skipper and were towed to Vineyard Haven, where they arrived at 1:30 that morning.

After getting in touch with the consignees and the insurance agents, the islanders remained aboard the craft until she was towed to Boston. Here, for \$10,000, the tug-boat concern also put in a claim, but the Nantucketers, led by James Holmes, had a signed agreement whereby the tug's skipper had agreed to tow the bark from the station off Block Island to Vineyard Haven for \$10,000. The tug-boat concern was to be paid \$10,000 for the tow and \$10,000 for the cargo.

for the Underwriters. We tried her pumps and soon had most of the water out of her, which was surprisingly little. Then we got one of her anchors ready to let go as the wind was light and the tide tended to pull her inshore.

"Luckily, we had three boatmen in sighted Block Island light that night. When the tug hailed us, we told her skipper to come aboard. There was an agreement signed wherein the tug-boat master was to tow us into Vineyard Haven for \$200.00.

"I stayed on board the *Mentor* with most of the others until we arrived in Boston harbor. We hired a well-known Boston marine lawyer to take our case and guaranteed him \$1,000. After the usual preliminaries, the court allowed our salvage claims and shares—Bill Smith got one share as he was the Underwriters' man who always hauled the big boat. What did I do with my money? Well, I was only a young fellow then and the \$750 I received seemed a lot of money. But I was wise because I bought a house with it. I bought a house on Nantucket and I lived in it for many years. I was very happy and I was very proud of my share in the salvage of the *Mentor*.



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In the meantime, the Surfside life-saving station crew had launched the big surf-boat and, enlisting the aid of James H. Wood and John R. Sylvia—two dory fishermen, who were off the beach in their anchored dory—set off in the wake of the other boat.

The race was now on in earnest. After a pull of a few miles off-shore, the *Mentor* could be clearly seen. The bark was sailing very slowly to the westward, with her light sails drawing in the breeze, and the tide fair.

The two crews had to pull steadily during the next two hours, although they were not gaining perceptibly on the derelict. However, they knew that the tide was due to turn around 2:00 that afternoon and gambled on that fact to keep on pulling. The breeze did not increase, which was of considerable help and at 2:15 p. m. they had gained considerably. A short time later they came up alongside the bark and were soon on board.

The life-saving boat's crew came up to the bark and hailed their fellow-islanders. Their services not being required, the life-savers put about and returned to Surfside, after having rowed approximately twenty-five miles.

The last seen of the *Mentor*, she was heading southwest, with her prize crew of Nantucketers getting sail on her. The vessel was leaking some-

cargo of the *Mentor* was valued at \$70,000.00.

It was quite a successful enterprise for the Nantucket men. After all the expenses were paid, the salvors received \$750.00 each.

The only one living today who took part in the salvaging of the "sugar bark" is George W. Burgess, Sr., of the Nesbitt Inn, Broad street. In recounting his experiences at that time, Mr. Burgess said in part:

"I was down on South wharf with some of the others when the news came that a ship was sighted from the tower, bearing about ten miles off Surfside. We all believed she might be the missing bark, but off course we weren't certain. Jim Holmes got us together and we got the Underwriters' boat out and, with Bill Smith's horses pulling the rig, started for Surfside.

"When we got there we could see the station-boat under Capt. Clisby just pulling away. We launched our boat in a jiffy and started out on the race. We were pretty confident as we were all used to rowing and had a good crew. It wasn't long before we caught up with them—soon we had passed and were drawing away.

"It was a long row but we figured the tide would be slack around noon and kept on. Fortunately, the wind fell off and the bark soon lost headway. I remember how we kept watching her decks as we drew up to her—there was no sign of life aboard. As we drew up alongside, Joe Gardner, who had the bow oar, sung out: 'Ahoy! Is there anyone aboard this craft?' Of course, there was no answer. She was abandoned all right.

"Cap'n Jim Holmes took charge of things when we got aboard, just as he had in the boat, being the agent



THE NORWEGIAN BARK *Mentor*

sign of the craft was to be seen, and it was conjectured that she had no doubt broken up in the two-day easterly storm.

News of the wreck came to the island when the lighthouses and life-saving stations were informed by telegraph to keep a look-out for any trace of the big bark. It was not then realized that the *Mentor* was a derelict.

Some time after she was abandoned the big bark had worked free of the shoals and, with some of her sail set and the tide carrying her, she had spent most of Monday drifting and sailing back and forth, off the east and south shores of the island. Several watchers from shore had observed the bark's sails but had never been a thought to the fact that she was an abandoned craft.

On Tuesday morning, word came from the lighthouse that a vessel's sails had been sighted ten miles south of the life-saving station. Immediately, a gang of men from the shore got together, some drove out to Surfside, where, meeting the Underwriters' boat, they launched through the surf.

The crew of this boat was made up of the following members: James A. Hutton, George A. Vinton, James Kiernan, James H. Lann, John F.

what but was easily freed by manning the pumps.

Another full day elapsed before the fate of the *Mentor* was definitely established. Tugs, which had been sent out to look for the derelict, had failed to sight her, and to add to the mystery of the whole affair, a thick fog settled over the waters in this area.

Finally, Thursday morning brought the news that the Nantucket salvors had saved the *Mentor*. They had sailed her to a point just off Block Island, where they were spoken by a tug. It being foggy, the islanders struck a bargain with the tug's skipper and were towed to Vineyard Haven, where they arrived at 1:30 that morning.

After getting in touch with the consignees and the insurance agents, the islanders remained aboard the craft until she was towed to Boston. Here, the salvors impounded the *Mentor* for \$40,000. The tug-boat concern also put in a claim, but the Nantucketers, led by James Kiernan, had a signed agreement wherein the tug's skipper had agreed to tow the bark from the location off Block Island to Vineyard Haven for \$200. This contract was recognized by the courts, and the Nantucketers were awarded salvage fees to the amount of \$24,000. The

for the Underwriters. We tried her pumps and soon had most of the water out of her, which was surprisingly little. Then we got one of her anchors ready to let go as the wind was light and the tide tended to pull her inshore.

"Luckily, we had three boatmen in our crew who had been in square-riggers—Jim Luce, Charlie Coffin and Jim Kiernan. It came on to breeze heavily from the north and we got sail on and steered for Block Island. We intended to go into Newport—but the wind fell off soon after we sighted Block Island light that night. When the tug hailed us, we told her skipper to come aboard. There was an agreement signed wherein the tug-boat master was to tow us into Vineyard Haven for \$200.00.

"I stayed on board the *Mentor* with most of the others until we arrived in Boston harbor. We hired a well-known Boston marine lawyer to take our case and guaranteed him \$1,000. After the usual preliminaries, the Court allowed our salvage claims and we divided the money into 16 equal shares—Bill Smith got one share as he was the Underwriters' man who always hunted the big bark.

"What did I do with my money? Well, I was only a young fellow then and the \$200 I received earned a lot of money. But I was wise because I bought a home with it—a home on Front street which was my home for years. But, in looking back, that was quite a job and considering all the chances we took well worth the money."



THE CREW OF THE *Mentor*

These are all photographs, through courtesy of William Loring, who donated to the State of Massachusetts the original photographs of the *Mentor*.



## Rich, Colorful And Droll Nantucket Yarns Unravelling At Historical League 'Gam'

What with television and Scrabble, conversation is becoming a lost art these days but as long as Nantucketers are able to get together for a "gam" it will never disappear entirely.

Bay State Historical league members who visited here recently were witnesses to a real Nantucket "gam" when Mrs. George Jones, Mrs. Joseph King, Mrs. Walton H. Adams, Dr. William E. Gardner, George Jones, Edouard Stackpole and Leroy H. True traded some old Nantucket stories.

The "gamming" tradition stretches way back to the early whaling days when passing ships would heave to and exchange news. The whaling ships have gone, but the tradition remains and when Islanders meet today they still call it "gamming."

The stories were rich and colorful, told in turn with whimsical and droll touches. Some samples:

The mail service was slow in the days of Nantucket's whaling glory and there were times when years would pass before a letter reached its destination. Despite the difficulties, one wife wrote to her sailor husband: "Dear Ezra Where did you put the axe?" More than a year later she received a letter saying: "Dear Martha. What did you want the axe for?" The wife hurriedly penned a reply and sent it on its way. Two years later the sailor read: "Dear Ezra. Never mind the axe. What did you do with the hammer." The story was told by Mrs. King.

Mrs. Adams told of an Island advertisement written by Benny Cleveland which read: "I will sleep in the homes of timid women, 15 cents each night—two nights for a quarter. She also remembered a story concerning a Quaker captain who was having a difficult time with a skipper from Nova Scotia. The argument became more heated and finally the Quaker called over one of the crew. Said the Quaker:

"Friend Peter, come up here and talk some of thy ill-advised language." As he handed the sailor his speaking trumpet, he advised: "And don't spare thyself, Peter."

Mr. Stackpole, Island historian and author of the Sea Hunters, made this contribution: In the old

days a mate was often judged by the ship's owners on the way he kept the ship's log. If it was satisfactory he might be promoted to captain. One ambitious mate made the mistake of trying to drink Valparaiso dry, and when he finally lurched back to the ship the captain noted: "Mate came aboard drunk." When the mate argued that this would hurt his promotion chances the captain countered: "Well, it's true, isn't it?"

The mate said nothing and after a few days had passed, the captain had occasion to look over the log. To his amazement he found inscribed with each day's entry: "Captain sober today." In answer to his demand for an explanation the mate said, "Well, it's true, isn't it?"

Another story by Mrs. Jones concerned the wife of a Nantucket skipper who decided she'd have scriptural passages printed on her best china. The china was shipped off the Island along with instructions and in due time was returned. When the wife examined the china she found the biblical passages neatly printed and underneath the embazoned instructions: "Put it here."

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"Jack," said the captain one day, "Does thee know that thee is an inveterate swearer?" The sailor agreed but said he didn't mean any harm.

"Take my coat and wear it for a week," the captain said, "And

thee'll find thee'll not be disposed to swear."

The week passed and Jack came back with the coat. "Well, Jack," said the captain, "Has thee stopped thy swearing?"

"I've had no desire to swear, captain," Jack answered, "But I've had a helluva hankerin' to lie."

Dr. Gardner doubted this story but it was supposed to have happened to Mrs. Adams' grandfather, George Grant: A sailor in love with a pretty Nantucket girl, he was told by the lass that she would marry him if he brought her a parrot that could recite the Lord's Prayer. It wasn't easy but George worked patiently with a bird he picked up in the tropics and soon the parrot was rattling off the prayer, stumbling only when he reached "Forgive us our trespasses."

Returning to Nantucket, George met a man in Cottage City who offered him \$100 for the parrot. George, thinking of his girl back in Nantucket, turned him down. But when the price was raised to \$250, he couldn't resist the offer and the bird changed hands.

Wondering what his girl would say, George arrived in Nantucket only to discover that she had married a man in Cottage City.

The Nantucket talent for barbed wit was shown in the story by Mrs. Jones of an old Quaker who advised an acquaintance: "Friend Charles, if thee'd be one half as economical of this world's goods, as thee is of the truth, thee'd be the richest man in Nantucket."

In Nantucket, July 29, 1954, Etta C. Wood, widow of the late James H. Wood, Jr., aged 91 years, 4 months, 19 days.

### Mrs. Etta C. Wood.

Mrs. Etta C. Wood, widow of the late James H. Wood, Jr., died suddenly at her home on Cliff Road, Thursday evening. Mrs. Wood, who was 91 years old, was born in Nantucket on March 10, 1863, the daughter of William and Mary Marden.

She was a member of Sherburne Chapter, O. E. S., of Island Rebekah Lodge, and of the First Congregational Church in Nantucket. For many years Mrs. Wood has spent the winter months at the New Bedford Hotel and the summers at her home in Nantucket.

She is survived by two sons, Herbert C. and Allan D. Wood, and by a daughter, Mrs. Lillian Thurston, all of Nantucket. She also leaves four grandchildren, Mrs. Elmer L. Prescott, of Dedham, Mass.; David H. Wood, of Lenox, Mass.; James A. Wood of Nashua, N. H., and Mrs. Thomas G. Howarth, of Cambridge, Mass., and four great-grandchildren, Donald and Robert Prescott, and Signa and Kristen Wood.

Funeral services will be held at 11 o'clock Monday morning, August 2, from her late residence at 36 Cliff Road. The Rev. Clayton E. Richard will officiate. Interment will be in Prospect Hill Cemetery.

### Harbinger Of The Season Is Here

One perennial sign of mid-summer in Nantucket is here again. Come rain or sun, when you hear that beautiful bell-tone winding among the old streets, it is mid-season and time to run to the kitchen and sewing room for the knives and scissors. For out in front will be found Tony de Carlo with his portable grinding mill, and a cheery "Buona Sera, Signora!"

For 46 years he has been putting keen edges on the household ware from Massachusetts to Florida, and although his seven children are full-grown, Tony follows the old routine. Mid-summer on Nantucket without Tony—it couldn't happen here.

## Tales of Historic Nantucket Retold at Winter "Gam".

Continued from Page One

Orange and York Streets as far back as 1868. Captain Chase was a large man and the tub, built of tin, was made large in proportion with a frame of wood. It seems a leader was put through the window near the tub through which water was led into the tub from a pump in the yard. Captain Chase would pump as much water into the tub as he thought he needed for his bath, then would light a fire under the tub and thus bring the water up to the required temperature. There must have been a brick hearth under the tub, but imagine the smoke pouring out into the room! And to empty the tub the water must have been bailed out.

Mrs. Charlotte King read a clipping about some of the old hotels on the island, and prices being \$2.50 a day. The Veranda and the Wauwinet House were the best locations on the island.

A story was presented for action by the men, whereupon Mr. Coffin said that a time limit regulation which the street may be set.

Was it find out how long they must stay open," Mr. Coffin said. "It is going to take 10 days, tell them keep the street open."

There's lots of days and don't work on the job at King they get them open. They put it down there before they they. The latter statement re-

the work recently completed on Orange Street by the Sewer Department, he explained.

He meant to criticize any town up to," he said. "but I can see

keeping some streets open from three months. It happens in winter, usually in extreme weather. If we'd had a heavy snow this winter there would have been a mess."

He commented further that there could be given than the estimated was necessary, in the weather, etc., into consideration. "If they say it'll take two weeks, could give them 30 days, or like that, but there should be sort of a limit on the time."

Mr. Hardy remarked that he thought Mr. Coffin, and stated the Sewer Department is the order.

At the time we get those after the work is all done," Mr. Burgess remarked, indicating street opening application the hole's been dug and filled

Mr. Hardy repeated that he felt that the need of keeping some holes open for two and three periods. Selectman Hardy related the Sewer Department doesn't have to ask permission of the Board to open a street. "I do it anyway," he said.

But how about closing it up?" Mr. Coffin asked. "The North, her friends to please."

Another one was: "Here lies the body of Samuel Pease with folded arms he went to ease. It is not Sam, but only his pod, Sam has shelled out and gone to God."



# ANOTHER CHATTY LETTER

(This time from the girls in the front office)

Dick Barrett was home on furlough this week—asked for another "chatty letter." So have several others, so here it is.....1283 votes were cast at the election on Tuesday.....Nelson O. Dunham received the complimentary vote of 1144.....103 Servicemen and women voted by absentee ballot.....Orrie Hull was again elected Representative.....pheasants are scarce.....the hunters aren't bagging many.....scallops are scarce, too.....the Andrews boys seem to be doing as well as anybody in bringing them in.....Stuart Day took the job as assistant to Agent Giffin on the wharf, but didn't like it, so is back at Coffin's Drug Store.....Lt. Catherine Newport, A. N. C., was home overnight last week before shipping overseas.....Henry Norcross has been driving the tractor carting the tree trunks away after the hurricane.....the rubber tires slip on the cobble stones and a truck has to push from behind in order to get up Main street. They used one of Bianchi's big trailers to carry the heavy trunks.....Inez Butler is back in the Bank, filling in while Polly Porter is away.....Katherine Hatch Dunham is running Eleanor Royal's shop on Federal street this winter.....Oscar Hamblin has two cows; hopes soon to have a herd out on "Gold Dollar Farm"....Ed and Beulah Scully and Barbara Garnett have gone to Florida for the winter; Betty Worth went along with them.....J. B. is having his calves arrive skin and all now-a-days. Stuart Chadwick has been cutting them up in his spare time.....Helen Tice Cook is doing clerical work in the town office building.....The Allen boys have the Pullman open this winter, serving hamburgers, etc., to the hungry.....Janet Lamens has a job in California, after being in the office at the Wharf all summer.....Gibbie Wyer got hurt a while ago when a pitchfork went into his leg while haying. He's limping around a bit, but didn't stay under cover long. Gibbie's bought a couple of little houses down on Francis street and will be moving into one of them before long.....Bob Congdon recently celebrated his thirty-eighth birthday.....Petticoat Row also chalked off another year a week or so ago.....Anna Newport is working at Evelyn Gardner's beauty shop, along with Kathryn Raub and Anna Sylvia.....Gerry Paradis Tunning has gone down to Norfolk to be with Pat for a while.....Jimmie Killen and Jimmie Psaradelis have both been home on leave after being overseas for a while.....Lester Ayers is having fourteen new radiators installed in his house on Union street, hopes to get the furnace in by Christmas.....Lucille is working in Brock's office.....Amy Duponte and Albert Brock were married last Sunday, going to live on Quarter Mile Hill, off Main street.....Maggie Lamb Olderich went out to California to see Jimmy, left here last Friday.....Mrs. Bond was elected president of the Hospital Women's Auxiliary the other day.....Tad Adams is spending most of his time at the Cap'n's Room, with his feet on the rail, since he retired from the Post Office.....There's a rumor around that Jimmy Levins is going to quit before long. The Post Office won't seem the same without the Irish charm.....Joe Senecal is working evenings remodeling Tom Sheehan's new store on the corner of Main and Orange streets—to be called Sheehan's Haberdashery, so we've heard.....William Hall is proudly displaying a handsome gold wrist watch, presented him by the employees of the New Bedford store on the occasion of his fiftieth anniversary with Wing's.....Margaret Hull Polosky has gone to Boston to be with Ted.....There is no longer a coal shed on the end of Straight Wharf.....what didn't blow down in the hurricane has since been removed.....Ken Blackshaw nearly removed the chimneys from his house when he flew over in his B-17 on his way to England.....Ethel Dunham is working in Dr. Pearl's office.....Phyllis Allen was recently married to Robert D. Sherman, a service man stationed here.....Margaret Fawcett, who is now in charge of the

**PEASE'S**

**MARINE**

To be conducted  
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**Representative**

Nicholson, Republican ..... 908

Blanks ..... 475

**Referendum Questions**

Orison V. Hull, ..... 862

Reuben S. Glidden, ..... 268

Arthur C. Hayden, ..... 138

Blanks ..... 115

**Sherriff**

Nelson O. Dunham, Republican .. 1144

Blanks ..... 239

**License Questions**

No. 1—Yes 385, No 63, Blanks 935.

No. 2—Yes 329, No 139, Blanks 915.

No. 3—Yes 268, No 285, Blanks 830.

No. 4—Yes 423, No 61, Blanks 899.

No. 5—Yes 343, No 122, Blanks 918.

**License Questions**

No. 1—Yes 530, No 216, Blanks 637.

No. 2—Yes 528, No 171, Blanks 684.

No. 3—Yes 549, No 162, Blanks 672.

**Referendum Questions**

This was a decided decline from the 1940 total of 1681; in fact, it was the smallest vote since 1932, when President Roosevelt ran for his first term. In 1936, the total was 1580; in 1932, 1157; in 1928—1318, and in 1924—977. In 1940, the Republican vote was 1015.



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Sherman, a service man stationed here.....Margaret Fawcett Wilson is now in charge of the rooms at the Service Men's Club, keeping a watchful eye on happenings within and keeping the young boys out.....Tommy Giffin and Buster Coffin are taking time off from the Merchant Marine and are spending their time at Tuckernuck, digging quahaugs and scalloping, bringing their fare to town via Madaket and Buster's blue jalopy.....Leroy H. True is teaching manual training in the woodwork department at the Coffin School and seems to like it.....Carll Appleton is still keeping the home fires burning at the Academy Hill School.....Mary Haines has gone to Florida for the winter.....Mrs. Arthur Chase is wearing her white coat and helps Arthur wait on customers in the A & P on Main street.....They have moved up on Vestal street into a house Irene bought recently.....Jean Sevrens, an ensign in the Navy Nurse Corps, had her picture in the Boston papers a while ago.....Frances Lewis is in the Army Nurse Corps and has gone overseas.....Harry Rex is taking pictures for the Joseph Starbuck book, the "Three Brothers," which Dr. Gardner is to have published next spring.....Blanche Cahoon has returned from a visit with Alice in Maine and reports the latest addition to the family a husky chap.....Jessie Fernald, Luther's wife, has closed India House and is going away for the winter.....the editor has finally taken a few days off and gone to Boston for the first time in over a year and a half.....the Swain sisters, Vera, Lois and Elizabeth, are all home this week visiting their mother, Mrs. Phoebe Swain Tracy.....Mary Fisher was married last month to Walter Parker Huffman.....the Mirror office has a new printer's devil—"Mawey" Brownell, brother of Robert, who was Nantucket's first draftee.....Belle Burchell and "Sandy" are moving in town for the winter.....Al Fee and his family are in the process of moving into the house they bought on North Liberty street.....that's a First National neighborhood now, with Norman Wilson, Charlie Ferreira and Arthur Howes all living up there.....Ed Stackpole has patched up his roof, painted his trimmings, and is now building a fence.....he went away for a week-end and came back home to find his children had the measles.....Jack Driscoll has been doing some painting around the Hospital this week.....Marguerite Barnard has come home and is on the Nursing staff at the Hospital.....the bowling tournaments are under way again—Elwyn Burdick is the new champion.....Mary Chapel and Eileen McGrath have gone back to Radcliffe College. Eileen will graduate in February, Mary in June.....George Smith was home on leave from the Coast Guard the other day with a beautiful growth of hirsute adornment.....Tommy Giffin still has his, too.....Lima Richards Langley is now working in Mac's Pharmacy.....Dottie Quinn has taken Amy Duponte's place in the Gas Office.....Cynthia Quinn doesn't like nursing and is working in Bottizer's.....Bob Hardy still has his head bandaged as a result of an accident several weeks ago.....the same old spread still gathers 'round Ruby Coffin's corner every morning to discuss the weather and anything else they can think of.....Crabapple tournaments are starting down at the Purdie Club with William Morris taking a slight advantage over his partner, Harold Kline, in the first round.....for a few months, but says he isn't getting any vacation time.....Cathy Kullard is driving a used truck for the Federal Service Company.....Will Elliott has been home for a few days.....the actions on Main street have all been taken in for the winter.

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The week passed and Jack came back with the coat. "Well, Jack," said the captain, "Has thee stopped thy swearing?"

"I've had no desire to swear, captain," Jack answered, "But I've had a helluva hankerin' to lie."

Dr. Gardner doubted this story but it was supposed to have happened to Mrs. Adams' grandfather, George Grant: A sailor in love with a pretty Nantucket girl, he was told by the lass that she would marry him if he brought her a parrot that could recite the Lord's Prayer. It wasn't easy but George worked patiently with a bird he picked up in the tropics and soon the parrot was rattling off the prayer, stumbling only when he reached "Forgive us our trespasses."

Returning to Nantucket, George met a man in Cottage City who offered him \$100 for the parrot. George, thinking of his girl back in Nantucket, turned him down. But when the price was raised to \$250, he couldn't resist the offer and the bird changed hands.

Wondering what his girl would say, George arrived in Nantucket only to discover that she had married a man in Cottage City.

The Nantucket talent for barbed wit was shown in the story by Mrs. Jones of an old Quaker who advised an acquaintance: "Friend Charles, if thee'd be one half as economical of this world's goods, as thee-is of the truth, thee'd be the richest man in Nantucket."

In Nantucket, July 29, 1954, Etta C. Wood, widow of the late James H. Wood, Jr., aged 91 years, 4 months, 19 days.

### Mrs. Etta C. Wood.

Mrs. Etta C. Wood, widow of the late James H. Wood, Jr., died suddenly at her home on Cliff Road, Thursday evening. Mrs. Wood, who was 91 years old, was born in Nantucket on March 10, 1863, the daughter of William and Mary Marden.

She was a member of Sherburne Chapter, O. E. S., of Island Rebekah Lodge, and of the First Congregational Church in Nantucket. For many years Mrs. Wood has spent the winter months at the New Bedford Hotel and the summers at her home in Nantucket.

She is survived by two sons, Herbert C. and Allan D. Wood, and by a daughter, Mrs. Lillian Thurston, all of Nantucket. She also leaves four grandchildren, Mrs. Elmer L. Prescott, of Dedham, Mass.; David H. Wood, of Lenox, Mass.; James A. Wood of Nashua, N. H., and Mrs. Thomas G. Howarth, of Cambridge, Mass., and four great-grandchildren, Donald and Robert Prescott, and Signa and Kristen Wood.

Funeral services will be held at 11 o'clock Monday morning, August 2, from her late residence at 36 Cliff Road. The Rev. Clayton E. Richard will officiate. Interment will be in Prospect Hill Cemetery.

## Tales of Historic Nantucket Retold at Winter "Gam".

Continued from Page One

Orange and York Streets as far back as 1868, Captain Chase was a large man and the tub, built of tin, was made large in proportion with a frame of wood. It seems a leader was put through the window near the tub through which water was led into the tub from a pump in the yard. Captain Chase would pump as much water into the tub as he thought he needed for his bath, then would light a fire under the tub and thus bring the water up to the required temperature. There must have been a brick hearth under the tub, but imagine the smoke pouring out into the room! And to empty the tub the water must have been bailed out.

Mrs. Charlotte King read a clipping about some of the old hotels on the island, and prices being \$2.50 a day. The Veranda and the Wauwinet House were the best locations on the island.

A list of the old hotels was read by Mrs. Adams, among them were Dixon's Tavern, on Cross Wharf; Wheeler's Tavern, corner of South Wharf and Whale Street; Sailor Boarding House, Old South Wharf; Washington House, Main Street; Mansion House, Federal Street, and Atlantic House, Siasconset. These hotels were all "before the fire."

Mr. Jones read an article about old fire apparatus, following which Mrs. King and Mrs. Adams both read clippings about old fire engines and where they were located.

Miss Grace Brown Gardner told a story about the undertaker attending a funeral in his best black attire, and then having to go to a fire all dressed up for a funeral.

Mr. Clinton Andrews read an item from a scrap book about fishing and an ice storm in 1888. The ice being twelve inches thick and one could skate from Tuckernuck to Madaket.

Mrs. Frank Conway told a very interesting story about a voyage on which her mother and her two children accompanied Capt. Conway, telling about how many days she was seasick; 63 out of 168 days she was suffering from seasickness. Mrs. Conway made the story interesting.

Mr. Reuben Glidden was called on to tell a story, and he told about old Joe Clapp and his friend Thomas Sayer. These two made an agreement that if one went before the other, the remaining pal would visit the cemetery once a month to report the doings of the island. Mr. Sayer died first and Joseph Clapp made his periodical visits to the cemetery and on one of these visits he told the happenings on the island and said, "If you are contented where you are, I thing you had better stay there."

Also Mr. Glidden recited a few epitaphs which can be found in the old burying grounds, one of which runs like this:

"However dear, she's laid not here; Some private grief was her disease, Laid to the North, her friends to please."

Another one was: "Here lies the body of Samuel Pease with folded arms he went to ease. It is not Sam, but only his pod, Sam has shelled out and gone to God."

### Harbinger Of The Season Is Here

One perennial sign of mid-summer in Nantucket is here again. Come rain or sun, when you hear that beautiful bell-tone winding among the old streets, it is mid-season and time to run to the kitchen and sewing room for the knives and scissors. For out in front will be found Tony de Carlo with his portable grinding mill, and a cheery "Buona Sera, Signora!"

For 46 years he has been putting keen edges on the household ware from Massachusetts to Florida, and although his seven children are full-grown, Tony follows the old routine. Mid-summer on Nantucket without Tony—it couldn't happen here.



## ANOTHER CHATTY LETTER

(This time from the girls in the front office)

Dick Barrett was home on furlough this week—asked for another "chatty letter." So have several others, so here it is.....1283 votes were cast at the election on Tuesday.....Nelson O. Dunham received the complimentary vote of 1144.....103 Servicemen and women voted by absentee ballot.....Orrie Hull was again elected Representative.....pheasants are scarce.....the hunters aren't bagging many.....scallops are scarce, too.....the Andrews boys seem to be doing as well as anybody in bringing them in.....Stuart Day took the job as assistant to Agent Giffin on the wharf, but didn't like it, so is back at Coffin's Drug Store.....Lt. Catherine Newport, A. N. C., was home overnight last week before shipping overseas.....Henry Norcross has been driving the tractor carting the tree trunks away after the hurricane.....the rubber tires slip on the cobble stones and a truck has to push from behind in order to get up Main street. They used one of Bianchi's big trailers to carry the heavy trunks.....Inez Butler is back in the Bank, filling in while Polly Porter is away.....Katherine Hatch Dunham is running Eleanor Royal's shop on Federal street this winter.....Oscar Hamblin has two cows; hopes soon to have a herd out on "Gold Dollar Farm"....Ed and Beulah Scully and Barbara Garnett have gone to Florida for the winter; Betty Worth went along with them.....J. B. is having his calves arrive skin and all now-a-days. Stuart Chadwick has been cutting them up in his spare time.....Helen Tice Cook is doing clerical work in the town office building.....The Allen boys have the Pullman open this winter, serving hamburgers, etc., to the hungry.....Janet Lamens has a job in California, after being in the office at the Wharf all summer. Gibbie Wver got hurt a while ago when a pitchfork went

Mr. Glidden added a story about Dr. Jenks, the dentist, who would pull a tooth for 50 cents.

Mr. Kent King read an article from California Monthly magazine by Ferdinand Ewer about a reunion of Nantucket people in California.

Mr. Glidden then recited a long poem. Mrs. Charlotte King read a clipping about schools in Nantucket, while Mr. George Jones read some interesting items from "Godfrey's Guide to Nantucket".

Mrs. Adams spoke about the building of the Summer Street Baptist Church, and about how cheap labor and materials were. One item was "paid Caleb C. Cook of Providence \$19 for mahogany and carting and for labor; Hiram Andrews received \$5 for labor; Lot Fisher \$13; Steven Eston \$3; Alexander M. Adams \$10; Joseph Ramsdell 50 cents for hoisting rafters, and Jessie Eldridge \$4." The church was built in 1840.

Mr. Jones then told about old time auctions and some stories about Billy Clark. There was a saying: "No person, if he has anything to do at all, can afford to attend an auction."

Mrs. Margaret Fawcett Wilson told an entertaining story about the old 'Sconset train. Mr. Powers of the popular hotel of the day used to blow a bugle upon the arrival and departure of guests at the hotel. One of his favorite tunes was "Why Did I Ever Leave Thee?"

Mrs. Adams spoke about the old pump which used to be in the yard hidden behind the board fence on the Joy property. Later the house was removed from this property and Dr. J. S. Grouard built a new home at the corner of Cliff Road and Easton Street.

Mrs. King read a story from the Pioneer magazine which was very entertaining.

This ended the "Gam" for this year. All who attended expressed themselves as enjoying the evening's entertainment.

ing around a bit, but didn't stay under of little houses down on Francis street before long.....Bob Congdon recently .....Petticoat Row also chalked off .....Anna Newport is working at Evelyn Kathryn Raub and Anna Sylvia..... down to Norfolk to be with Pat for a the Psaradelis have both been home on .....Lester Ayers is having fourteen .....en Union street, hopes to get the is working in Brock's office.....Amy married last Sunday, going to live on .....Maggie Lamb Olderich went out to last Friday.....Mrs. Bond was elected auxiliary the other day.....Tad Adams Cap'n's Room, with his feet on the rail, .....There's a rumor around that .....The Post Office won't seem the .....Joe Senecal is working evenings re .....on the corner of Main and Orange .....erdashery, so we've heard.....William .....ome gold wrist watch, presented him by .....store on the occasion of his fiftieth an .....et Hull Polosky has gone to Boston to be .....coal shed on the end of Straight Wharf .....hurricane has since been removed..... chimneys from his house when he flew .....Ethel Dunham is working in .....en was recently married to Robert D. here.....Margaret Fawcett Wilson

In 1940, the Republican vote was 1157; in 1928-1318, and in 1924-977. In 1936, the total was 1580; in 1932, dent Roosevelt ran for his first term. smallest vote since 1932, when Pres- 1940 total of 1681; in fact, it was the This was a decided decline from the \* \* \* \* \* No. 3—Yes 549, No 162 Blanks 672. No. 2—Yes 528, No 171, Blanks 684. No. 1—Yes 530, No 216, Blanks 687. License Questions. No. 5—Yes 343, No 122, Blanks 918. No. 4—Yes 423, No 61, Blanks 899. No. 3—Yes 268, No 285, Blanks 830. No. 2—Yes 329, No 139, Blanks 915. No. 1—Yes 385, No 63, Blanks 935. Referendum Questions. Blanks ..... Nelson O. Dunham, Republican .. 1144 239

Orison V. Hull, Arthur C. Hayden, Reuben S. Glidden, Blanks ..... Representative ..... Blanks ..... Senator ..... Nicholson, Republican .. 1144

OF OF



## Nantucket Streets and Lanes.

(Reprinted, by request from the "Proceedings of the Nantucket Historical Association", July 24, 1929.)

On one of my airplane trips over the town recently, I met an old lady who informed me that she used to live on the island and had not been down here for over forty years. She was enjoying her flight immensely and shouted to me every few minutes about something she saw down below.

"You know," she said, "I saw a whole lot of flowers on Rose Lane the other day. Do you know where that is?" Rose Lane. Where did she mean?

It puzzled me for a while until I thought of the lane that runs up to Voorneveld's greenhouse, just north of the Methodist Church. My answer satisfied her and I waited, wondering what she would say next.

Suddenly the lady exclaimed: "And there is Break Neck Alley, where I used to slide down hill when I was a child." Again I was all at sea, but she pointed it out to me, and what should it be but what I know as Sunset Pass which leads from the school grounds to Lily Street.

I asked her to tell me more of the old streets and she did her best to make me hear her above the noise of the motors. Before we landed I learned that she, as a girl, had lived on Stone Alley, which was then called "Gunter's Alley".

This charming old lady interested me so much that I visited her the following day, when she told me many enjoyable tales about the old lanes, the names of which I had never heard. Who ever would think now that the street opposite the Post Office (now the bus stand) was formerly named, "Coal Lane", or that Hiller's Lane off Fair Street used to be known as "Nabby Bailey's Lane"?

During the afternoon she asked me if the old asylum were still on Jail Lane. There I was perplexed. I knew nothing of an asylum and had never heard of Jail Lane. After asking her questions about its locality, I discovered that she meant Vestal Street and that the "Asylum" was our old jail.

I spent the next day with her, riding around town, and I learned more about Nantucket as it used to be than I had ever known before. I discovered that Gay Street used to be Coffin's Court; that Mooers' Lane was always known as "Judith Chase's Lane" or Moose Lane; and that Quince Street was formerly Crown Court. No one seems to know why it was changed to Quince, for about all the fruit trees seen there have always borne pears. Saratoga Street, that borders the Friends' burial ground, used to bear the cheerful name of Grave Street. But where did the "Saratoga" come from?

We rode up Coffin Court to inspect the new school building and then down Clay Lane. Westminster Street had been called Clay Lane for years and my friend told me that on a rainy day Clay Lane had always held its own.

Coming down Federal Street we stopped at "Black Horse Alley" to look at the old shop south of it where the old Quaker, William Hosier, bought old rope and nails from the Nantucket boys. "Black Horse Alley" is the small court between the Killen and Hosier property, both of which belong to the

Further down the street the old lady asked me if I had ever heard of Independence Lane. Upon my saying "no" she told me that it used to extend from Centre to Federal Streets, north of the Main Street stores, and that the town closed up the Centre Street end many years ago when it built the engine-house there.

Madison Street still exists, but few people know it. It is the narrow way just wide enough for a cart or auto, that extends from Federal Street to Coal Lane, between the news store and the Catholic Church.

Further down Main Street, below Coal Lane, was Type Alley. This ran between what is now Lester Ayers' shop and the Wannacommet Water Company's office. It is said that it acquired its name from the fact that many years ago the former newspaper office was in the building on the west side of the alley and that type was often thrown out of the window by the apprentices.

My friend told me lots of other interesting things about the old town. I learned that "Hay Scale Lane" was the lower part of Pine Street; that Macy's Court is now called Howard Street; and that Angola Street is now the western end of South Mill Street.

Macy's Court! Why I have been told that it was there that Zaccheus Macy lived, the man who was the noted bone-setter of Nantucket. Why was it changed to Howard Street? No one seems to know, and if ever a man deserved to have a street named after him, it was Zaccheus Macy.

My interest in the old streets of Nantucket has grown keen as the days have passed. I learn that Main Street was formerly called State Street, and that Pearl Street was originally India Street, said to have been given that name because so many of the sea captains lived there and made voyages to India.

Tattle Court still remains the little narrow way on the west side of Fair Street. Tradition says that it was given its name because so much neighborhood gossip transpired there. Whether this be true or not, no one has attempted to change the name and Tattle Court still exists.

And there was once Brown's Lane, which extended from Centre to Federal Street, and was closed up when the Friends built their meeting house there (now the Roberts House dining room).

Even in my day I have heard folks refer to North Liberty Street as "Egypt". I wondered why it was so called and was told that it was always a place of total darkness; that up to forty years ago there were only four houses there and people did not travel that way much at night—hence the local application of the expression "as dark as Egypt".

Who ever heard of Easy Street in Nantucket up to a few years ago—the place which is this year to be the center of the water-front carnival for the benefit of the Hospital? That was always known as "the dump", yet it suddenly blossomed out into Easy Street and Easy Street it will always remain, for the county commissioners have accepted the name and placed it on record. Is there another town in the world with an Easy Street? Lots of people endeavor all their lives to live there, but do they?

Step Lane, between Centre and North Water Streets was always Step Lane until the steps were removed when Farmer Chapman and his wife started to run a boarding house there.

some reason or other it was transformed into "Chapman Avenue". It remained an avenue until later residents petitioned that the old name be restored and Step Lane it is today—without any steps.

New Dollar Lane, extending from Milk to Mill Streets, is said to have been given that name because it was there the famous whaling merchant, Joseph Starbuck, lived—the man who built the three brick houses on Main Street for his sons. The Nantucketers were always skeptical whether Starbuck ever "saw a new dollar for an old one" in consequence of his ventures. But why New Dollar Lane was changed to Risdale Street I cannot state, but it was—and for a number of years people were compelled to live on Risdale Street who preferred to live on New Dollar Lane. But a few years ago the town voted to change the name back again and Risdale street blew away, never to return.

In passing, let us take a stroll through what is now Ray's Court, starting at Fair Street by the Historical Building and extending through to Main Street amid the shade of aged trees. John Ray, who was my grandfather several generations back, was a Scotchman named Macrae, but the Nantucketers found it easier to call him Ray, and Ray he and his descendants have remained ever since. He built the house now owned by Dr. W. P. Graves and settled his children around him, some on one side of the court and some the other. In 1830 Ray's Court was joined to Turner's Alley, which was the name of the little end of the court which empties out onto Main Street. The name of Turner's Alley is no more—it is all Ray's Court.

Who authorized the change of Rose Jenkins's Lane, between Orange and Union Streets, to the meaningless name of Flora Street? No one knows who Flora was but there are many people living today who know all about Rose Jenkins and can well recall why it was called Rose Jenkins' Lane.

Just for a moment, let us take a peek at Prospect Street. Where did that name come from? Possibly because it had such a fine view of three cemeteries. Originally it was called Cooper Street and came rightly by that name because a number of coopers lived there during the days when Nantucket's whaling industry was in its prime. Occasionally deeds refer to this street as Copper Street instead of Cooper Street, but Cooper was its right name until it was transformed over night into Prospect Street.

And, last but not least, I have found Cat Alley—a narrow passage extending north from Stone Alley, which is important enough, however, to have a sign-board announcing its presence. Let us hope that it will always remain Cat Alley and that future generations will not try to improve it. It should retain its name just as much as "Kite Hill", which remains "Kite Hill" today in spite of the fact that the boys have not flown kites there for a quarter of a century or more.

The streets of Nantucket were given names which had a meaning, although perhaps not always melodious in sound. There is no doubt but that Grave Street meant much more to our ancestors than does Saratoga Street, and the by-ways which were "lanes" years ago are entitled to retain the names which the good people of Nantucket gave them when they built this old gray town that we all love and in which we all take pride.

## Boats and Years.

Often there is reminiscent reference to the old sidewheelers of the Island line, steamboats that long ago joined the fleets of the vanished past. The names Monohansett and Uncatena have special though fading magic, and the sidewheelers that bore the names Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, and Gay Head are recalled with many a warm and fond association. A time has come when only those well past middle years can remember the Monohansett clearly; she was wrecked in 1902.

It was the Monohansett which served longest on the line, a period of about 40 years, all the more noteworthy because her engines were not new when they were originally installed. They came from the older Eagle's Wing which had been burned.

The Uncatena succeeded the Monohansett and saw service for about 30 years, from 1902 to 1930, although toward the end of that interval she was only a utility boat. The old steamer Nantucket, first operated in 1886, was disposed of in 1913 after 27 years, and the old Gay Head, built in 1891, lasted until 1924, a term of 33 years.

The first steamer Martha's Vineyard was built in 1871 and was still in use up to about 1907 or 1908, a useful life of 36 or 37 years, the last part of it in irregular service.

The old steamers lasted mostly for about 30 years and then tapered off. The first of the propellers, the San-katy, was launched in 1911 and was quickly outmoded since she was adapted to the automobile age, so that the company felt, on the whole, relieved when she burned in 1924.

The senior craft of the modern fleet of propellers is the present Martha's Vineyard, which went into service under the name Islander in 1923. She has now run, year in and year out, for 31 years. There is some tendency to challenge the Steamship Authority's decision to build a new vessel to replace her, but no alternative to a new vessel has been suggested. Certainly the Martha's Vineyard, obsolete in respect to modern needs, is about ready to join the Uncatena and Monohansett in the seas of memory where storm winds never blow.—From The Vineyard Gazette.



# Lightship Is In Distress

Continued From First Page  
Wyokuputat; and from  
Hole, the buoy-tender



LEAVES BOSTON ON MISSION  
Hurricane-Damaged Nantucket Lightship  
(Record-American, Louis Teton)

The power was there but it was then they found the rudder was gone.

For two and one-half hours then, using one engine, then the other, the entire crew fought to get the ship around into the wind before she foundered. Several of the men were assigned to getting ready the spare anchor.

## Gets Message Through

The radio operator, Jack A. King, punched at his key. He couldn't raise Boston and only got one short message through to Woods Hole. It was read there, "Nantucket Lightship SOS. Foundering in heavy seas." That was all.

Finally at 6:30 p. m., the ship was headed into the wind. A gang rushed forward to the bow to get free the spare anchor. Several times they almost were washed over the side. "But everything we were doing was to save our lives, so we did it," said Seaman Bernard G. DeBlois of Springfield.

They made it, the anchor dropped free and they were able to swing again into the storm.

At 11:30 that night a coast guard cutter arrived at their location. That cutter was relieved by the cutter General Green which then started the tow which took 29 hours and ended at 10 p. m. last night at the coast guard pier in Boston.

During the broken  
right: Chief John  
Arnold, who was at  
shes it, and Chief

Continued on Page 2—Col. 3

# Lightship Crew Bares Battle in Raging Sea

The lightship Nantucket, her bow plates dented, her rudder gone and her flying bridge all yard, which stayed on her post but washed away, arrived under tow until she went down with all hands in the hurricane of 1938, the Nantucket stuck to the code.

The skipper, Chief Bosun's Mate John C. Corea of Provincetown, said, "We never thought of doing anything else. You stay with the ship. If she goes, you go, too."

At 3:50 p. m. Saturday it looked as if she was going. All day the men had been at their stations. The engines were running, just in case. The seas

Her heavy chain anchor broke when a 70-foot wave smashed onto the deck of the port bow at the height of the storm.

Continued on Page 27—Col. 3

**LIGHTSHIP IN TOW**  
Fear of the safety of 15 crew members aboard the hurricane battered Nantucket Lightship, which broke away from her mooring, was allayed when the vessel was reported located and taken in tow by the Coast Guard. Meanwhile, another lightship,

# 4 Rescued From Boat

Continued from Page 4

the Relief, sailed from Boston to take the stricken vessel's position off perilous Nantucket Shoals, 41 miles east of Nantucket, where the lightship has served since 1936 when a predecessor was sunk in collision with a British liner.

The Nantucket broke from her anchorage at the height of the storm and drifted 12 miles before she was found by the Coast Guard cutter Yukutat out of New Bedford. Her steering was out, all portholes were smashed and pumps were barely able to keep her afloat.

Pending arrival of the Relief, the Coast Guard cutter Hornbeam took over the Nantucket's normal position. The Nantucket is being brought to Boston for repairs with another cutter, the General Greene, taking over from the Yukutat and making the final leg of the tow.

Commander of the Nantucket is Chief Warrant Officer L. O. Underwood.

were getting worse. The wind indicator was already broken.

Then suddenly the big wave hit.

Bosun's Mate Third Class Richard E. Arnold of Gloucester was alone in the wheel house. "She just started to rise with the wave," he said. "We went up and kept on going up. Then the chain snapped. It jerked the whole ship. The water broke over us.

"I was all mixed up with glass and water. I was scared."

## Ship Lurches Around

The water knocked over the vent to the fire room flooding it with two feet of water. The flying bridge caught the full weight of the wave which carried away the wheel, the binacle, two of the ships boats, a life raft, two searchlights and a signal light.

The skipper was back in the wheel house within second. With the anchor gone and the ship had lunched around so it was broadside in the trough between the enormous waves.

"I called for power," the Skipper said.

"I gave it to him," Chief Engineer Eugene W. Darcy, said. "We needed the power to get back headed into the wind. It seemed our only chance."



# Lightship Is In Distress

Continued From First Page  
 Wyokuputat; and from  
 Cole, the buoy-tender  
 An amphibious air-  
 plane, sent out from  
 was directed to circle  
 stricken lightship, and  
 condition to the ap-  
 rescue ships.

off Nantucket  
 Lightship was stationed  
 ately 50 miles south of  
 end of the island  
 Nantucket, directly in the  
 Edna's twin "eyes."  
 The Lightship carries  
 15 men.

Lightship is stationed in  
 in which two other  
 went down, one as a  
 the 1944 hurricane.  
 Vineyard Sound Lightship,  
 and torn by the same  
 storm 10 years ago, sank  
 10 miles off the  
 Nantucket Shoals. Its 12 crew  
 perished with her.

Predecessor of the present  
 was similarly ill-fated.  
 In 1875, 1894, the older  
 went to the bottom off  
 when it was rammed  
 by the White Star Liner Olym-  
 pen. Members of her  
 crew were rescued.

Last night, coast  
 headquarters in Boston  
 issued a bulletin that tersely  
 described the lightship's condi-  
 tion as "precarious."  
 Coast guard air-sea rescue  
 reported it was circling  
 the stricken lightship  
 after 8 o'clock last night.  
 The lightship is  
 about 10 miles northeast of  
 Nantucket.

Her stern  
 and heavy  
 bridge were  
 green water  
 vessel's bow.  
 crew escaped  
 guard said.

Ship master  
 by the coast  
 the Horn Bea-  
 the important  
 Lightship Reli-  
 scene. The  
 Boston today  
 up the position  
 row.



**LIGHTSHIP** — Examining the broken  
 Nantucket are, left to right: Chief John  
 ship; Richard E. Arnold, who was at  
 the time struck that smashed it, and Chief  
 engineer.

The power was there but it  
 was then they found the rudder  
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Commander of the Nantucket  
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prices. Continued on Page 2—Col. 3

# Lightship Crew Bares Battle in Raging Sea

Lightship Nantucket, her  
 rudder, her rudder  
 her flying bridge all  
 away, arrived under  
 tow in Boston Har-  
 bor last night with her 12-man  
 crew.

The red ship had stayed  
 49 miles southeast of  
 Nantucket Island, right in the  
 path of the hurricane Edna. The  
 ship broke when Edna  
 struck.

At 3:50 p. m. Saturday it  
 looked as if she was going. All  
 day the men had been at their  
 stations. The engines were run-  
 ning, just in case. The seas

Continued on Page 27—Col. 3

were getting worse. The wind  
 indicator was already broken.

Then suddenly the big wave  
 hit.

Bosun's Mate Third Class  
 Richard E. Arnold of Gloucester  
 was alone in the wheel house.  
 "She just started to rise with  
 the wave," he said. "We went  
 up and kept on going up. Then  
 the chain snapped. It jerked  
 the whole ship. The water broke  
 over us."

"I was all mixed up with glass  
 and water. I was scared."

## Ship Lurches Around

The water knocked over the  
 vent to the fire room flooding  
 it with two feet of water. The  
 flying bridge caught the full  
 weight of the wave which car-  
 ried away the wheel, the bin-  
 nacle, two of the ship's boats, a  
 life raft, two searchlights and a  
 signal light.

The skipper was back in the  
 wheel house within second. With  
 the anchor gone and the ship  
 had lurched around so it was  
 broadside in the trough between  
 the enormous waves.

"I called for power," the  
 Skipper said.

"I gave it to him," Chief En-  
 gineer Eugene W. Darcy, said.  
 "We needed the power to get  
 back headed into the wind. It  
 seemed our only chance."





Sept. 11<sup>th</sup> Saturday 1954  
Hurricane Edna

BOSTON POST, TUESDAY,



**BROKEN WHEEL OF LIGHTSHIP** — Examining the broken wheel of the lightship Nantucket are, left to right: Chief John C. Corea, skipper of the ship; Richard E. Arnold, who was at the wheel when the wave struck that smashed it, and Chief Eugene W. Davey, the engineer.

The power was there but it was then they found the rudder was gone.

For two and one-half hours then, using one engine, then the other, the entire crew fought to get the ship around into the wind before she foundered. Several of the men were assigned to getting ready the spare anchor.

#### Gets Message Through

The radio operator, Jack A. King, punched at his key. He couldn't raise Boston and only got one short message through to Woods Hole. It was read there, "Nantucket Lightship SOS. Foundering in heavy seas." That was all.

Finally at 6:30 p. m., the ship was headed into the wind. A gang rushed forward to the bow to get free the spare anchor. Several times they almost were washed over the side. "But everything we were doing was to save our lives, so we did it," said Seaman Bernard G. DeBlois of Springfield.

They made it, the anchor dropped free and they were able to swing again into the storm.

At 11:30 that night a coast guard cutter arrived at their location. That cutter was relieved by the cutter General Green which then started the tow which took 29 hours and ended at 10 p. m. last night at the coast guard pier in Boston.

**LIGHTSHIP IN TOW**  
Fear of the safety of 15 crew members aboard the hurricane battered Nantucket Lightship, which broke away from her mooring, was allayed when the vessel was reported located and taken in tow by the Coast Guard. Meanwhile, another lightship,

## 4 Rescued From Boat

Continued from Page 4

the Relief, sailed from Boston to take the stricken vessel's position off perilous Nantucket Shoals, 41 miles east of Nantucket, where the lightship has served since 1936 when a predecessor was sunk in collision with a British liner.

The Nantucket broke from her anchorage at the height of the storm and drifted 12 miles before she was found by the Coast Guard cutter Yukutat out of New Bedford. Her steering was out, all portholes were smashed and pumps were barely able to keep her afloat.

Pending arrival of the Relief, the Coast Guard cutter Hornbeam took over the Nantucket's normal position. The Nantucket is being brought to Boston for repairs with another cutter, the General Greene, taking over from the Yukutat and making the final leg of the tow.

Commander of the Nantucket is Chief Warrant Officer L. O. Underwood.

Continued on Page 2—Col. 3

## Horn Beam Now Off Nantucket

**WOODS HOLE, Sept. 12** — With the internationally famed Nantucket Lightship crippled by the hurricane and under tow to Boston, the coast guard buoy tender Horn Beam today took up the charted position 43 miles south of Nantucket Island.

The Nantucket was battered into helplessness by the roaring winds and mountainous seas. Her steering gear was smashed and heavy portholes on the bridge were stove in by tons of green water pouring over the vessel's bow. All 16 men in the crew escaped injury, the coast guard said.

Ship masters were informed by the coast guard today that the Horn Beam will remain on the important post until the Lightship Relief arrives on the scene. The Relief which left Boston today is expected to take up the position sometime tomorrow.

prices.

## Lightship Crew Bares Battle in Raging Sea

The lightship Nantucket, her bow plates dented, her rudder own. Like the lightship Vineyard, which stayed on her post until she went down with all hands in the hurricane of 1938, the Nantucket stuck to the code.

The skipper, Chief Bosun's Mate John C. Corea of Provincetown, said, "We never thought of doing anything else. You stay with the ship. If she goes, you go, too."

At 3:50 p. m. Saturday it looked as if she was going. All day the men had been at their stations. The engines were running, just in case. The seas

Continued on Page 27—Col. 3

were getting worse. The wind indicator was already broken.

Then suddenly the big wave hit.

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"I was all mixed up with glass and water. I was scared."

#### Ship Lurches Around

The water knocked over the vent to the fire room flooding it with two feet of water. The flying bridge caught the full weight of the wave which carried away the wheel, the binacle, two of the ship's boats, a life raft, two searchlights and a signal light.

The skipper was back in the wheel house within second. With the anchor gone and the ship had lurches around so it was broadside in the trough between the enormous waves.

"I called for power," the Skipper said.

"I gave it to him," Chief Engineer Eugene W. Darcy, said. "We needed the power to get back headed into the wind. It seemed our only chance."



Feb 27 Nantucket Members Honored at Red Men's Banquet 1954

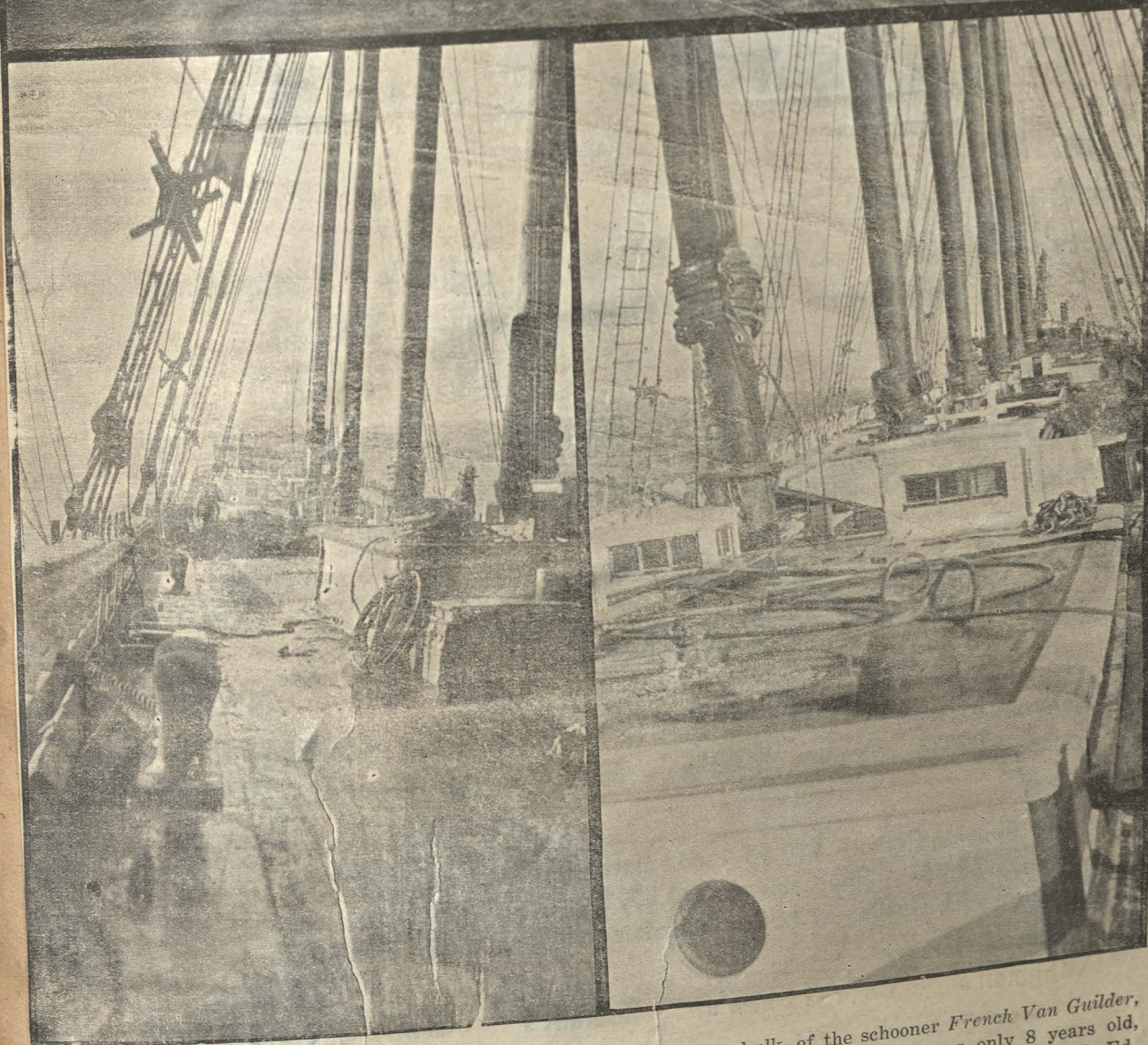


Photo by Snap Shop

The photograph above was taken at the Golden Anniversary Banquet of Wauwinet Tribe, No. 158, Improved Order of Red Men, held last Saturday evening at Red Men's Hall. In the back row, left to right, are Archibald Cartwright, P. S., who presented the certificates; Frank Viera, Sachem of Wauwinet Tribe; Cecil R. Holden, Great Sachem, of Amherst, Mass., and Manuel F. Correllus, Past Grand Sachem, of Martha's Vineyard, who was Master of Ceremonies. In the front row are Antone Foster, P. S., and Herbert H. Coffin, who were presented 50-Year Pins and Certificates; Merlin Crocker, Orin Coffin, and Herbert P. Smith, who were presented Tribal Certificates as Honorary Charter Members.



The Last of the Six-masted Schooner Alice M. Lawrence---December, 1914



The *Alice M. Lawrence*, which became stranded on the sunken hulk of the schooner *French Van Guilder*, near Tuckernuck Shoal on Dec. 5, 1914, was 305 feet long and had a 48 ft. beam. She was only 8 years old, but the wrecking company was unable to save her. On Dec. 10, Capt. Stanley Morin took James E. Chapel, Edward Rose, Ralph Dunham and the late Harry B. Turner out for a trip to the vessel. It was during this cruise that Mr. Turner took the photographs of the *Lawrence* and her main deck, reproduced above.

The *Lawrence* cost \$150,000 to build in 1906, at Bath, Me. She was "hogged" by the stranding and was stripped of sails, rigging and spars, and her considerable below-decks fittings and subsequently blown up.



# Art and Antiques

## Whalers' Idle Hours Created Unique Art

By MILDRED HOUSEN

If four years at sea yawned monotonously before you, what do you think you would do with your spare time? Let's hope you'd put it to as good use as the jolly mariners of old who voyaged around the Horn in the Golden Era of Whaling. The whale they had just pursued in the sea provided the sailors with their favorite deck sport—transforming his bone and teeth into miracles of ivory sculpture. This art, known as scrimshaw, is the only native American art except that of the Indians.

Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Williams have amassed in their Nantucket home an amazing collection of this craft, to which the Nantucket whaler contributed so heavily. The choicest pieces which connoisseurs seek highlight their collection, such as miniature models of boats—complete down to the last bit of rigging.

The whole display is dramatically installed behind indirectly lighted glass cases. The start of it was a couple of pieces found haphazardly by Mrs. Williams' mother just five years ago; and they've been "finding" scrimshaw ever since—in Boston, New Bedford, Nantucket, Salem. Three teeth were found in Palm Beach, that had come originally from Holland, proving, says Mr. Williams, "If you keep your eyes open, you can find things all over."

### Origin of Name

Many secrets veil scrimshaw—including the origin of its name. The explanation that appeals to me is that it comes from an old word, "Scrimshander," which means an idle, worthless fellow, and gradually came to mean the artistic results of a sailor's idle hours at sea. Its beginnings are in the 18th century, but the first reference is in the log-book of the brig "By Chance", that sailed out of Dartmouth.

This is now in the New Bedford Whaling Museum and the page dated May 20, 1826, reads: "All these 24 hours, small breeze and thick foggy weather, made no sail. So ends this day, all hands employed scrimshanting."

After Nantucket's first sperm whaling venture in 1712 put a start to long voyages, almost everyone aboard—from captain down to cabin boy—had an article of scrimshaw under way. To gain a choice piece of ivory they swapped tobacco, washed clothes or did other menial jobs.

The jaw of the whale was traditionally the heritage of the crew, and the officers encouraged the men to make the most of



Oriental intricacy marks decoration of jagging wheels, and dynamic realism distinguishes lusty sailor and maritime scenes on whale's teeth in Scrimshaw collection of Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Williams of Nantucket.

it when time lay heavy on their hands. Such occupational therapy avoided the wrangling inevitable on a long hawl with nerves frayed by constant male companionship—or that of an occasional island gal.

New Bedford shipowners did not share this enthusiasm, however, and resented the amount of time it took from the job at hand, which was, after all, to catch the whale. The hobby became such an obsession that some real addicts even failed to report whales sighted if they were engrossed in a particularly fascinating stage of their handicraft. All sorts of rules had to be set up limiting the activity to the fore-castle and confiscating work "done on the company's time."

### Delicate Work

Admiring the delicacy of workmanship and the imagination shown, it is hard to realize that these objects were made by the same men who ate each other when the victuals ran out. However, we have the testimony of one Nantucketer who, when asked if he knew So-and-So, answered, "I ought to—I ate him!" When not driven to cannibalism, an appropriate gift for a loved one occupied the sailor's spare

time. His inspiration was his environment—life at sea or the life he left behind. A pair of teeth mounted as book-ends at the Williams' have maritime scenes baroquely treated: "Putting Out the Sunbeam" and "The Lost Whaler of C. W. Morgan." The Williams also have the model of the Morgan, while the actual whaler is now sitting in the Marine Museum, Mystic, Conn. The folks at home were always in the sailors' thoughts and their longings spilled over into their work. A ditty box (for keeping trinkets too small for a trunk) is engraved with a nostalgic scene of house and trees.

A dream of fair women—back home—was the principal source of inspiration. The idea that woman's place is in the kitchen is crystallized in the "jagging" wheels, a favorite household gadget for crimping the edges of pies. They are mute testimonials to the delicious pies baked by mother. Equipped with a fork to punch the holes which let out steam, some even have a small knife for cutting off excess crust. A very homesick sailor might include up to seven wheels on one instrument—in the same spirit that a child will endow an owl with 20 eyes!

### Reveal Sentiment

Other items of woman's domain nostalgically fashioned were the swift, a reel for winding yarn, and the busk, a flat ruler-like "stay" about two inches wide. This milady thrust into her corset—handy for spanking baby! Such a gift had

wishful overtones that she be "bound" to remain true. One in the Whaling Museum, New Bedford, bears the verse:

*"This bone once in a sperm whale's jaw did rest.*

*Now 'tis intended for a woman's breast.*

*This, my love, I do intend  
For you to wear and not to lend."*

The lost art of scrimshaw is a tantalizing secret to modern craftsmen. With all the tools at our disposal, we cannot duplicate the subtle beauty of the early carving done with crude and scanty tools—many of which the whaler had to make himself. Perhaps it's because this is an age of specialization, and the scrimshaw worker had to possess many skills—joining, turning, carving, inlay, coopering and engraving. His trusty jackknife was his favorite tool.

The design was scratched into the surface, and the incised lines were filled in with paint, tar, or even soot from the try-works when India ink was not available. The pigment was usually black, occasionally red, rarely green, blue, or orange. The delicate coloring provides the elusive character of the old scrimshaw in contrast to the "too-new" look of contemporary pieces.

Time, patience and caution were the three R's of successful scrimshaw work. Every sailor knew that a slip of knife or a cut too deep with the bodkin, and the labor of months or even years would be lost.





SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 8, 1955

### Nantucket's New Year's Baby Arrived on the 4th.

Nantucket's back  
rived on Tuesd  
born to Patrol  
of the Nantuc  
and Mrs. Hu  
who was born  
and weighed  
been named Snue,

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60 years, th  
girls outnum  
Only once h  
New Year b  
of Mr. and  
Jr., who w  
1953. Only  
years has l  
arrived on

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Nantucket  
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Rozelle B  
George Jo  
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on the 6th

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given her  
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(Dov  
1897-Jan  
(Sno  
1898-Jan  
(Sch  
1899-Jan

- (Foye)  
1900-Jan. 9—Walter Johnson Royal  
1901-Feb. 9—Rozelle Brayton Cole-  
man (Jones)  
1902-Jan. 3—George Robert Grimes  
1903-Jan. 10—Marie Phillips Bart-  
lett (Manning)  
1904-Jan. 3—Oscar Ceely  
1905-Jan. 4—Barbara Channing Ca-  
bot  
1906-Jan. 12—Charlis Hugh Fish-  
back (Vogel)  
1907-Jan. 5—Gilbert Wilcox Cash\*  
1908 — Jan. 26 — Rosamond Eloise  
Terry

our two bills in Mass. this y  
ton, is filing theirs again  
medical and hospitalization  
Scituate their for abatement  
on taxes for all widows of W.  
We have 16 Chapters insta  
four being installed next mon  
are in Boston, Worcester, N  
ford, Framingham, Natick, F  
Gardner, Randolph, Taunton,  
Pittsfield, Haverhill, Hyannis  
and Fall River. The ones bein  
next month are Wollaston, N  
ton, Springfield, Abington,  
Haven. Group meeting being  
Gloucester, Newburyport, L  
Lowell, Marlboro, Milford, a  
boro.

If the widows do not think  
cy has one other major interest.  
wood, oils and watercolors, Miss  
beyond the creative joy of working  
Nathan B. Palmer.  
Herc o bought the painting of the ship,  
of New York and Nantucket,  
od, Walter Coffin and Henry A. L.  
es are owned by Miss Gladys  
Nantucket artist. Other lovely  
arrived full rigged ship, all done by  
exquisite grandmother's clock and  
mall desk, a cactus leaf mirror,  
of Nantucket, owns a lyre table,  
land cities. Mrs. S. Leo Thurs-  
Nantucket homes as well as in  
things and chip-carving are in  
les of her cabinet work, her oil Ja  
tradition. Boud up with the whaling  
stands all attempts to lower that  
fame as a unique whaling center with-  
strengthened until now she has  
Miss Macy's talent has matured  
1899—6681

The portrait, which has already  
are emphasized in his face.  
racial loneliness on his own island  
Patience and a sad recognition of his  
faintly discernible in the background.  
belltower of the Unitarian Church  
distant town of Nantucket with the  
Behind him a window opens on the  
At his feet rests a basket of herbs.  
where he lived all his adult years.  
his fireplace in the crude Shinnemo hut  
The study shows Abram Quarry by  
colors.  
painting on glass, and oils and water-  
net-making, chip-carving, reverse  
nized previously for her skill in cabi-  
by Miss Macy, who has been recog-  
22 inches, is the first such work done  
a 1-inch plank of rock maple, 18 by  
The new portrait-study carved from  
Miss Macy is an untrained artist.  
Ceely, Nantucket cabinet-maker,  
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ND, MASS., SATURDAY  
Miss Macy Carved Portrait  
of Abram Quarry.  
From New Bedford Standard-Times.



# Miss Macy Carved Portrait of Abram Quarry.

From New Bedford Standard-Times.

Nantucket, Aug. 18—Sometimes called "scrap island", Nantucket's fame as a unique whaling center withstands all attempts to lower that tradition. Bound up with the whaling prominence goes a still continuing tradition and skill in handicrafts. Pouring from previous generations who made their own whaleships, carved the delicate scrimshaw, built their simple, well-proportioned island homes, comes a genuine creative spirit.

Miss Aletha Macy, descendant of one of the island's original settlers, is an outstanding example of the creative artist whose ability is a direct result of her inheritance. Her recently completed wood-carving of Abram Quarry, last of the Nantucket Indians, is proof, because except for her early training in the use of wood-working tools under the late Lincoln Ceeley, Nantucket cabinet-maker, Miss Macy is an untrained artist.

The new portrait-study carved from a 1-inch plank of rock maple, 18 by 22 inches, is the first such work done by Miss Macy, who has been recognized previously for her skill in cabinet-making, chip-carving, reverse painting on glass, and oils and water-colors.

The study shows Abram Quarry by his fireplace in the crude Shimmo hut where he lived all his adult years. At his feet rests a basket of herbs. Behind him a window opens on the distant town of Nantucket with the belltower of the Unitarian Church faintly discernible in the background. Patience and a sad recognition of his racial loneliness on his own island are emphasized in his face.

The portrait, which has already been highly praised by off-island art critics, notably John E. Bird, Boston portrait painter, will be shown at the Kenneth Taylor Galleries, where the annual exhibition of the Artists' Association opened Tuesday. According to Miss Macy, Mr. Bird's comments indicated amazement that she has completed such a remarkable portrait with no assistance from anyone. The task took about seven months to complete and Mr. Bird valued it at \$1,000.

The story of Abram Quarry is an interesting one, Miss Macy said. Growing increasingly fascinated by the man's personality as she brought him to life on the rock maple board, she dug into old island newspapers and went through letters contemporaneous with his death in 1854 for details.

From these sources she learned that Abram obviously came from good, peace-loving Indian stock. His home wigwam was on the west side of Sesachacha Pond, not ordinarily the site of Indian homes. Franklin Folger, writing in 1854, from 'Sconset, said that while both Sarah and Joseph, parents of Abram, were leaders among their people, they placed their son in the white home of the Steven Chases. There he lived for many years, learning the ways of his white neighbors but remaining loyal to his own people whom he visited frequently. Mr. Folger also mentioned the oil painting made while Abram was living alone in his Shimmo hut by a French artist. It was a worn old photograph of this portrait that Miss Macy used as her model for the wood-carving.

Another record, located by Miss Macy, is of the same period and was written by George Franklin Folger, formerly custodian of the Nantucket Atheneum. He tells the story of Abram's brush with the Nantucket law courts—apparently the only time he became so involved.

Off-island visitors, interested in Indian remains, and armed with shovels, began a thorough digging of the Monomoy area—one of the spots where early Indians were said to be buried. Presumably looking for arrowheads, weapons or utensils used by the red-skinned natives, they were suddenly interrupted by the sudden, angry appearance of Abram. Gun in hand he ordered them away from the place.

Arrested and brought into court, the judge queried Abram on the reason for his belligerent behavior. "They were disturbing the graves of my ancestors," was the rejoinder.

Gravely the judge pushed his probing questions. "Would you have shot them if they had continued in the face of your protests?" the judge went on. "Yes," the Indian's answer was sober and thoughtful, "I would." Fully understanding the position of the sole remaining member of his race, the judge sympathized with the man and permitted him to leave court with only a minor reprimand as punishment.

Another anecdote told by Miss Macy and taken from the Folger record concerns a group of boys who called on Abram one day. In his house was a small model ship which he had made. Coveting the lovely little thing, the boys asked the Indian what he would take for it. "Your head," was his grim response. The record ends with the comment that no attempt was made to pursue the negotiations further.

In 1911 Richard Swain wrote from Shanghai of his memories of the old man. He emphasized, Miss Macy said, the hospitality of Abram, who frequently entertained unexpected visitors.

On a day's outing to Shimmo, Nantucketers would be greeted kindly by Abram. He would spread an outdoor table with a snowy cloth (he was noted for the whiteness of his table coverings), heat water for tea and do countless other small services before he would disappear quietly into the woods, not to return until the party had packed their picnic baskets and returned to town.

Mr. Swain's letter ended with a description of Quarry's last days which were spent in the almshouse. It was with reluctance that friends persuaded the old man to give up his two-room hut and move there. Unable to help him as they would have wished, they knew that the care Abram needed would be given him there. After his death a fire of unknown origin razed the small shack—and the last trace of one of the island's most interesting personalities vanished.

Perhaps Miss Macy's intuitive unquenchable quality in her carved portrait, stems a little from her strong sense of loss at the passing of her old teacher, Mr. Ceeley. "Never was that loss greater than this winter," Miss Macy said, "when I had to work alone without his kindly criticism to guide me."

Standing in front of an oil painting of Mr. Ceeley which now hangs on her wall, Miss Macy admitted that one night working late she suddenly felt that the technical problems of carving the Indian's face were beyond her. "It seemed I could not go on without him. I felt so desperate I was on the point of giving up the whole thing."

"And then almost as though he

days, Miss Macy's talent has matured and strengthened until now she has come to be recognized as an artist of outstanding ability. Excellent examples of her cabinet work, her oil paintings and chip-carving are in many Nantucket homes as well as in mainland cities. Mrs. S. Leo Thurston, of Nantucket, owns a lyre table, a small desk, a canthus leaf mirror, an exquisite grandmother's clock and a carved full rigged ship, all done by the Nantucket artist. Other lovely pieces are owned by Miss Gladys Wood, Walter Coffin and Henry A. L. Sand of New York and Nantucket, who bought the painting of the ship, the Nathan B. Palmer.

Beyond the creative joy of working in wood, oils and watercolors, Miss Macy has one other major interest. Since girlhood she has loved horses and delighted in riding. When the Autumn fairs were still an integral part of each season, Miss Macy used to delight in racing with others around the track of the old Fairgrounds.

In spite of a serious back injury which precludes active participation in the sport now, she finds a horse a rewarding companion. She is, therefore, caretaker of two fine riding horses recently purchased by Mrs. Mitchell Todd of Nantucket. One of these is a palomino, the other a black Tennessee walking horse.

In the paddock behind her charming four-room house furnished with her own craft work, Miss Macy will be in charge of the two well-bred animals when Mrs. Todd and members of her family are not exercising them on Nantucket's moorlands.

"I find horses satisfactory," she explains, "because they are intelligent and real personalities. They have their days, just like humans, when they feel nervous and fractious—and other days when just living is so easy and fine that nothing would ever frighten them. If horses are treated with consideration, the same kind of thoughtfulness you give your friends, they respond wonderfully and can be trusted to be loyal and willing."

If care of horses and creativeness seem, on first thought, wide apart, additional consideration will reveal beneath the surface a real kinship. Both require deep understanding of



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"And then almost as though he were in the room with me I could hear him say 'Go back and cut deep. Cut deep.'"

A feeling of complete calm settled on the artist and she returned to her work with confidence and courage. That night she carved until the sun touched the walls of her work-room.

In discussing the beginnings of her creative life, Miss Macy first refers to her inheritance through the Macys and the Dunhams, both hand-minded, capable men. "As a child," she said, "I troubled my mother repeatedly because I would hammer, nail, or try to carve any wood which came my way—floors, walls, furniture." She was according to her mother's views, "a destructive child."

Whittling and building continued a spare-time occupation until at 11 she went to work for Mr. Ceeley, painting Happy Jacks, the sailor weather-vanes which were a popular item in the cabinetmaker's shop. By her 15th birthday she had progressed sufficiently in skill to make a Martha Washington mirror as a gift to her mother.

"The training Mr. Ceeley gave me couldn't have been better," she said. "For him everything had to be exactly right. Half-way measures were not good enough. I have always been grateful that he kept my standards high."

During the years since those early

days, Miss Macy's talent has matured and strengthened until now she has come to be recognized as an artist of outstanding ability. Excellent examples of her cabinet work, her oil paintings and chip-carving are in many Nantucket homes as well as in mainland cities. Mrs. S. Leo Thurston, of Nantucket, owns a lyre table, a small desk, a canthus leaf mirror, an exquisite grandmother's clock and a carved full rigged ship, all done by the Nantucket artist. Other lovely pieces are owned by Miss Gladys Wood, Walter Coffin and Henry A. L. Sand of New York and Nantucket, who bought the painting of the ship, the Nathan B. Palmer.

Beyond the creative joy of working in wood, oils and watercolors, Miss Macy has one other major interest. Since girlhood she has loved horses and delighted in riding. When the Autumn fairs were still an integral part of each season, Miss Macy used to delight in racing with others around the track of the old Fairgrounds.

In spite of a serious back injury which precludes active participation in the sport now, she finds a horse a rewarding companion. She is, therefore, caretaker of two fine riding horses recently purchased by Mrs. Mitchell Todd of Nantucket. One of these is a palomino, the other a black Tennessee walking horse.

In the paddock behind her charming four-room house furnished with her own craft work, Miss Macy will be in charge of the two well-bred animals when Mrs. Todd and members of her family are not exercising them on Nantucket's moorlands.

"I find horses satisfactory," she explains, "because they are intelligent and real personalities. They have their days, just like humans, when they feel nervous and fractious—and other days when just living is so easy and fine that nothing would ever frighten them. If horses are treated with consideration, the same kind of thoughtfulness you give your friends, they respond wonderfully and can be trusted to be loyal and willing."

If care of horses and creativeness seem, on first thought, wide apart, additional consideration will reveal beneath the surface a real kinship. Both require deep understanding of values and an honest devotion and care in mastering details and technical control. A master artist such as Miss Macy finds a satisfactory release in her sympathetic love of fine horses.



## Nantucket's New Year's Baby Arrived on the 4th.

Nantucket's first baby of 1955 arrived on Tuesday, the 4th, a baby girl, born to Patrolman Roland G. Huyser of the Nantucket Police Department and Mrs. Huyser. The young lady, who was born at 2:20 in the afternoon and weighed 5 pounds, 8 ounces, has been named Susan Dorothy.

It is interesting to note, in checking the record of births in the past 60 years, that the New Year baby girls outnumber the boys 32 to 29. Only once have there been twins as New Year babies, the twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Everett V. Lamb, Jr., who were born on January 13, 1953. Only four times in the past 60 years has Nantucket's New Year baby arrived on the first day of January. Twice there were no births at all in Nantucket during the month of January. In 1910 the New Year baby was Stanley M. Smith, who put in an appearance on February 4, and in 1901 Rozelle Brayton Coleman (now Mrs. George Jones) had the honor of being the New Year baby when she arrived on the 6th of February.

The complete list of New Year's babies born on Nantucket since 1896 is given herewith.

- 1896—Jan. 3—Ida Jeanette Coffin (Dow)
- 1897—Jan. 2—Rose Hannah Collins (Snow)
- 1898—Jan. 6—Lydia Maria Burdick (Scheele)
- 1899—Jan. 13—Bernice Winslow (Foye)
- 1900—Jan. 9—Walter Johnson Royal
- 1901—Feb. 6—Rozelle Brayton Coleman (Jones)
- 1902—Jan. 3—George Robert Grimes
- 1903—Jan. 10—Marie Phillips Bartlett (Manning)
- 1904—Jan. 3—Oscar Ceely
- 1905—Jan. 4—Barbara Channing Cabot
- 1906—Jan. 12—Charlis Hugh Fishback (Vogel)
- 1907—Jan. 5—Gilbert Wilcox Cash\*
- 1908 — Jan. 26 — Rosamond Eloise Terry
- 1909 — Jan. 9 — Jeannette Elizabeth Lewis\*
- 1910—Feb. 4—Stanley Morey Smith
- 1911 — Jan. 1 — Josephine Bradford Folger (Theberge)
- 1912—Jan. 14—Jean L'lano Heighton
- 1913—Jan. 11—Arthur William Dunham
- 1914—Jan. 2—Leroy Francis Ryder
- 1915—Jan. 12—Leo Francis Dunham
- 1916—Jan. 7—James Cosmo
- 1917—Jan. 4—Freeman Murray King
- 1918—Jan. 12—Irving Thomas Bartlett
- 1919—Jan. 3—Annette Morris Wood
- 1920—Jan. 20—Anacete Emilie Cosmo
- 1921—Jan. 3—Arthur Edward Butler
- 1922—Jan. 13—Theron Tristram Coffin\*
- 1923—Jan. 3—Mildred Josephine Morris\*
- 1924—Jan. 5—Michael Perry
- 1925—Jan. 3—Leon Frank Moynihan\*
- 1926 — Jan. 6 — Clifford Rassmussen Matland
- 1927—Jan. 4—Daniel J. Murphy, Jr.
- 1928—Jan. 2—Rosalina Andrade
- 1929—Jan. 1—Samuel Cresswell Gamache
- 1930—Jan. 3—Barbara Evelyn Sylvia (Kotolac)
- 1931—Jan. 1—Albert Lawrence Fisher
- 1932—Jan. 2—John Scharf
- 1933—Jan. 3—Barbara Louise Mikolajczyk (Walsh)
- 1934—Jan. 13—Cecil Gordon Foote, Jr.
- 1935—Jan. 4—Charles Stoddard Glidden, Jr.
- 1936—Jan. 2—James Raymond Day
- 1937—Jan. 5—Paul Allen Bennett
- 1938—Jan. 13—Patricia Ann Santos
- 1939—Jan. 14—Ray Anthony Sylvia
- 1940—Jan. 9—Viola Catherine Cabral
- 1941 — Jan. 14 — Georgette Dorothea Burlingame
- 1942—Jan. 23—Ira Appleton Wasierski
- 1943—Jan. 3—James Preston Manchester
- 1944—Jan. 4—Cheryl Lee Mendes
- 1945—Jan. 11—Mary Jane Anderson Egan
- 1946—Jan. 21—Rosanna Lee Betts
- 1947—Jan. 8—Geraldine Marie Strojny
- 1948—Jan. 9—Mary Ann Marques
- 1949—Jan. 1—Jane McCabe
- 1950—Jan. 12—Susan Frances Chase
- 1951—Jan. 3—Stephen Prence Hopkins
- 1952—Jan. 8—Peter Carlson Blair
- 1953—Jan. 13—Sally Lamb, Susan Lamb
- 1954—Jan. 8—Renée Louise White
- 1955—Jan. 4—Susan Dorothy Huyser

\* Deceased



